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THE *New Soluble* ASPIRIN

OS

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 14, 1953 — Vol. 20, No. 33

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STANDARD FOR TEACHERS

EVERY child willing to learn should be able to graduate from school with a good basic education.

For this reason, the proposal for a nation-wide uniform professional standard for teachers, submitted to the current Annual Conference in Perth of the Australian Teachers' Federation, is important.

It would provide for a minimum of two years' training following satisfactory completion of a five-year secondary course.

The proposal suggests that the desired standard should be expressed in a Teacher's Certificate, based on uniform qualifications and recognised by all States.

The principle of a Teacher's Certificate was adopted in New South Wales in 1943. Subsequently, Victoria and South Australia followed suit.

It is hoped that the remaining States will accept the proposal.

This is not a reflection on their standards of education. The proportion of renowned scholars turned out by Queensland, Western Australia, and Tasmania is as high as the three other States.

A recognised certificate would prevent any employment in the teaching profession of those not properly qualified to develop the mind of the Australian child.

Although such employment may be in a very small scale now, it should be made impossible by the setting up of a uniform professional standard.

There are children who cannot, or will not, learn, but for every one of these there are many enthusiastic students.

All children are entitled to good teachers. They should not be delayed in their studies for a day, much less a year, by indifferent teaching.

If the suggestion is adopted, then a higher standard of education for Australian children is assured.

Our cover:

● One of the most striking ensembles from the British film "It Started in Paradise" is shown on the cover. It is worn by famous London fashion model Elizabeth Hamilton. The Elizabethan inspiration of the coat and suit is pointed up by the shade of Queen Bess in the background. Other lovely fashions from the film, which is set in the world of dress-designing, are on pages 16 and 17.

This week:

● Adelaide was a carnival city during the Davis Cup matches. The big tennis created a busy social season with a long programme of parties and dances arranged by local hosts and hostesses to entertain the Australian and American tennis stars and the thousands of visitors who flocked to Adelaide to see them play. On pages 22, 24, and 25 in this issue we publish pictures in color of scenes at the matches and at the social events of Adelaide's big week. The Jottings page (page 23) also features the social side of the Davis Cup.

Next week:

● The story of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins, with pictures in color, will give heart and example to every home-coveter, particularly those young couples who dream of the house they'd build or rebuild nearer to their hearts' desire. It took the Atkins' years to transform their rambling, dilapidated, 22-room old stone house into a modern nine-roomed house complete with space for barbecue picnics for their small son and his friends, but they did it slowly and carefully, and Mrs. Atkins tells how.

The Atkins' story is part of a special home decoration section which includes a page by Joan Martin on that very common problem—the transformation of an old-fashioned bathroom into a modern glamor one. In contrast to all this practical advice, an additional two pages in color show you scenes inside Chatsworth House, the stateliest of England's stately homes, seat of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

● Instead of a pin-up girl we give you a pin-up boy next week — Dirk Bogarde, British movie actor, looking very domestic with his two dogs in the library of his 600-year-old Buckinghamshire house.





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NYAL FIGSEN

Fascinating history of the Indian Ocean

Book review by SHEILA PATRICK

FAMED Australian sailor Alan Villiers tells a fascinating story in "The Indian Ocean," his latest contribution to nautical literature.

In relating the history of the Indian Ocean, from the dawn of sailing to the opening of air routes, he weaves a strong tale of shipwrecks, pirates, pearlers, slave traders, floggings, and mutinies.

His own experiences on this magnificent ocean also make bright reading. Alan Villiers has roamed the sea for most of his life, either as a member of sailing-ship crews, or as master of his own small square-rigger, Joseph Conrad.

Although the Indian Ocean has its monsoonal winds and occasionally a hurricane will hang around the Seychelles for five days, Villiers finds it mainly an ocean of indigo sea, blue skies, and friendly winds.

The weather at night is so good the flying fish come aboard, earning for it the title "Flying Fish Ocean." Old sailors always call good conditions "flying fish weather."

He tells of the ships that have ploughed through the waters of the Indian Ocean—"Curious ships of Egypt putting out for the land of Punt, Arab dhows, sewn boats of Shihr, praus and Chinese junks," and finally the "smelly steamship," for which Villiers has all the contempt of the square-rigged sailor.

He is full of praise for the old ships of the famous Honorable East India Company, which did much to pioneer trade in the Indian Ocean.

In bygone days pirates roamed the Indian Ocean at will. Anti-pirate patrols are still carried out by the Royal Navy, and Villiers is certain that if these ceased piracy would be rife once again.

He is also sure that if the Royal Navy relaxed its vigilance the slave trade, which still smoulders in and around the Ocean, would flare up.

This is Villiers' most ambitious book. In addition to his own personal experiences and previously unpublished anecdotes which he has collected on his voyages, he studied 73 books to ensure the authenticity of his own.

These include the famous "Periplus of the Erythrean Sea," a Directory of the Indian Ocean, written by a Greek master mariner in the first century, "The Travels of Marco Polo," and the U.K. Government's account of the campaign in Burma during World War II.

Most people who read "The Indian Ocean" will like it, whether interested in the sea or not.

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Third instalment of our great four-part serial

GIANT

By Edna Ferber

"IT'S caught up with us. It always does," LESLIE BENEDICT tells her husband, BICK, when JETT RINK, upstart oil millionaire, knocks out their son, JORDY, after insulting his Mexican wife, JUANA. The story then takes us in a flashback to the time when Leslie came to Texas as a bride . . .

Young Jordan ("Bick") Benedict only visited the Virginia home of DR. HORACE LYNNTON to buy the filly, My Mistake, which an unpoverished patient had given the doctor in lieu of fees. Three weeks later he returns home to the vast Reata cattle ranch in Texas, not only with My Mistake, but with Leslie Lynnton as his bride.

Fascinated by her first introduction to Texas, Leslie also finds it overwhelming. LUZ BENEDICT, Bick's dominating elder sister, who had been trying to marry him off to VASHTI HAKE, of the adjoining ranch, does everything to make Leslie feel unwelcome. She also stirs up trouble between Bick and Jett Rink, then a hired hand, and she arranges a barbecue to prevent Bick and Leslie being alone together.

A sensation is caused at the barbecue when the jilted Vashti announces that she has just secretly married MOTT ("PINKY") SNYTH, her father's "cowhand."

Later, Leslie faints. When she revives, she tells DR. TOM WALKER that she wants to manage her own home, and she prepares to fight against Luz's domination. NOW READ ON:

BICK had said to Leslie that night, "How about riding out with me after breakfast? Horses, I mean." Then, at her look of pure joy, "Yes, I know. But I start before daylight and it's a far piece down there. Dusty and noisy and hotter than yesterday. Roundup."

"Roundup!" She repeated the word as though he had said Venice—lagoons—gondolas—music—love in the moonlight. "Oh, Jordan, it sounds heavenly!"

"It isn't like the movies. Don't expect romance. What you'll see is rough."

She was happy. Even next morning when she wakened to the scent of strong coffee in the blackness and heard the murmur of far-away talk belowstairs she dismissed from her mind the sure knowledge that she was the subject of the conversation over the pre-breakfast coffee in the vast kitchen.

Defiantly she put on a robe and slippers and slip-slapped down to the source of the sound. There they sat on the kitchen table, Luz and Bick, drinking their coffee before the first fingers of dawn had tapped at the windows.

"Good morning!" she cried and then thought, I sound like mama. "Can I have—uh—I'm having a cup of coffee, too, before I dress."

Bick was in boots, canvas, shirt. "I was going to wake you when I got up. But I smelled Luz's coffee so I beat it downstairs first."

Leslie looked at Luz. She was dressed for riding. "I'll be dressed in a minute. Jordan and I are riding out to the roundup."

"I know."

"You'd better let me give you a brush jacket," Bick said. "We go through mesquite some of the way. What's your hat?"

"Just a little round-brimmed riding hat."

"That's no good. You'll be burned alive. Luz, find her a jacket and a hat. You know, all this stuff we wear in Texas isn't because it looks good in the movies."

So she rode in a haphazard costume made up of her own pants with glittering Eastern riding boots and high-necked shirt, a Texas brush jacket and a ten-gallon hat. The moon was still in the sky as the sun came up. Moonlight and starlight and sunlight, and the dawn air cool and a little moist and the Gulf wind stirring only gently.

"This is the best time of day," Leslie found herself saying. "That's why they get up early. Now I know. Just give me time and I'll learn."

It was hard riding, she was unaccustomed to this broad Western saddle, the mesquite was a hazard, their talk was disjointed. Leslie felt free and gay and new. To ride again was exhilarating after days of trains and hotels and automobiles.

She was to see the purpose of these millions of acres, she was to be part of the every-day work of Reata Ranch and of every ranch in this Gargantuan commonwealth. She began to sing out of sheer high spirits, whereupon her horse stopped.

"Why did he do that?"

"He's a cow pony. When the cattle were restless the boys used to sing to them. Just sitting in the saddle, singing sort of slow and gentle. It quieted them. They don't do it much any more. That was in the old days—my grandfather's day—when they drove the big herds overland. One of the old hands must have broken in that pony of yours."

They rode side by side now. "Have to be careful of gopher holes here. Your horse step into one of those he can throw you—or he can break a leg."

"Can't I wait for you so that we can ride back together when you're finished?"

"No, it'll be too hot then. And no telling when I'll be through. Jett will call for you and drive you home after lunch."

"Tell me about this Jett Rink."

"Jett's all right when he behaves

Please turn to page 38

Leslie turned in surprise to see Bick scowling at the Mexican. "That is all, Obregon. Back to work," he said curtly.

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The doctor



DR. ANDREW STEVENS had been a bachelor for all the years that counted of his thirty-one.

Happily for the most part, until the Tuesday morning after his vacation—the morning Dr. Wills, senior surgeon, glided down the hall into Andrew's Eden and let fall a bombshell.

Andrew, waiting to amble in to Surgery, was lounging at the desk fiddling with charts, inhaling the deep, antiseptic smell of the hospital, savoring it, counting himself lucky to be finishing his three-year fellowship in surgery.

Get set, go. That was Andrew. He was high on the crest of the rolling wave.

The familiar, pleasant atmosphere, combined with these powerful drugging thoughts of self-esteem, had induced in Andrew a kind of euphoric dopiness, and, basking in the flattering glances of Miss Burton at the desk, he was entertaining vague, kindly thoughts about the world in general when Dr. Wills, his brow furrowed, came to a halt beside Andrew.

"Good morning," Dr. Wills said briskly.

"A fine morning," Andrew agreed, turning on his elbows to face Dr. Wills.

"Hrmmph." Dr. Wills cleared his throat, and Andrew discerned that the verbal axe was being sharpened. He pulled at his scattered length and drew himself upright into a semblance of attention.

"We're glad to have you back, Andrew," Dr. Wills said, frowning. "How was the fishing?"

"Fine," Andrew said, "fine. They were catching them by the boatload."

"You get any?" Dr. Wills asked.

"Not a one," Andrew answered proudly. "There were — ah — compensations, though." And that was putting it mildly—there had been blonde, brunette, and in-between compensations.

Heavy disapproval gnawed at Dr. Wills' features as he glared at this man who had gone fishing and hadn't fished for fish.

"I dare say," he said with irony. "Andrew, I'd like to talk to you."

He glanced at the clock above the desk and assured himself that the surgical hour had not approached.

"Down in the doctors' room." He strode off down the corridor, Andrew following.

Dr. Wills closed the door, seated himself on one side of a maple table, and indicated the chair opposite for Andrew.

He commenced at once, "Andrew, you're on the last lap of your training. You've had a vacation and I assume that you're ready to get down to serious work?"

Andrew considered, felt an answer would involve too many yeses, and nodded.

Dr. Wills went on as though reading from a paper. "You were selected for the fellowship on three counts. Ability, initiative, and character."

Andrew raised his brows. He hadn't known about the last.

"That was three years ago, Andrew," Dr. Wills pronounced ominously.

Andrew rubbed the back of his neck in anticipation of the fall of the blade.

"You are and will be expected as a surgeon to be reliable, dependable, and dignified."

"I intend to be," Andrew said.

Dr. Wills regarded Andrew gravely. "I must say, Andrew, that you have been displaying none of these traits. I have given this matter considerable thought. I believe I have arrived at an accurate conclusion. Your trouble arises from an unanchored state which will, in time, set up a chain reaction which will not only affect your initiative but will threaten your ability and chances for progress."

Andrew swallowed. He envisioned himself loitering in the misty murk of some waterfront wearing the ravelled, frayed expression of a lost soul.

"I used to be a doctor," he heard himself say, and saw the tolerant disbelief in the eyes of a fellow degenerate.

Andrew came back into focus and realised that Dr. Wills was speaking. "I am giving you the advice I would give my own son if I had one. Get married."

Get married! Just like that. Snap your fingers. Simple.

Dr. Wills went on, "Our regular staff meeting is Thursday night. I feel obliged to tell you, Andrew, that you are in for an unpleasant piece of business.

"There has been a great deal of talk among certain of the staff members about your—er—unorthodox behaviour with certain nurses and female patients. In fact, there is a lamentable lapse of efficiency among several of the nurses when you are around."

Andrew cursed the ogling Miss Burton to himself.

Dr. Wills' next words hit Andrew with a crushing impact. They concerned Dr. John Middleton, whom Andrew had dismissed as the officious, smug type.

"Dr. Middleton will finish his surgical training soon. The staff members are showing immense interest in Dr. Middleton's work. Andrew, I'm getting past the age for active duty; you're ready to step into my shoes. I thought you would—up until these past few weeks. Now there is all this interest in Dr. Middleton. He's already bought a fine house in town; has a sweet little wife."

Dr. Middleton's little wife had a sweet pile of money to buy the fine house with, too, Andrew thought.

"His work doesn't measure up to yours, Andrew. Not yet. But that young fellow is deadly serious; he knows where he wants to go and, Andrew, unless you settle down—"

Suddenly Andrew heard himself saying, "It's something of a coincidence, but I have an important—er—bit of news that I intend to announce at the staff meeting Thursday night."

"You don't mean that you're planning to be married?"

Andrew gulped. "Well—yes. Yes, that's what I plan to announce."

"Well," Dr. Wills said, "I might suggest that you make the announcement early in the evening. It will save a lot of unpleasantness."

He looked at Andrew sharply with his practised, diagnostic eye. "I hope it is the absolute——"

"Oh, it is," Andrew said, feeling a kinship with all the hapless souls who were ever forced into false confessions to save their hides.

"I feel greatly relieved, Andrew. I must remind you that you are tottering on the brink of a dangerous precipice." Dr. Wills' voice faded out and he departed.

Numbed into a state of shock, Andrew sat on, unable to move.

Slowly the room came back, and with it Andrew. Get married! That would involve a woman. Who?

Andrew knew many women—his landlady, fish-eyed Miss Burton; Annie, the hospital cook, and so on, ad infinitum, including all the angels who had trod lightly on Andrew's heart, not to mention Laurie, head nurse on Second, with whom Andrew had argued and fought for three years—but marry! Andrew went out into the hall and took the elevator to the second.

He stood outside the door that led to Surgery, feeling the abyss on the other side grown wider and blacker because of his recent, witless prevarication. A little over two days to find a wife!

"Hello," a voice behind him said. "How was the holiday?"

"Oh, hello, Laurie," Andrew said absently, turning to look at Miss Laurie, who was pushing a dressing-tray toward him.

Andrew looked at Miss Laurie sorting the instruments on the tray. "No, I didn't catch any fish," he said.

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wants a wife

By MAXINE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY PIEREMONT

Andrew was the only male in the hospital who had not looked at Miss Laurie with a bright, eager gleam in his eye. Their association had remained as it was in the beginning—the age-old feud between ambitious, career-minded man and woman.

Miss Laurie was twenty-five, very young for the enviable position of head nurse on Second. It was one of those things. Andrew simply had never looked at Miss Laurie with anything but eyes filled with the profession.

Miss Laurie was beautiful in a peach-skinned, brunette, brown-eyed way, and she was graceful in a natural, curvy way. She stood rummaging through the instruments on the tray, glancing now and then at Andrew.

And her eyes, for an unguarded moment, were filled with a look of frustration when she noticed that Andrew was looking through her as though she were a mist of twenty veils.

"Maybe you got too much sun."

"Huh?"

"You're moulting," Miss Laurie said, looking at his peeling nose.

"Revolting?"

"No, moulting. But don't take it so hard. Redheaded, freckle-faced people nearly always clash with the sun."

"No, I didn't catch any fish."

"That's my boy," Miss Laurie said, sighing.

"You're looking good, too, Laurie," Andrew said, pushing his way through the door into the scrub-room.

The next morning Andrew stopped at the desk on Second and, in a very businesslike manner, went briskly over the charts, wearing the bold front he had decided on for his last two days.

Dr. Wills came down the hall, followed by Dr. Middleton. Already they had the look of a mother hen and her pet chick, Andrew thought, as he watched John Middleton's head bob yeses to Dr. Wills. They nodded toward the desk, including Andrew, and disappeared into a patient's room. Andrew caught a smug gleam in Middleton's eye. Why, the little toady!

It was exactly on the dot of seven that the miracle occurred, and Andrew decided that Dr. Wills was right. Andrew should be married. This thought came to him simultaneously with his first glimpse of the girl who came hurrying out of 217. She came down the corridor at him, head-on, and looked at Andrew, her grey eyes unimpressed, unfaltering.

It must be said of Andrew that, unfalteringly, he returned her gaze. He was, though, mightily impressed. He blinked.

Had the girl been completely degarbed, the effect on Andrew could not have been more startling. Had she appeared in a day when the citizenry might expect sprites, Andrew would still have been obliged to stare.

Even as she bumped into him on her purposeful, unseeing way somewhere, he stared—obviously to the annoyance of Miss Burton at the desk.

It was fate. Unsimple and greatly adorned. "I'm sorry I bumped you," she said to Andrew. "I'm a little upset this morning. Could you please tell me where I might find Miss Laurie?"

She was, Andrew noted, imbued with some special quality. He couldn't name it, but it was all about her. It sparkled, from her shining hair to the simple bracelet on her arm and on down past her tanned bare legs to the plain but somehow elegant pumps she wore.

She repeated her question, and Andrew flushed, realising his eyes had been travelling a vertical route.

"Why, Miss Laurie's probably down in the dining—" began Andrew. Then, recovering himself, "I think I'd better come along and show you."

After all, Miss Laurie might be anywhere—even in the Stygian den below stairs where the laboratory wolves and boys with the X-ray eyes lurked.

She thanked him, demurred at his coming along, and Andrew said no bother, no bother at all. On the way they traded a few vital statistics—his name was Andrew and hers was Jane Simpson.

"I'm very happy to know you, Miss Simpson," Andrew said, in tones ringing with sincerity—so tintinnabulating, in fact, that Jane looked at him in surprise, using for this purpose those steady grey eyes, which were tinged faintly with a look of amusement.

Andrew, before settling down to a medical education, had spent a while dawdling in an art-and-science course.

During it he had encountered one Benos Williams, who had intoned to him in a dolorous baritone the beautiful words of the Greek poetess Sappho. Haunting Andrew now, the words trailed across his consciousness:

My ears with dinning ringing sing,
My sight is lost, a blinded thing,
Eyes, hearing, speech, in love expire.

So, sightless, deaf, and mute, Andrew stumbled, skittered down the last three steps on his heels and landed on his knees on the cold concrete basement floor.

"Whoa, there!" Miss Simpson said, reaching her hand out to him.

At that moment, Dr. Johnson, the orthopedic surgeon, pushed open the dining-room door. He eyed Andrew in surprise, then his face congealed into hard lines of disapproval.

"I was just coming down the stairs —" Andrew began, grinning wanly.

"Are you hurt?" Dr. Johnson inquired brusquely.

"N-o," Andrew said, rising gingerly to his feet.

"I might suggest, doctor," Dr. Johnson said coldly, "that you use the elevator, it's safer."

Then he proceeded up the stairs, planting his feet firmly on each step, as though showing Andrew how it was done.

"What's the matter with him?" Miss Simpson asked so loudly that Andrew felt an inclination to shush her.

"He's part of the conspiracy," Andrew explained.

"What conspiracy?"

"That's a long story," Andrew said.

"He's an old goat," Jane said. "You might have been hurt." Andrew felt as though she were taking his pulse with her ear close to his heart.

Feeling as though his legs had been stretched for days on the rack, and smarting from Dr. Johnson's sarcasm, he denied that he was feeling any pain.

Retrieving the shredded bits of his dignity, he averred, "Yes, sir, it can happen right in the home—and I suppose you'd call the hospital my home, unattached as I am to any other place or — or person. You live here in town?"

"Yes, I do."

Andrew made an effort to walk normally. "Live right here in this very town, eh? Well, I live here myself. It's a pretty big place. Growing. Jumped from three hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand. Takes a lot of time to cover—"

"Almost as much time as the hospital," said Miss Simpson, grinning.

Miss Laurie, Andrew hastened to assure her, was very hard to find—the proverbial needle, and twice as sharp. Then, casting about desperately for conversation, he asked, "What you want to see Miss Laurie for, anyway?"

"My father called me this morning at six o'clock and said that fool nurse who's on special with him at night insists that she bathe him before she goes off duty —that's a little early in the morning."

"Couldn't he have waited until later in the day to call you?"

"You don't know my father," Jane said, sighing.

Andrew came into full possession of his senses instantly. The man in 217 was H. Jason Simpson—The H. Jason Simpson, owner of a chain of hotels. He had come in while Andrew was away. Quite a man. He had upset a goodly portion of the routine on Second. Appendix.

"I told him I would find Miss Laurie and present his case. He says if he ran his business the way this place is run he would still be a bellboy. They won't bring him any steak and he only gets two pats of butter—"

She grinned suddenly, almost causing Andrew to come unhinged. "He should stay a few more days, but he's not going to do it—without physical force—unless he gets 'better service.' Even so, it was foolish for me to come barging over here so early, wasn't it?"

"My dear girl," Andrew thought of saying, "I don't ask of the sun, at any hour, 'Why do you shine?' I'm heartily grateful for its beauty and warmth." But what he said was, "Are you busy this evening?"

Jane looked at him intently. "You know," she said, "it's the very first time I've seen the combination—young face, young eyes, combined with professional dignity to a pleasing whole—without smugness.

"Most of these fellows around here think they're some kind of special gift wrapped up in white. No, I'm not busy to-night."

"Will you have dinner with me?"

"I'd like that."

So engrossed was Andrew in establishing time and incidentals that he didn't see Miss Laurie coming down the stairs.

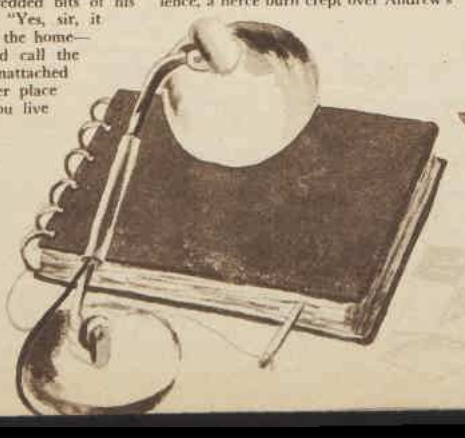
"Good morning, Dr. Stevens," she said, "they're asking for you upstairs."

"Good morning, gremlin." Andrew growled. "You've been sprinkling the steps with glycerine, I see."

Miss Laurie's head went up.

"To catch the sleepy bees round the honey pot, doctor. The way you were jolting up the cement, it'll be a wonder if we have glass in the lights in the operating room this morning."

At this insubordinate piece of insolence, a fierce burn crept over Andrew's



She had some special quality that sparkled all about her.



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Continuing . . . The Doctor Wants a Wife

features, but then, remembering Mrs. Simpson, he collected himself and assumed a brooding dignity befitting his station as a newly arrived surgeon.

"How'd you know I fell? You weren't down here."

"I heard it through a stethoscope."

Silently Andrew swore at Dr. Johnson. He introduced Jane to Laurie. "Miss Simpson wants to speak to you about her father."

"That can wait," Jane said. . . . "I think Dr. Stevens hurt his leg."

Miss Laurie clucked like a nettled Plymouth Rock. "Would you get me a roll of tape?" she said to Jane. "Ask the nurse—in the supply room at the end of the hall. We'll have to fix him a leg to stand on. Four cases under the bright lights this morning."

She was backing Andrew into the cast room.

Jane left. Laurie hiked up Andrew's trouser leg.

"I think I'd better get Dr. Wills to look at this thing. Looks like you've ripped the tendons."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Andrew explored his ankle, making sure the tendons were intact. "What's gnawing you anyway, Laurie?"

"You're in no condition, at the moment, for the whole truth."

"That's some girl," Andrew said, referring to Jane Simpson. "We could certainly use some like her around here—with the bunch we've got. The nurses are either all so old they should be turned out to pasture or they've got two left legs. And they're either pouter pigeon in shape or concave—or they're cold, efficient automatonesses like you."

Miss Laurie gave his leg a vicious tug.

"Ouch!" yelped Andrew. "You ghoul!"

Miss Laurie looked up suddenly, her eyes wide, with a peculiar look in them.

She rose and went quickly to the door.

"Look, Laurie, I didn't mean that." He hobbled after her and, when she turned, for some unaccountable reason, Andrew leaned forward. Very gently he kissed her.

"Doctor Stevens!" It was Dr. Johnson again, and he seemed to be on the verge of a fit.

"If you can possibly tear yourself away from these—these regions, they'd like to get on with the surgery upstairs!"

"Yes, sir," Andrew said.

"And they could use you on the second floor, I imagine," Dr. Johnson said dryly to Laurie.

"Yes, sir," Laurie said.

Jane came up with the roll of tape. "There wasn't a nurse in the supply room; I had to find one——" she began, then looked at Dr. Johnson's angry, flushed face.

"Doctor Stevens did hurt his leg when he fell," she said. "He can't stand there all morning and operate——"

Andrew groaned to himself. Dr. Johnson hurried away as if from a plague.

"I don't know why doctors have to think they're so darned important," Jane said to Dr. Johnson's retreating back.

"Neither do I," Andrew agreed. "I'll see you at seven to-night. You'll find Miss Laurie on the second floor now." He went into the surgery.

The air was definitely chilly in there. The green-robed figures pursued their various tasks, like detached artichokes, giving Andrew the silent treatment—all except Dr. Wills, who found a good many things to say about Andrew's fumbling.

"Are we keeping you up, Doctor Stevens?" he said once, sarcastically. "This is an operating room, not a lounge."

Andrew gritted his teeth and didn't answer. He caught the derisive look on Middleton's Uriah Heepish face—what he could see of it above the green mask.

Middleton was asked to assist on the next two cases. Andrew got the implication all right.

That night at seven o'clock Andrew pulled up in front of the address Jane had given him. The size of the place awed him. She must have given him the address of one of her father's hotels by mistake.

But Jane was there at the door, waving to him.

For the space of the evening—with the exception of one small, unpleasant reminder—Andrew forgot completely the hospital, the dire predictions for his future and his aching foot.

He took Jane to the Jefferson Room of the Wallace House—in no way connected with Simpson property. After dinner, when the music broke into a waltz, Andrew rose and stood smiling down at Jane.

"You shouldn't dance," Jane said. "Your leg——"

"Feels fine," Andrew said.

Never had Andrew met anyone like this girl who fitted so perfectly into his arms.

He held her closer, until the smell of her hair was all about him. Finally, when she tipped her head back, he kissed her, right there in plain sight of everybody.

"Why, doctor," she said teasingly. "Aren't you afraid of your professional standing?"

Andrew kissed her again, and this time there was no teasing from her. She looked at him steadily, and there it was between them, a thing Andrew had never thought would happen to him.

"Jane——" he began, but at that moment a big paw came down on his shoulder.

"Janie," a deep voice boomed.

"Harold," Jane said, "we're busy."

"So I see," the oaf said. "Come on over to the table. Midge is mad—running out on her birthday party."

"Oh," Jane said, "I forgot."

Andrew felt a glow spread through him. Jane had broken a date for him! But the elation was shortlived, because there seemed no way of getting out of joining the party.

In two seconds they were surrounded by gabbling girls, boisterous males and the pouting Midge. When two chairs had been hauled up for them, the champagne began to flow. Andrew took a glass out of courtesy, and when they all sipped, he picked up his glass and set it back down untouched.

Jane looked at him and winked, and he was able to find her hand under the table for a brief holding.

The party was just getting under way when Andrew looked up straight into the eyes of John Middleton.

"Good evening," Dr. Middleton said. "Making a night of it, are you?"

"Yes," Andrew said. "You come down to listen to the music?"

"My wife and I," Middleton said, making his position quite clear, "are the guests of my father-in-law and mother-in-law. They're celebrating their thirtieth wedding anniversary."

Andrew lifted his champagne glass, twirled it between his fingers and took a sip. "My congratulations to them," he said.

Middleton's eyes took in the noisy crowd, the shibboleth in Andrew's hand, and, with a righteous look on his face, steered his little group past the table.

"Who was that?" Jane asked.

"A doctor I used to know," Andrew answered.

"Oh, one of those?" She gave Andrew such a look from those grey eyes that he suddenly said,

"Let's get out of here."

"It's about time," she said, and rose immediately.

Outside the air was fresh and cool against their faces.

"Jane," Andrew said, catching hold of her hand, "tonight something happened to me—"

JANE smiled tenderly. "Yes, I know," she said, reaching up and putting her finger against his lips, "but it's not time to talk about it."

"Why not?" Andrew wanted to know. "Didn't it—didn't it happen to you?"

"No," she said, "not tonight, this morning."

"You've got to wrestle with your scruples," she continued enigmatically.

"Scruples? What scruples?"

But Jane would not discuss it. Instead she took him home to meet her mother.

Mrs. Simpson, young and almost as pretty as Jane, brought them a tray of cinnamon toast and cocoa, and sat talking as though Andrew were an old friend. Reluctantly Andrew left at one o'clock.

"When will I see you, Jane?" he asked, as she walked out to his car with him.

"Whenever you want to," Jane said, unabashed.

"I'll call you to-morrow," Andrew said, walking back to the house with her.

Then Andrew kissed her without benefit of audience. It was a wonderful kiss, long and sure, and it left Andrew trembling.

"Good-night, you," Jane said softly.

The next morning Andrew stood at the sink, scrubbing. Dr. Mathews, the other doctor on the first case for the morning, was scrubbing beside him. Andrew, thinking of Jane, sighed.

"What's the matter with you?" Dr. Mathews asked quickly. "Didn't you get enough sleep last night?"

Andrew knew that Middleton had already been at work.

"Had five good solid hours of sleep," Andrew said.

"You're fagged out," Mathews said, looking at Andrew as though expecting him to fall apart at any minute. "You young bucks do too much tearing around. When I was your age I already had two kids."

"Yes," Andrew said, "when a man gets to be my age, he thinks of settling down and having a family."

Dr. Mathews nodded his complete approval without looking convinced that Andrew was serious. Then he said, in a tone that poked Andrew in the ribs, "I get it now! Yesterday Dr. Johnson said you were kissing Laurie in the basement. We all wondered how long it would take you to wake up to that girl. You couldn't do better."

"Look," Andrew said, "I want to make myself clear right now."

"Forget it," Mathews said. "What if you did take another girl out last night? Middleton said you were swinging pretty high last night."

"Look," Andrew said again, "I was not drinking."

"Of course not," Mathews conceded. "Not if you were going to assist this morning. But you can still go out and have a little fun."

"It wasn't fun," Andrew said stubbornly.

"Sure, I know. It's no fun to travel with a fast set like the Simpson girl's crowd."

"I don't mean I didn't enjoy it."

"Skip it." Mathews sounded fatherly. "We understand. All you've got to worry about is making Laurie understand. We're all for you, Stevens. Make the story good. Laurie's been a mighty patient gal, seeing as how she lit the torch for you at least two years ago."

Laurie! All through the morning, Andrew kept trying to get back to the thought of Laurie, but he didn't focus until noon, when Laurie came up to his table in the dining-room.

"They're talking about us," he said.

"I had an inkling."

"Look, Laurie; when I kissed you yesterday——"

"Don't apologise," Laurie said dryly. "I know it was a mistake."

"Laurie——" Andrew began, "I hope——"

"You hope I won't think that you meant it, is that it?"

"No, that's not what I meant."

"Then you hope that, but for the grace of that Simpson dame, you might have come in time, via the grapevine, to know that I cared."

"Why are you so darned caustic, Laurie?"

"It's the way some of us are made, I guess. Don't fret yourself, Dr. Andrew Stevens. I'm a big girl."

"Laurie, will you hush and listen to me a minute?"

"No, I won't!" Laurie flared. "If you want to pick yourself a silk cushion, that's all right with me!"

"A silk cushion?"

"Well, that's what the Simpson girl means, isn't it?"

"Laurie," Andrew asked gently, "did you ever hear of love?"

His instinct told him he was right. When Laurie looked at him finally, Andrew was aware of things going on inside her.

She wasn't in love with him; she was enamored of his immunity to her, intrigued because he was the only man in the hospital who hadn't pursued her. It was there in her eyes, for him to see—a kind of dawning look, tinged with something which might be relief.

"Excuse me," he said, giving her a brotherly pat on the shoulder. "I've got a phone call to make."

It seemed an eternity before Jane came to the phone. "Jane," Andrew said when she was there at last, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Of course," Jane said happily "but have you thought it over?"

"No," Andrew admitted. "What is there about it to think over?"

"Well," Jane said hesitantly, "Dad will want to set you up with an office. He will insist on it."

The last she said so low that Andrew had trouble hearing. Then he had trouble breathing. For an ignited moment, he saw himself draped in a fancy shark-skin coat, bepleated, in a plush office, passing out pills in a fluted candy dish.

He saw his chin atrophied, silk cushions everywhere.

"Jane," he finally managed to say, "I've got to talk to you. I've got about an hour. Can you drive over?"

"Be right there," Jane said.

When she pulled up in front of the hospital, Andrew was waiting for her.

"Drive around the block," he said. When they had accomplished the first lap, he turned to her and said seriously:

"Look, Jane, I've got to tell you. I'm in a precarious spot. I've been drifting, been too independent—setting up a chain reaction. Doctor Wills told me Tuesday that unless I settle down there won't be a single doctor sending their surgical cases to me."

"You can get your own cases."

"Yes," Andrew said, "I can. I mean to." He took a deep breath. "But I've got to do it on my own. The fact that your father is—well, it has nothing to do with us."

She stopped the car. "Andrew," she said earnestly, "don't you think I have sense enough to know if a man's really in love with me or not?"

Andrew let his breath out slowly. "Yes, Jane," he said, "I do. But when you said that about your father setting me up in practice, I thought, maybe, it could be that's what you want."

"I wouldn't care if you practised in a tent. Dad wouldn't, either. But he will want to help you get started, darling, because he had such a tough time getting started himself.

"I've heard him say often that if only someone had shown enough kindness to give him a boost, he could have done in six months what it took him ten years to do."

Andrew thought about that. "I suppose it would be a kind of satisfaction to him. It's only natural. I think," he mused, "I'll want to do it myself someday for——"

"A son," Jane finished for him.

"Yes," Andrew admitted.

"But I didn't turn out to be a son."

Andrew took her in his arms there at the corner of Madison and High. "Thank goodness for that!" he said fervently.

It might be that Andrew would be showing a little kindness himself by letting Jane's father do a bit of boosting.

"Jane," he said finally, looking deeply into her eyes, "if your father insists, we'll borrow what we need to get us started—and we'll pay it back, with interest. But no elaborate office, no trimmings. Just necessities."

Jane laughed. "You tell that last part to Dad, darling, just the way you told it to me."

"Another thing," Andrew said, "I told Doctor Wills, under pressure, that I planned to announce my engagement at the next staff meeting. That's to-night. He's got some notion that marriage is settling."

"I came along just in time, didn't I?"

"It was past time," Andrew said. "But I certainly don't intend to make any announcement about us to-night."

"Why not?"

Andrew grinned. "Those scruples you mentioned last night. I guess I've gone and got myself a few. Our engagement is not going to be announced for any such reason as saving my hide. Not that it would save me, anyway."

He tightened his arms about her. "I don't think the staff will approve of the champagne life they'll think we will be living—which we won't be."

"You're so right." Jane fitted her head against his shoulder. "You know," she said, "come to think of it, you're an awful lot like Dad."

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The Lady said NO!



Illustrated by

A ROMANTIC SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

THOUGH he couldn't know it, Grace Townsend was very much in love with Vic.

As assistant to Mr. Gordon, of Gordon's Department Store, she also had a deep professional admiration for the advertising layouts Vic Fraser created.

He was unquestionably the best of the staff men—when he confined himself to writing copy which would sell things to men.

There was nobody who could think up better lines to sell shaving-cream, shirts, sports clothes, or fishing tackle than Vic. One look at an ad. he'd thought up for a new brand of tobacco and all the men in the city would be racing to buy it the next day.

But now that he'd made his first attempt in the women's field, there was, in spite of his anger—in spite of her feeling for him—a matter of honesty to consider.

Vic looked down across her desk at a wide-shouldered man in brown tweeds, well-cut and well-fitting.

"I hear," he said, "you killed my copy this morning."

Grace kept her voice quiet. "It wasn't right, Vic."

A little wearily she took her horn-rimmed glasses off. Sometimes she wondered if she really needed them, certainly her eyes didn't, but she always felt that they gave her an air of cold efficiency.

And when you were a woman working with men you needed everything that added up to efficiency.

She tossed a few papers into a basket. Her desk was piled high to-day. Usually Mr. Gordon passed on all advertising copy himself; but now that he was home with the flu, the responsibility was hers.

Vic took out his cigarette-case, and, as he selected a cigarette with exaggerated care, Grace noticed his hand was trembling slightly.

He lit it and drew heavily, then he said: "Look here, Grace. I worked harder on that layout than on anything I've done in years."

"I'm sorry, Vic. You just didn't hit the woman's angle. It'll simply make women smile. Do you more harm than good."

He was silent, like a man counting ten. Then he put his hands on the desk. "Grace, sometimes I want to wring your neck."

She flushed, trying to smile. All she could produce was a meaningless twist of her lips.

He went on, his voice angry, "You've been on to me ever since you got this job. I have nightmares about you: 'Change this. Rewrite that. Cut this out!' If ever a man had a thorn in his side——"

Her heart pounded so that it made her voice shake. "Vic, I know what you can do when you really try! That's why——"

He interrupted her with an impatient gesture, crushing his cigarette into the ash-tray on her table.

"Don't give me that. I've never yet turned in copy that wasn't the best I could do!" He turned to the door. "Not that there's much point arguing. You'll have your way, anyhow." He glanced back at her. "But I had to tell you how I felt."

When he was gone, Grace shut her eyes, sank back, and ran a hand over her hair in a gesture of utter weariness.

Perhaps she was wrong in the way she did things. There had been times, hundreds of them, when she'd prayed Vic would begin to see her as something more than a voice of authority in Gordon's Department Store.

"There's not much point arguing," Vic said angrily. "You'll have your own way."

Now he was further from her than ever. Probably she had alienated him completely. She thought of her sister Ruth, who was married and wise about such matters.

Ruth had said, "You're playing it wrong, my girl. Forget his mistakes! Let somebody else point 'em out. Praise his stuff—push it—let him know you're on his side!"

Grace had answered, "I do tell him when it's good——"

"But you tell him when it's rotten, too. That's where you flop.

"No man wants to take good advice from a business colleague, and a hundred times less so when the colleague's a woman. What man is going to fall in love with a woman who is all the time telling him where he's wrong?"

Perhaps Ruth was right . . .

The telephone buzzed. When she picked it up she heard Mr. Gordon's husky voice. He was talking, she gathered, from his bed, and he sounded miserable, he always was unhappy if anything kept him away from his store.

"Listen, Grace," he said, "I'm too sick to argue. My secretary just told me about Vic's copy. Better run it."

She sat up with a catch of breath. "Mr. Gordon! I can't."

"Personally," he said, "I think it's pretty good. Besides, if Vic wants to take a crack at women's stuff, I don't want to discourage him. Run it, Grace."

When she hung up, her face was pale. In front of her was the layout she had planned to use in place of Vic's—a convincing, effective page done by Eloise Harper. But Gordon was boss.

In a way, she supposed, she was lucky. She had the perfect excuse to blind herself to the fact that the copy might make Vic look ridiculous. Orders from above . . .

An hour later, still pale, she sent the day's work downstairs. Then she pulled a sheet of paper towards her and wrote to Mr. Gordon:

"Please accept my resignation, effective at once. Having disobeyed orders, I can do nothing else. I simply couldn't lay my conscience aside and hurt Vic. Despite what you two men think, I know women would laugh at Vic's notions. I've sent the Eloise Harper copy down instead. Sorry, Mr. Gordon, and thanks for everything."

She folded the paper twice, walked down the hall to give it to Mr. Gordon's secretary.

No doubt she was a fool. Her sister Ruth would throw up her hands. "Grace," Ruth would say, "you just don't know how to win a man!"

"What wouldn't I give to win him," she thought miserably as her taxi crawled slowly through the wet streets on its way to her flat.

"What wouldn't I give to be going home with Vic instead of going into that empty flat every night."

But perhaps now she had resigned and would no longer see him every day at the store she might get over her longing for him.

Perhaps . . . her mouth twisted wryly . . .

She was in the kitchen trying to work up enough interest in food to grill a lamb chop when the doorbell rang.

Now and then Jim Cory, the young man down the hall, rang at this hour to ask her to have a cocktail with him. So she caught her breath when she faced, instead, the rugged figure of Vic Fraser.

"Hello, Grace," he said. He came in, threw his hat towards a chair. For a moment he didn't look at her. He crossed the room, pushing fingers through his hair like a man trying to formulate words. Her heart thumped while she watched him.

"Will you have a drink," she asked, a little unsteadily.

He shook his head and he turned around towards her.

"I was talking to Gordon's sec—retary," he began," she told me just what you had done. Grace, why on earth did you resign? You shouldn't have done that."

"I didn't have much choice," Grace answered.

A searching look came into his eyes. He stepped close to her, and his hands tightened on her arms. "Kind of jolted me," he said, "knowing you'd go that far to—to keep me from turning out tripe."

Her face was white. Feeling Vic's grip on her arms, the intensity of his eyes, left her shaken and speechless.

He said, "I couldn't let you do it. I tore up that resignation. Told Gordon's secretary if she ever mentioned it I'd personally throw her out the twelfth floor window.

"And I phoned the boss. Told him I'd reconsidered the copy, and you were right. From a woman's point of view it's wrong. I told him I'd torn it up."

"Vic! You didn't——"

He pulled her into his arms. "Darling, I—I was an idiot. Blind. I need you on my side! You're not afraid to tell me when I'm slipping, to keep me doing my utmost."

He drew a long breath. "Grace, I love you. I think I've loved you since the beginning. But now I—I love you with a kind of humbleness——"

She closed her eyes, smiling as she swayed towards him. When he kissed her, she felt a joy beyond all words. She'd been right.

To achieve real happiness, this overwhelming kind of happiness, you had to be honest. You had to stand by your convictions, even in the face of irretrievable loss.

"I'll be trying women's layouts again," he said, "and with you around to see them before they go in——"

"Vic," she whispered, "they can't stop us! Now that we're together!"

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Dance with me

By Alec Rackowe

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE factory Perfecto Rubirez occupied a small, dilapidated one-story building, bleached and stained by forty-odd years of Florida sun and Tampa rain.

It was located several blocks off Broadway in Ybor City, which, so far as maps, civic ordinances, and services are concerned, is an integral part of Tampa.

In every other respect, however, it is a foreign country, with its own customs, foods, and language—a unique combination of Spanish, Cuban-Spanish, and Italian known as Ybor City talk.

A perfect August day, which is to say a mixture of hot sun, fitful breeze, and threatening thunderclouds hung over the factory Perfecto Rubirez, as Arturo Rubirez, its sole owner, showed Senor Spoto, vice-president of Ybor City's chief bank, about the premises.

Arturo was twenty-six, dark, and enthusiastic. His shoulders were broad in the jacket of the immaculate white suit, his hips almost non-existent. His eyes were black, his skin olive, his teeth gleamingly white.

His black hair had the faintest wave as it clung to his well-shaped head. When he spoke, his gestures were as elaborate as the flow of Ybor City talk that fell from his lips.

Arturo was the perfection of Ybor City bachelorhood. He could have belonged nowhere else, nor would he have wanted to, though he would have been roused to quick anger had any outsider questioned his nationality.

Arturo was American, Florida-born and educated, with thirty-six months of service with the Tanks, eighteen of them overseas with the Fourth Army. Purple Heart, Bronze Star, American all the way through, but Ybor City style—warm-hearted, food-loving, rumba-loving.

Senor Spoto was short, stout, and grey where he was not bald. Arturo led him through every department.

First, to the almost airtight cubicle where the bales of tobacco were opened and the leaf shaken free and then carried to the blending piles that lay on the wooden floor.

Having remained in the choking dust a bare minute, Senor Spoto seemed happy to go on to the corner where the girls sat stripping the leaves that would make the wrappers for the cigars.

On the other side were the cigar-makers at their tables.

There were less than a score of them, for the most part men of advanced age, dark-skinned, grey-moustached. The making of a cigar seemed easy as these pastmasters performed it.

The taking of just the exact amount of long leaf filler. Shaping it between the fingers, selecting half of a workably damp leaf of palest wrapper; rolling it to the right point, then cutting it so as to leave the flange exactly proper to finish off the end. A touch of a finger into the paste-pot, and there it was.

Senor Spoto watched. Arturo lifted his hands in admiration. "Mira! A baby could do that, no?"

Senor Spoto snorted his appreciation of the jest. They went across the room to where the girls sat banding the cigars and slipping them into their cellophane wrappers; boxing them.

There were four girls, their heads bent. Three of them were pleasingly plump. The fourth was skinny in comparison. Only the top of her red hair showed as she worked.

Her slim white fingers glued the band, took up the wrapper, and deftly worked it over the cigar, past the band. A twist of the end, and the cigar went to lie beside its fellows in the white-and-gold box.

She did not look up as Arturo discoursed volubly to the banker. Arturo said, "Vamos, Senor Spoto," and led the way to the tiny corner that was his office.

He waited for the banker to seat himself, held out a box of Elegantas, and offered a light.

Senor Spoto savored the cigar. He nodded, sighing, and then he frowned as if at his own weakness. "Why?" he asked.

Arturo jumped up. He gestured. "Dios, is it not obvious, Senor? I have shown you my orders. They mount like lovers' sighs to the very sky. All over the country connoisseurs clamor for Perfecto Rubirez Elegantas. Our cigar, handmade. Of the four pale leaves only. With the color the rarest and most sought after. I cannot fill such orders. I must expand."

"Can you?"

"Pero si. You think of the masters like Pedro Perez and Vega outside. That I know. They are dying out, and who shall take their places when these ancients are gone? But I have thought of that long since. Two years ago I started an apprentice system.

"Young men I pay to learn, and these old ones to teach. Some of the young are already more than capable. Able to take a handful of filler leaves, crush them, shape them, wrap them, and finish, and have a cigar of good feel, good weight, good shape. A cigar that will smoke perfectly to the last inch. A miracle. An art. But they can do it."

The ash on Senor Spoto's cigar was a clear grey in the exact shape of the tobacco consumed. He said, "So . . ."

"So I must expand. I own the lot behind this building. I wish to construct a concrete block factory, two-storied. Air-conditioned. Space for double the workers I have. A small cafeteria for good lunches. Good conditions, good work.

"I pay a premium for the perfect leaf, a premium for the best workers. True, machines will make good cigars, more cigars and more money—but I make only one shape, handmade, the one super cigar for connoisseurs from Florida to Canada and from Alaska to Mexico."

Senor Spoto stirred, obviously shaken by Arturo's enthusiasm. He said, "A lot of money."

"A lot," Arturo agreed.

Senor Spoto considered the poster card tacked to the wall above Arturo's desk.

It announced in red-and-black lettered Spanish: Ball! Third September, at the Circulo Cubano. Annual Invitation Rumba Contest. Music by Carlos Morales and his Habana Malecondos. Tables only. Five dollars the person.

Senor Spoto, his eyes still on the poster, said, "You will dance in the rumba contest next month?"

"If the good Lord but spares me," Arturo agreed, smiling.

"With Miss Ramona Haya?"

Arturo gestured. "She has always been gracious enough to choose me as her partner. I shall dance with her to-night at the Circulo as well."

"The Hayas," Senor Spoto murmured. "Very wealthy."

Arturo's eyes flashed. He said softly, "Si, senor. The family Haya, as you remark, are very wealthy. Perhaps some day Miss Ramona Haya's family will take pity and smile upon one of her languishing suitors, and I may be that favored one. But this—" Arturo waved.

"This, Senor, is something I have made myself, without aid. I have cousins. In Ybor City, as you know, everyone is cousin to almost everyone else. I could get money if I wanted partners. I do not.

"I come to you because the business of a bank is to lend money. There is no family in it. It is entirely impersonal. I represent myself to you as a good risk, a good prospect. You have but to say yes or no."

Two-thirds of Senor Spoto's cigar was ash. Regretfully he broke the ash off into the tray on the desk. "I understand. I will lay the facts and figures before the board when next we meet. You shall hear from us."

"Gracias," Arturo said, and flashed his smile.

He conducted his guest to the door, watched him go down the steps to the chauffeured car. Arturo bowed, waved, and turned back.

A gleam of sun touched the bright head bent over the banding box. Arturo frowned. He wondered why his foreman, his cousin Alfredo Mirez, had hired such a skinny one.

At six o'clock the bookkeeper left the deserted factory. At seven, Arturo said good night to the night-watchman and went down to his car.

He drove to Innocentio's, took his usual table, listened with one ear to the Havana station and the other to Angel, the waiter, while he ate his bean soup and arroz con pollo.

At eight, he was in his small but adequate apartment on 14th Street. He read the paper, but after a time he let the paper fall to his lap.

He sat thinking of many things: about the new factory he would build, gleaming-white outside and cool inside; about the dance at the Circulo; and about Ramona Haya.

He sighed, far from unhappily. He was twenty-six. It was time he was married. Marriage was something of gravest importance. A considered, well-contemplated act. It was something that set the seal upon a man's accomplishments and prospects, upon his social standing.

The Hayas, as Senor Spoto had said, were very wealthy. Even more, they were important. An alliance with the Hayas would be a crowning achievement for a young man.

Arturo nodded to himself. When his new factory was built and the business going as he knew it would go, he would be in a position to wait upon Senor Haya and ask for Ramona's hand.

It was a pleasing prospect, all the more so because Ramona, herself, was a jewel of the finest water. Dark-eyed, red-lipped. Arturo had never for a moment been with her alone. He had never more than brushed her fingers with his lips.

He knew little of her, save what his eyes and his Latin temperament made of her, but that was only right and proper.

A girl of good family and fortune gave no liberties to her suitors, nor would they dream of taking any. To Arturo, Ramona was more than a girl, she was a symbol of attainment.

At nine o'clock he bathed and got into a fresh suit. At ten, he parked his car and went down the street, calling greetings to others who were also making their way to the sprawl of the Circulo Cubano.

It was beginning to sprinkle: there was ominous thunder and the flicker of lightning to the east.

Harry Lopez said from the dark, "Looks like inside to-night," and Arturo said, "For a while. It will pass."

The Circulo was big, two-storied, the centre of Ybor City activities, and the heart of Ybor City dancing. There was the big room downstairs and two above. Outside, in the patio, was a dance floor of marble with a covered stage for the orchestra.

Sometimes, for extra big dances, there were several orchestras, and all rooms and the patio were filled, but to-night it was a comparatively small dance for a local charity, with but one Ybor City orchestra to give out the rumba.

The big room was crowded, the tables well filled, as Arturo came down the steps. Each table was practically a family gathering.

To Ybor City, dancing is as necessary as eating or talking. Papas and mamas, aunts, grandmothers, daughters and daughters-in-law, sons and sons-in-law sat at the long tables waiting for the music to begin.

Waiters brought big bowls of ice and paper cups. They brought trays with bottles of Cuban rum. Jars of olives were emptied on to the crushed ice. Everyone talked, ate olives, and drank toasts to one another.

It was very merry. It was heartening, cordial, and polite. A mixed gathering, for the most part of cigar workers and their families. Not so expensive or exclusive as the big ball of the rumba contest would be, but happy and expectant.

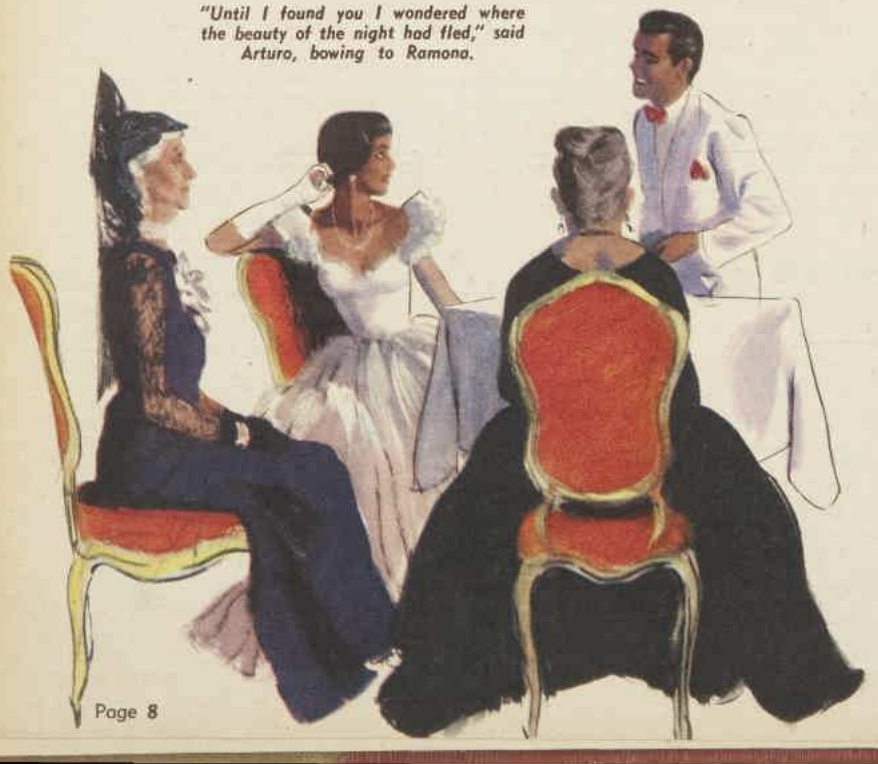
Arturo made his way between the tables, giving and receiving gracious salutations. Ahead he saw the table where Ramona Haya held court, guarded on each side by two of her aunts, Aunt Francesca and Aunt Pilar.

There were also present three of Arturo's rivals, but he gave them not a glance as he bowed before Ramona Haya.

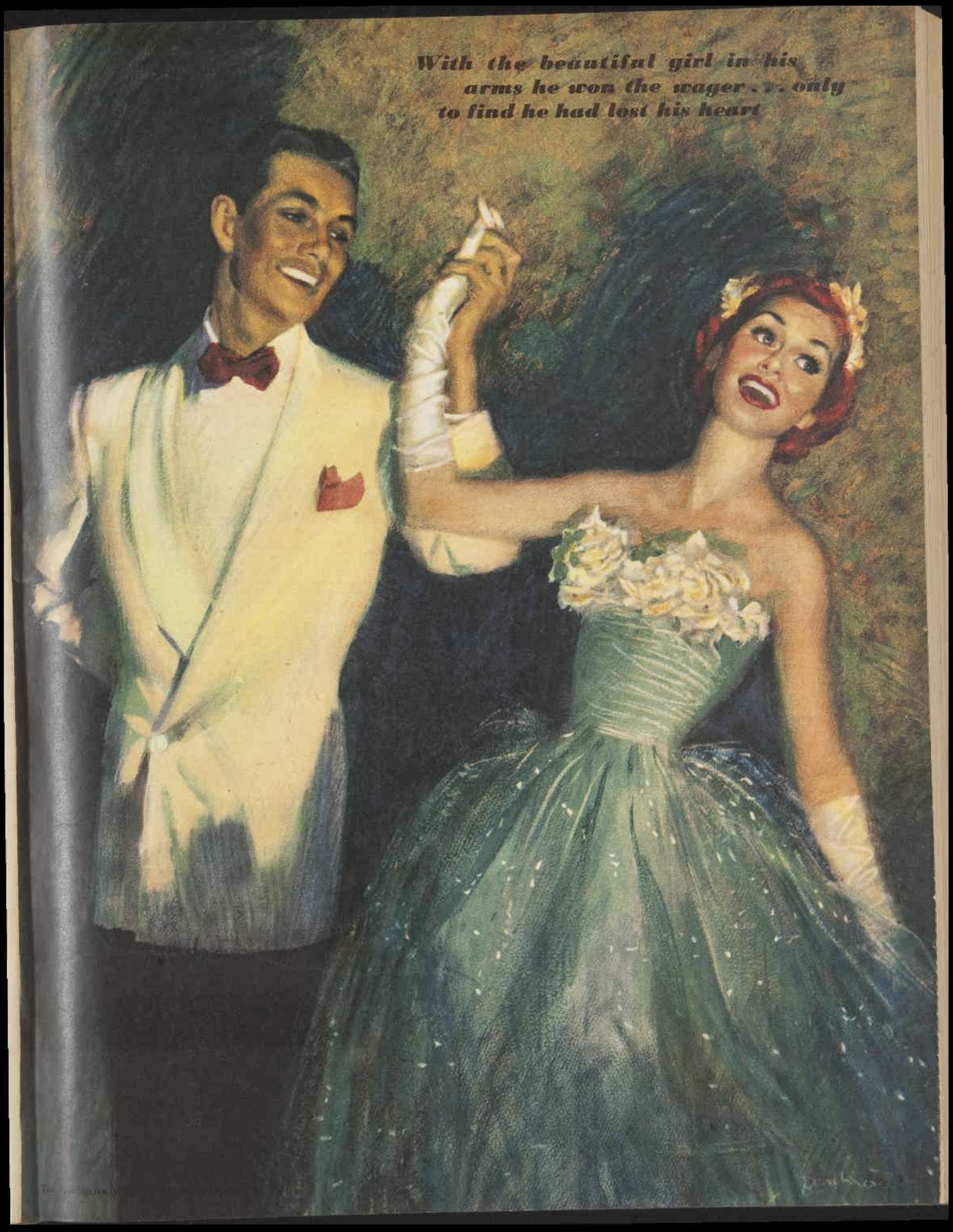
He murmured, "If I wondered where the beauty of the night had fled, now am I answered."

Ramona's long lashes fluttered.

"Until I found you I wondered where the beauty of the night had fled," said Arturo, bowing to Ramona.



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her smile acknowledged the compliment, her eyes taunted the giver. She was a vivid brunette of eighteen, full-bosomed, full-hipped. The white dress set off the blue-black hair, her liquid black eyes, and her red lips.

Arturo respectfully saluted the aunts. He was aware that the music had started up. As he gave his polite but mocking smile to Alberto Rodriquez, Carlos Veda, and Pedro Garcia, the floor began to fill.

Pedro said, "You may as well sit down or look elsewhere, Arturo. Alberto has acquired the first dance."

Arturo sighed, his eyes upon Ramona. "The evening is yet young and one may hope."

Ramona rose, rounded and seductive. "There is always hope," she said coolly, but, as she turned on the dance floor to face Alberto, her eyes met Arturo's and her long lashes fluttered again.

Arturo sat down. He accepted a glass. He raised it to the aunts. He drank and looked around.

Behind the bars of the open windows at the street level, the people outside watched the dancers, called greetings to those inside, accepted the proffer of a paper cup through the bars.

The maracas and bones emphasised the beat; trumpet and bass and piano filled in the melody. On the floor the dancers gave themselves up to rumba.

A partner might be a dozen feet from his lady, but they were in rhythm. Each danced as he or she felt the music, but the whole room was as one, united in the best of the orchestra.

Arturo watched, his lips faintly curled.

Pedro said, "You do not dance."

Arturo shrugged. "I await my chance to dance with Ramona. That alone will be rumba. This"—he gestured—"it is a dance of a kind, but it is not rumba."

Pedro considered the olive he had taken from the bowl. "The contest then will be rumba of a purity?"

Arturo drained his cup. "Dios, need you ask? Consider the judges. Miraflores, Sanchez, and Greco. To them as to me the rumba is not an abandon to intoxication; it is a rite. A dance, not a mad jig."

Pedro nodded. "Ah, si. There will be but half a dozen couples to compete. With Ramona as partner you will again undoubtedly receive the accolade as last year."

"Undoubtedly."

Pedro said slyly, "Definitely an unfair competition since it is the lovely Ramona who bestows upon you a favorable handicap. Were it I dancing with Ramona and you with anyone else, the prize would be mine."

Arturo stiffened. He considered Pedro with utmost scorn. "You make a noise like an empty paper bag, amigo."

"So you say," Pedro remarked imperturbably, "yet it is true. It is Ramona, not you."

Arturo's eyes flashed. "You think so?"

"I think so," Pedro said. "I say so, too, with any amount you care to name."

The others at the table were looking at them. At the tables near by men leaned the better

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to hear, tipping back their chairs. Pedro nodded as Arturo stared at him. "Si. With, say, Yolande Matales, or—"

Arturo broke in, "Pah! I can take anyone — anyone, you hear?—and still win the prize from you." He gestured. "Even a girl from the watchers outside."

Pedro's smile was barely perceptible. "So? I have five hundred to your one that says you cannot."

Arturo's cheeks were flushed. "Bueno."

He stood up. The faces all around were turned to him. From the windows above, the people in the street shouted at him. Arturo saw the gleam of light on tawny hair, the pale, vaguely familiar oval of the face looking down at him, wide-eyed.

He said, "That one. You, Salvatores. Bring her to the door."

There was a slight commotion. Voices were raised and hands gesticulated.

"Bring her," Arturo said.

The girl tried to pull away, protesting. Arturo turned, smiling scornfully, and then the smile faded. Half the dancers were crowding around the table and Ramona was listening as Pedro spoke to her.

When her liquid eyes met Arturo's he felt his heart sink. He glanced at Pedro, and the full smile on that one's lips made Arturo breathe a soft curse under his breath. He had been tricked. Deliberately and skilfully.

"Oh, hothead," he reproached himself, but he smiled at Ramona, bending his head. "A wager, lovely lady. This Pedro must be taught not to speak so certainly."

"Undoubtedly." Ramona's voice was pure ice. She turned to Pedro: "If we are to dance together in the contest it is best that we dance now as much as possible."

Arturo stood for a moment, hearing the whispers and the laughter. He turned on his heel and made his way to the stairs and out into the moist, cool air.

The girl was there, practically imprisoned by the eager Yborites. Arturo said, "Thank you, amigos. Leave us, if you will."

In the light from the wide doors he looked at the girl. He felt his heart sink. She was such a skinny one. He said, "You heard?"

She answered him in English. "I heard."

"You do not speak Spanish?"

"I do, but I don't." Her voice was clear. "I'm an American."

Arturo stared at her. The anger that had been mounting in him moved swiftly to this new focus. He said, in English as well, "So what? We all are. You work for me, don't you?"

"Yes." She looked at him coolly.

"What's your name?" Arturo asked.

"Mary Malone."

Arturo nodded. "I see. Irish father."

"American," Mary said curtly.

Arturo gestured. "And American mother, too, though I bet she speaks Spanish better than English. Come off it, will you? You heard what went on. You know I'm in a jam."

"You are," Mary said, and in the dimness Arturo thought he saw her smile.

He said, "Do you rumba?"

"No."

"Good. Then you haven't anything to forget. You're going to dance with me in the contest next month."

"And if I don't you'll fire me?"

"I don't work that way," Arturo said. "How did Mirez happen to hire you anyway?"

"He is a cousin of my mother's. When we came here from New York, Ma spoke to him."

"Your mother—a Mirez?"

"Sanchez."

Arturo gestured. "Then she is sure to be a cousin of mine as well. All the Sanchezes are. Come on. We'll speak to her. We stick together, we cousins." He led the way to the car.

Mary lived on 12th Street. Upstairs. Mama Malone was as dark as all the Sanchezes, but not, perhaps, as plump.

They were, Arturo found, indeed cousins, though many times removed. He explained the matter fully to Senora Malone, while Mary stood, her dark-blue eyes mutinous.

Arturo said at last, "This Pedro Garcia is a wily one. He has manoeuvred me into a bad position, so he thinks, but I shall make it into a triumph and your daughter shall help me. I shall win, and the money I win from Pedro shall go to Mary's wedding portion."

Mary spoke then: "I don't want the money."

"All right," Arturo said, lapsing once again into English. "But you're going to dance with me in the contest. I'm ten times better than Pedro. All you have to do is be half as good as Ramona Haya."

"That fat girl?" Mary said scornfully.

Arturo stared at her, shocked. "Fat?"

They glared at each other. Senora Malone said dolefully, "The rumba, si. But Maria never would learn. Jigs and reels my Mike he taught her. But the rumba, no."

"It is good," Arturo said. "I will teach her." He turned to Mary: "Will you?"

"She's fat," Mary said. "All right."

Arturo said, "I have all the records of the Malecondos. We start this very night. Let us go to my apartment."

"Yes, we go," said Senora Malone, and rose.

Arturo held the door. It was only natural that Senora Malone should go.

At his apartment Arturo settled Mama Malone in a deep chair, with a bowl of mangoes and white grapes beside it. He put half a dozen of Carlos Morales' rumbas on the portable player.

Mary watched him. She was, Arturo guessed, not more than nineteen and her coloring was good, but she was such a skinny one. He sighed at the task ahead.

He kicked back the rugs. "Now, look," he told Mary. "In the rumba there is only one step. A simple one, two, three, pause, one, two, three. Whether you do the fundamental box step or anything in the way of variations, it is just that—the same step. That is all to remember.

"The bending and straightening of the knees give the movement to the hips. For the rest you remain erect, relaxed. . . . Now I'll show you the way the knees move."

Senora Malone ate grapes and looked on. Mary frowned, her red hair gleaming in the lamplight.

It was one o'clock when Mary said, "I'm tired. I—Oh, I'll never be able to get it."

Arturo said, "It's like swimming. You flounder and then all of a sudden it comes to you. You'll learn, I promise."

Her eyes met his and he asked, "Or can't you take it?"

He saw her chin go up. "Let's try it again." . . .

At three o'clock Arturo was just relaxing into his pillow. He lay in the dark, wide-eyed. He cursed Pedro thoroughly, dispassionately.

But it was his own fault. Arturo knew that. Because he was so sure of himself, he had got himself into a position that had already brought the Haya displeasure upon him. And he had got himself into a wager that, after to-night, looked impossible to win.

He might teach Mary to dance the rumba, teach her to go through every step with perfection, and yet they wouldn't have a chance.

She didn't have that natural abandon, that instinctive feeling for the beat of the music. And she was so skinny.

"But we'll win," Arturo said aloud. "I do not accept defeat." Not in the dance and not otherwise. He'd win, and then he'd see about Ramona.

He sighed. There would most likely be lots of other

Two versions of the Bible:

In the beginning . . .

THE Gospel according to St. John 1: 1-5 is this week's choice for comparison of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible and the King James Bible in common use.

King James Version

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

Revised Standard Version

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. (2) He was in the beginning with God; (3) all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. (4) In him was life, and the life was the light of men. (5) The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

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SINGER Yi-Kwei Sze, his wife, Nancy, and their four-year-old son, Alexander, at home in New York (above).



ABOVE RIGHT: Pianist Nancy will be her husband's accompanist when he sings on the Australian concert platform.



TEA FOR TWO when Nancy Sze and young Alexander relax in their New York apartment while Yi-Kwei practises. Yi-Kwei and Nancy would like to bring Alexander to Australia if they could be sure of getting a sitter. Photographs by Stirling Macoboy.

Film song inspired Chinese baritone

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York office

Chinese bass-baritone Yi-Kwei Sze, who will arrive in Australia next May for a series of concerts with his pianist wife, Nancy Lee Sze, started his singing career in Shanghai after seeing Al Jolson in the historic first talking picture, "The Jazz Singer."

HE was then 17, and was so obsessed with Jolson's rendition of "Sonny Boy" that he sang, whistled, and hummed the tune around the house for three days.

Finally, his father could stand it no longer.

"He told me that if I had to sing, then I should sing the honorable music of my ancestors—not American jazz."

So Yi-Kwei promptly enrolled in Shanghai's National Conservatory of Music.

To-day, Yi-Kwei and his wife-accompanist are permanent residents of the United States. They are also the parents of a four-year-old boy, Alexander.

Mr. Sze told me that the pronunciation of his name need not stump Australians if they thought of the phrase "You're crazy."

"Say it quickly, make it sound more like Ee-Kway-Zee, and you have *my* name," he said.

Yi-Kwei said his bass voice, which has a range of two octaves plus three full notes, was regarded as freakish in his native land, where male voices frequently incline towards the soprano.

He is at home with everything from "Ol' Man River" to Handel's "Messiah," in which he has sung on three consecutive Christmases for the New York Oratorical Society.

His typical concert programme contains selections from Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Verdi, Rossini, Poulenc, and Rachmaninoff.

For the second half of his programme he usually sings two or three Chinese songs and several light numbers in English. One of his favorite Chinese songs is the "Red Bean Love Seed," a haunting lament which swept China during the war.

Soldiers leaving to fight the Japanese used to give their wives or sweethearts, as a keepsake, a tiny, red bean seed which retains its color and brilliance for two years.

In the song, a woman, living and starving in the Japanese occupied zone, weeps as her red bean fades and she despairs of ever seeing her lover again.

During China's drawn-out occupation by the Japanese, many red beans were given by Yi-Kwei to a slim, sloe-eyed Shanghai girl named Wei-Fong Lee.

They were former classmates at a Presbyterian mission school, where Wei-Fong was called Nancy. They were also fellow-students at the Conservatory, where Nancy studied the piano.

As Yi-Kwei's career progressed, he joined the White Russian Opera Company in Shanghai. He and Nancy were separated during the war years. He taught music at the Chungking Conservatory and gave concerts for the troops in South Central China.

After the war, Yi-Kwei and Nancy were reunited in Shanghai. They migrated separately to the United States, where he was helped by American friends he had made in his troop-entertaining days, and were married at a New York Presbyterian church in January, 1947.

After a year of intensive study, he made his New York debut at the end of 1947. He and Nancy have since given successful concerts throughout the U.S. and the West Indies.

The couple have not yet decided whether to take Alexander to Australia with them.

"We don't know if we can get a suitable sitter to care for him while my husband and I are working," Nancy explained.

Alexander, a saucy little fellow with vocal powers approaching those of his father, and much more penetrating, is learning to play the piano under his mother's tutelage.

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Continuing

Dance With Me

disagreeable circumstances resulting from his hotheadedness and Pedro's duplicity. . . .

There were. By the time Arturo got to the factory on Monday he knew that all Ybor City was smiling; some sympathetically, most with amusement.

This Arturo Rubirez, with the sure rumba prize in his hand and the even greater prize of Ramona Haya almost his, had tossed it all away.

At the factory the old men gave Arturo advice and commiseration. The women sighed and clucked.

When Arturo spoke to Mary she looked up at him with weary eyes. A Sunday of continuous rumba, added to the hours of Saturday night, had worn her to exhaustion.

Arturo said, "We'll make it."

Mary's red lips curled. "So that you can impress that fat Haya girl?"

"She is not fat," Arturo said coldly.

Mary's eyes flashed. "And I have to go without sleep and dance until my legs drop off so that—" She didn't finish. She said, "Why don't you get someone else?"

Arturo held himself in leash. "Because you were the one I picked at random. Pedro will consider that I have disqualified myself if I take a new partner. So will all Ybor City. You want me to?"

Mary did not answer.

Arturo leaned over. "Look. In Ybor City we help if we can. Your mother understands that. I bet your father would have, too. He liked us enough to pick up an Ybor City girl. But you—you do not like us. Not even enough to help with grace."

Mary did not look up, but she came again to the apartment that night with Mama Malone.

She hardly spoke to Arturo, but she followed him, her feet seldom missing the beat, and Arturo's spirits rose a little toward the level of his grim determination

The Ybor City smiles did not disappear. And there were worse things. Four days later Arturo sent Ramona Haya a box of exquisite orchids. The orchids did not come back, but there was no acknowledgment.

Pedro Garcia, Arturo was readily informed, was nightly at the Casa Haya. And the following day Arturo received a letter asking him to attend upon Senor Spoto at the bank.

Arturo went. Senor Spoto did not smile when he rose to greet Arturo in his air-conditioned office. He gestured at the folder on his desk.

"These are yours, Senor Rubirez. I regret that the decision of the board was unfavorable."

Arturo sighed gently. "It is permitted to ask why?"

Senor Spoto put his fingertips together. "In the matter of credit a great deal depends upon the character of the client seeking the line of credit. You, I am afraid, are a young man of great rashness."

Arturo smiled. "Simply because of my wager with Pedro Garcia? For your information, Senor, I shall win that wager."

He bowed. "My thanks for your consideration. Adios. But outside, the smile vanished. Arturo's lips set in a grim line.

Such a thing, Arturo knew, would not take long to get around by grapevine. Within the day his friends began to call, offering curses upon a heartless bank and cries of sorrow that they had not wealth to cast at his feet.

Even Mary had heard, for that evening when she came to the apartment with Mama Malone she looked at Arturo, her face almost white in the frame of curling bright hair.

"I think it's a shame," she said heatedly. "What has your new building to do with the dance contest?" She breathed deeply. "Let's start, Arturo. Let's show them. Let's win."

Arturo's smile was suddenly full. "That's the girl."

"To-night as usual. To-morrow we go to Havana. We've almost two weeks before the contest. One week in Havana, dancing to Morales' music. The rest here to polish. All right?"

"All right," Mary said firmly. "We'll win, and you'll show them. Even that—that fat girl."

"She—" Arturo exploded, and then he shrugged. "Let's get at it." . . .

Two hours out of Tampa International Airport, and they were in Havana.

Mama Malone said happily, "Our honeymoon was here. Your dear father and I, Maria mia."

Havana was hot, but then Ybor City had been hot, and it was never too hot where people danced and laughed and ate and talked. Carlos Morales was playing at El Praiso. He came to their table, short and dark as night, perfect of manner.

Arturo explained. Carlos looked at Mary. He was most sympathetic and desirous of aiding. There were rehearsals every afternoon; it would be a favor if Senor Rubirez and the Senorita were to practise at such times as well as dance of evenings to his music.

Night and afternoon they danced, with only a few hours given over to sleep. And when the week passed and it was time for them to take the plane home, Arturo was beginning to hope.

Even Carlos Morales said, "Pues, it could be. If but the fire were roused." He looked at Arturo oddly. "I shall see you in Ybor City on the night of the third. Con Dios, Senor."

The usual afternoon thunderstorm was making canals of Ybor City's streets when they got back. At the factory, Cousin Mirez was happy to see Arturo.

He had much news, but none of it was comforting.

"They say Pedro Garcia is as good as son-in-law to the Hayas. But we are all behind you, Arturo. The betting is tremendous. We have forced the odds down to three to one against you."

Arturo heard grimly. He went out to seek the watchman at the Circulo. That night, with the watchman standing by, Arturo and Mary danced on the empty marble of the patio, while the recorded music of Carlos Morales came from the phonograph.

The night but one before the ball, Arturo took Mary and Mama Malone home. At the door Mary turned to him, drooping, white-faced.

Arturo said gently, "To-morrow you shall rest. I shall not see you until the ball, Mary. Whether we win or not is in the lap of the gods, but you have been more than co-operative. You have been simply swell. Thanks, Mary. About your dress—"

Mary said, "It has been attended to."

"You will let me pay," Arturo insisted, but Mary shook her head. Her eyes met his. "No. Thank you, Arturo."

Reaction set in upon Arturo the next day. His spirits went down into his polished shoes.

He thought of Ramona. It was certain that her lush charms were lost to him. It remained only to fight and win. To gain that much from the wreckage of his plans. . . .

Saturday, the day of the ball, began the long Labor Day week-end. There was an air of gaiety and excitement to all of Ybor City.

Arturo had told Mary the night before not to come to work. When he left the factory he went right home. There were too many people eager to console him; to assure him that their money and prayers were with him.

Over the phone he ordered a box of gardenias sent to the Malone apartment.

He had his dinner sent in when he woke at nine that evening. Yellow rice and savory chicken. At ten he started to dress.

It was past eleven when he arrived at the Circulo Cubano. As he pushed his way through the onlookers at the patio gates, the sound of the music came to Arturo.

There was no mistaking the subtle, blood-tingling beat of Carlos Morales' Malecondos.

In the patio itself the tables were ranked in rows about the dance floor. The elite of Ybor City sat at the tables, the men in white dinner jackets, the women jewel-laden and in colorful evening gowns.

They were all there, the doctors, lawyers, judges, factory owners, and financiers. Drinking fine Spanish brandy from thin glasses; eating lush green olives. Talking, laughing, getting up to dance to the soul-stirring music.

Arturo made his way between the tables. It was a slow progress, with so many to speak to him.

He saw the Spotos at a table with several other people. One, he knew, was President Vargas himself, of the bank that had turned him down. He bowed, and received stiff bows in return.

He came to the group of tables where the Haya clan held forth. He saw Ramona in her favorite white, agleam with diamonds, sitting between her father and mother. Arturo murmured good evening.

There was a polite murmur in reply. Arturo turned his gaze upon Ramona. She gave back his glance with gleaming black eyes. Arturo started to sigh in the conventional Latin manner, with a sincerity born of tradition.

But the sigh would not come. Arturo stared at Ramona Haya as if he saw her for the first time. As if he saw her not as the heiress of the clan but as just a girl.

Arturo swallowed, shaken. He did not know what had happened to him to so bewilder his eyes.

He looked again at Ramona, and there was no change in what he saw; a fat girl in a white dress with a lot of jewels.

He closed his eyes, opened them. A resplendent Pedro Garcia said at his shoulder, "There are no hard feelings, amigo?"

"None. May the best dancing gain the laurels."

Arturo bowed and moved on. His dazed eyes saw that his cousin Alfredo Mirez and his wife Lucia were the only ones yet arrived at Arturo's own table. He sat down, still aghast at his reaction.

Across from him Alfredo let out a soft oath and rose.

Arturo rose, as well. He turned, and he saw Mary coming toward him, followed by her mother in black lace. With them were three of the more notable Sanchezes.

Arturo stared, unable to believe his eyes. Mary came, walking with the grace of an Asturian peasant girl, or a queen. Her bright hair was piled smoothly on her proud head, the gardenias making a creamy coronet for the rich tresses.

Her gown was of green silk that set off her fair skin and her dark sapphire eyes.

As they came close, Mary's eyes met Arturo's. He moved quickly to bend over her hand. He said simply, looking up into her face, "How lovely you are, Mary."

Her red lips parted. Color came into her cheeks.

As he held her chair Arturo asked, "Scared?"

"Yes," she breathed, and Arturo said, "Me, too. But we've all to win. Nothing to lose."

He could not take his eyes from her. He was barely aware of Porfirio Sanchez offering aged brandy to betoken success. It was incredible that the girl opposite, this creature of cool, flame-inspiring beauty, was Mary, the skinny one.

When the music ended with a flourish the dancers streamed back to the tables. The loudspeaker boomed. It was the announcement of the contest.

There would be three dances. All six couples would dance all three. At the conclusion the dancers would remain on the floor until the judges had made their decision.

Carlos Morales read the names into the microphone, and the couples rose as he called them and went out on to the dance floor.

Yolande Matales and Henrico Cone, the Portargos, the middle-aged Diazes, Liane Drigo and Salvatore Marsi, Pedro and Ramona Haya, and at last Arturo heard his own name and Mary's.

The beat of hands continued as he took Mary's white-gloved fingers and led her to the floor where the other five couples waited.

He saw Ramona Haya deliberately look away. He felt Mary's fingers tighten in his. He looked down into her eyes. He could not breathe.

The maracas began their slow beat, the music swelled. The sweet, insidious rhythm of the rumba stole into Arturo's veins. He found himself moving, aware only of the music and Mary.

He did not see the others. He saw Mary as part of him, part of the dance. She was as the echo of his own movements.

Moving with slow grace, the faintest breath past the beat. Handing her in a circle about him, reaching behind with his left hand, knowing hers would be there to take it.

Turning her, his arm languorous over her flower-crowned head, to face him again. Only the knees and feet moving, the arms and hands making the gestures, courteous and rhythmic.

It was rumba. It was something you felt once in a lifetime. Music and self and partner as one. Arturo forgot where he was, forgot which of the dances it was. He only knew that his blood sang, his heart cried out at the sheer beauty of it.

Then of a sudden the music was over, and the crash of hands, the din of shouting were all about them. At his side Mary let her breath go. Arturo felt the faint sigh that went through her as her shoulder touched his arm.

He raised her hand to his lips, and he saw the three judges came out on to the floor.

Not for a moment did Arturo doubt. He saw the judges pause, facing the line of dancers, and then come toward him and Mary. Senor Greco spoke. He gave the silver, rose-filled cup into Mary's arms.

The roars and cries and clapping drowned out his words. Arturo spoke, his lips trembling, and then he was escorting Mary back to the table. Mama Malone cried unashamedly; Cousin Porfirio kissed them both.

Someone touched Arturo's elbow. It was Pedro Garcia.

He said, smiling ruefully, "It is useless to try to outdo you, amigo. My cheque will come to you Tuesday, and Ramona wishes you to come to the Haya table to receive the Haya congratulations."

Arturo put his hand on Pedro's shoulder. "Thank you, amigo mio, but I cannot attend upon the Hayas. You will express my regrets. And to you, my eternal thanks."

He turned away from Pedro's stunned eyes and found himself facing Senor Spoto.

The banker put both hands on Arturo's arms and cried enthusiastically, "Magnificol I tell you, my boy, sometimes there is greatness in rashness."

"I told you I should win," Arturo said.

"You did," Senor Spoto averred fervently. "I reminded President Benito Vargas of the bank of that, even before you danced. We should have had more faith in you. But it is not too late, Senor Rubirez. If you could come to the bank on Tuesday, there could be good news to greet you."

"I shall come to the bank on Tuesday," Arturo said. "I thank you, Senor."

He did not look again at the banker. His eyes were on Mary as she sat surrounded by clamoring, adoring Yborites.

He thought, his throat tight, "It is she. It is because she is perfection that I see all other so truly. She is utterly a beauty and grace, of fire to kindle eternal fire. And I, unworthy as I am, have helped to make this miracle come to pass."

He said to himself, "Oh, stupid one, not to know the sun when you have once felt its warmth." But he knew the sun now. He knew he wanted ever to keep his face turned to its warmth and light.

He bent between Porfirio Sanchez and Mama Malone.

He said, "Cousin Porfirio, to-morrow afternoon, would you do me the honor, as the elder of the family, to accompany me on a formal call upon Senora Malone y Sanchez? If that is, she will condescend to receive so unworthy a suitor."

Rotund Porfirio boomed, "Por Dios, yes."

Mama Malone bent her head. She said with great dignity, "I shall be at home to receive you, Senores."

The music beat, the maracas chattered. Mary's blue eyes met Arturo's. He held out his hand to her and she rose slowly and gracefully.

On the floor she followed him like his very shadow, warm and pulsing as the blood sang in his veins.

Against her fragrant hair Arturo whispered, "Yo te amo. I love thee, Maria. If it is not you, then can it be no other. To-morrow I call upon your mother—" He broke off to say in English, "Mary, is it—is it all right with you?"

He saw her red lips part. He felt the sweetness of her breath against his lips. "Si," she said. Mary Malone. "Si, si, my beloved."

(Copyright)

BLOOMER SWIMSUITS

BLOOMERS recently were lifted from *Grandma's album* and turned out as sunsuits and bathing costumes.

They have just arrived in Australia from America, via France.

Bloomers first graced the hips and legs of Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer 102 years ago.

They faded from fashion, but had a revival in the 1880s.

Again they went out of favor, but now, in their third youth, they are covered with candy stripes and are taking to the water.

A pictorial preview of the new bloomer-type beach wear is in the January issue of A.M.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383799

CORONATION CONTEST

All entries must be in by January 16

Time is growing short for entering our fascinating Coronation Tour Contest, which closes on January 16. No entries can be accepted after that date. If you have not already sent your entry, do so immediately. The entry coupon and the rules will not be published again.

FURTHER £10 progress award-winning entries are published below and on page 15.

The Queen comes to tea

ON such an exciting occasion, I would follow my father's custom and welcome my guests at the front gate. As I would like everything to be as natural as possible, I would not borrow or change anything, believing that to offer one's best simply is the finest hospitality.

The house I would decorate specially with flowers. A big bowl of wattle in the hall, poppies, stocks, and roses for the other rooms. On our walls hang several landscapes and panels of Australian birds, watercolors by Madge Wilson, an aunt, who is known in Tasmania as "The Artist of the Lakes."

We have a large garden, so I would take advantage of the sunshine to serve afternoon tea on the lawn, under the shady gums. The atmosphere is typically Australian. Beds of phlox and blue delphiniums, the exotic blossoms of the hibiscus, and the wonderful floral canopy of the jacaranda tree add their color and beauty to the setting. The children could enjoy more freedom than indoors, and beyond the garden they would be very interested in our Shetland pony.

I would set comfortable cane chairs round the table, and low garden seats for the children. Table appointments would be a fine, white linen cloth, handworked for Mother's trousseau, with a deep crochet edge, hand-painted china, also Mother's own work.

The cups and saucers are white, with delicate opalescent tinting, and have in their design some of the Australian spider orchids and heath. On the table, I would arrange a flat bowl of the handsome Sturt pea — specially air-freighted from my brother-in-law's property near Cohar.

I would serve tea, with tall glasses of milk for the children, and these things to eat:

A real "damper," cut and buttered. The Queen may be interested to know it is often made by bushmen when camped out. They bake it in the hot ashes. A nutloaf, sliced and buttered. A plain sponge, filled with fresh whipped cream and topped with strawberries. Some shortbread, my great-grandmother's recipe. This would also interest the Queen, with her own Scottish associations. A fruitcake.

My mother would share this wonderful afternoon and assist in entertaining our guests. Her wide experience of life on the land would bring much of interest to the conversation. To meet the Queen also I would invite "Our Matriarch of Letters," Dame Mary Gilmore, who is, I feel, a truly great Australian.

My third guest would be Andrew Dunn, a cousin of Mother's, and an old Anzac who served the Queen's father.

He is a most interesting conversationalist, with a fascinating fund of stories from shipwreck and soldiering to discovering prehistoric remains when boring for water in Central Queensland. He can tell of aboriginal corroborees, and strange tales of our "Golden West" long before the East-West Railway went through.

£10 to Miss NANCY HELEN WILSON, 525 New Canterbury Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Imaginary conversation

ELIZABETH: Well, child, have ye naught to say, or has cat got thy tongue?

The Queen: Oh, I beg your pardon. I was not expecting Your Majesty. That is—I suppose you really are Elizabeth Tudor?

Elizabeth (sharply): Who else would I be? Didst think there were any other in history could look so regal as I?

The Queen: I am deeply sensible, Ma'am, of the privilege which is mine in bearing your great name. I pray I may ever be worthy of it.

Elizabeth (in mollified tones): There, there child. I have thought much of thee and of thy great task, and I come as one woman to another to wish thee well and counsel thee soundly, for God wots 'tis still a man's world from what I can hear of it.

The Queen: I appreciate your kindness, Ma'am, but I have the help of one man at least, and in that I am more fortunate than was Your Majesty.

Elizabeth: No doubt, coz, ye speak of thy Consort, and that is somewhat whereof I too would speak. Prithee, why must thou have chosen of all men one of the name of Philip? I tell thee that name pleases me not, and smacks too greatly of Spain.

The Queen: Nevertheless, Ma'am, he is the man of my choice, and his love is my greatest support.

Elizabeth: Stuff and nonsense! I needed not any man to lean upon. I was young as thou when I was Queen, and a lone Queen did I reign for five and forty years. Methinks this womanly weakness ill becomes thee. A fig for thy Philip!

The Queen (with spirit): And a handful of figs for Leicester and Raleigh and Essex and—

Elizabeth: Hoity-toity, girl, and fiddle-de-dee! Thou hast been reading the wrong history books. Nonetheless, I like thy spirit, and if 'twould accord with my royal dignity, I would apologise. Let us then speak of affairs of state. How fare the talks with the Tartars?

The Queen: If Your Majesty means the Russians, then they are still saying "no" to everything.

Elizabeth: Gadzooks! Ye have need of Frankie Drake. 'Twas he who singed the beard of the King of Spain, and he would not balk at a Muscovite moustache. He would change that "nay" to "aye," and right smartly!

The Queen: The name of Sir Francis Drake is still remembered by us, and I assure you, Ma'am, that the spirit of the British people to-day is as fine and unbroken at it was when Drake swept the seas. You need have no fear on that score.

Elizabeth (bridling): Fear? I have fear? Ye'll have need to mind thy words. I feared neither man nor devil, except it be my Royal father, Harry, and he was boty. I minded well my mother's fate. But tell me more of England, and of my good Englishmen, and prate not to me of British. I ever did mislike the Scots.

The Queen: But Scotland was my mother's birthplace, and I am a Duchess of Edinburgh. I cannot keep silent if you would slander the Scots.

Elizabeth: Od's bodikins! Slander forsooth! A rough and hairy and stiff-necked race were they ever, and so I wager they be ever now. But of my England, this was writ:—

"This Royal throne of Kings, this sceptr'd Isle,"
"This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,"
"This precious stone set in the silver sea."

I mind me not who wrote the lines. 'Twas some playing fellow at the Globe Theatre whose patron I was. You'll not know of him and 'tis a pity, for he wrote very prettily.

The Queen: But, Your Majesty, Shakespeare lives today, perhaps even more than he did in his lifetime.

Elizabeth: A paradox i' faith! Aye, that is the name in very sooth—Will Shakespeare. A naughty actor, but a fine figure of a man. And so he still lives, quotha? Methought the theatre of to-day knew none but Master Danny Kaye.

The Queen: At least, Ma'am, Danny Kaye helps the world to laugh, and humor is not to be despised in our modern atomic age.

Elizabeth: Atomic age! One who joined us of late in the Land of Shades spoke that to me but yesterday. I wore my famous ermine dress, and this one did say that I did resemble an atomic explosion in reverse. What meant he by those words, child?

The Queen: I do not quite understand what he meant. All I know is that an atomic explosion is mushroom-shaped.

Elizabeth: Mushroom-shaped, say you. That in reverse, he said. So I am shaped as a mushroom upside down! A plague on him! I'll leave you now and have somewhat to say to this Master George Bernard Shaw. Anon, my dear. Though but a woman, I'll vow thou hast the heart of a King. Mushrooom-in-reverse! Faugh! Master Shaw is a pig's ear.

£10 to M. BUTTERWORTH, 19 Alban Street, Taree, N.S.W.

Entry coupon and entries winning £10 progress awards in the Most Wonderful Day in Your Life section of our Coronation Contest are on page 15.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/- for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.



Now! you can quickly *retouch* greying hair to new youthful beauty!



Napro COLOUR TOUCH
restores your own natural shade

Brush out grey streaks as you brush in your own shade—it's as simple as that with—

It's so easy to regain your youthful beauty with Colour Touch. Tell-tale streaks and wisps of grey disappear . . . your hair glows with even-toned loveliness. Colour Touch does not stain the scalp . . . is not permanent—but lasts from wash to wash.

NAPRO COLOUR TOUCH

In 5 "true-to-nature" shades: Black, Brown, Titian (Reddish), Blonde, Ash Blonde



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says 'no' to offending

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Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy smooth cosmetic deodorant that contains Duratex — Colgate's exclusive ingredient that makes Tact *safer!*

Tact

THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm

LIT

INVENTOR AND MUSICIAN

A 43-YEAR-OLD Sydney musician and businessman is one of Australia's most prolific inventors. Among his many patented ideas is that of a special slide fastener which was eagerly snapped up by Australia's fighting services during World War II. Read about this extraordinary man in the

JANUARY ISSUE of A.M., NOW ON SALE

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GRACE BROS

January Specials!

AT 3 STORES
BROADWAY, BONDI, PARRAMATTA





A—FROCK of Pique or Everglaze, white anglaise trimmed, Lemon, Green, and Blue. SSW, SW, and W 63/-

B—Elasticised SUN FROCK and BOLERO of Pique or Everglaze, white anglaise trimmed. May be worn with or without shoulder straps. Lemon, Green, Blue, and Pink. SSW, SW, and W 63/-

C—Superb FROCK of Marchington Cotton. Swirling skirt, 100in. around hem. Pink, Tussore/Beige, Green, and Blue. XSSW, SSW, SW, and W 57/6

D—Fine quality Cotton FROCK, white piped. Available in checks as illustrated, too. In Browns, Greys, or Blues. W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS 37/6

E—Fine quality continental Crepe FROCK. Black, Navy, Toast Brown (as illustrated) W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, and XXXOS 65/-

Parades at Broadway & Parramatta from Jan. 19.

PLEASE MAKE SECOND CHOICE
POSTAGE, 1/3 EACH GARMENT
Throughout the Commonwealth on CASH transactions only.
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Further contest awards

Progress awards of £10 each have been made for these entries in the Most Wonderful Day section of our Coronation Contest. Other prize-winning entries appear on page 13.

"KURRA — Speedo!" The grunts of Jap guards resound along the train and the weary P.O.W.s clamber into the open trucks. A violent jerk —we steam into the night.

It is over twenty-four hours since we left Kanburi, our last camp on the Burma railway, late in the afternoon of August 15. The journey was typical of all others—dreary waiting, crowded trucks, rice at infrequent intervals.

But there was a difference. The Nips shouted and grunted but there was no bashing.

Something was wrong. Were those rumors as we left Kanburi really true? Why were the guards even more determined to keep the Thais away from us?

At every stop the Thais had called out that the war was over. Then, at the last station, a young native, ignoring the yelling guard, walked the length of the train whistling, "There's a boy coming home on leave."

Everything pointed to one thing. But dare we believe it?

After three and a half years we grasped at every rumor, however wild.

Pitiful shadows of men in hospitals had forced down another spoonful of rice. Hope! The rumor dies. The soul-tearing notes of "The Last Post" echo across the jungle.

But somehow this feels different, and as we jolt through the night we forget the sparks from the engine which fall upon us. We don't feel the cold as we did last night.

The countryside changes. Houses and buildings, larger than we have seen for months, are all around us. We are pulling into Bangkok. The train shudders to a stop, and we are told to detrain.

By now we are very cold and cramped. It is hard for unfounded hope to keep up your spirits at this hour, for now it is 1.30 a.m.

Some stamp about to keep warm, some just sit on the ground. Knowing the Nips, we'll soon be on the move again.

Suddenly there is an order in English: "All troops will pay attention."

Such an unusual order brings us crowding round the O.C., who is standing by the Nip in charge. He stands upon a box —"Gentlemen, the war is over!"

There is not a sound. For so many weary years we have prayed for this moment. Often we have spoken of this hour and what we would do, but now we are stunned.

Then it happened. Beneath the stars of Thailand, in the shadow of Bangkok's bombed station, some two hundred voices thundered out "God Save the King."

As the notes died away tongues are at last loosened. Hand clasps hand.

In an apologetic manner the Nip suggests we move on. We refuse. A larger fire is lit, and around this we gather till dawn.

As the rays of the rising sun glint upon the gilded tips of the pagodas we fall in. A ringing order, and we step out under the bluest sky that we have seen for years, into the sunlight that heralds that day of freedom—August 17, 1945.

£10 prize to F. M. S. Rossiter, 12 Albion St., Glen Iris, Melbourne.

JUST after the commencement of World War I, I went to England with my two brothers, who wished to join the Royal Air Force. I was caught up in the pulsing life of wartime London and its historical background and traditional pageantry, so impressive to the youth of younger countries.

I felt intensely proud that I was British. I was proud also that my brothers were fighter pilots in the small gallant Air Force. Australia faded into the background.

I thrilled with pride when the papers lauded the magnificent courage of the Australians in the Gallipoli landing, and I was saddened to hear of the heavy casualties.

But my brothers were in the thick of the air fighting over France.

My most ardent hero-worship was for them and their comrades.

I was working in a canteen at Abbeville in France when word came that Australian troops had landed at Havre and were coming to Abbeville.

Excited crowds lined the road which ran past the canteen to welcome them.

Armed with a bunch of wattle, I stood with the other canteen workers on the steps of our hut. I was the only Australian.

The English women were agog with curiosity over the Australian soldiers.

I felt curious, too, and a little anxious. Would the Australians appear slovenly and undisciplined compared to English regiments?

An escort of French soldiers marched by to the light, merry music of a fife band. Then the full masculine beat of drums and the loud rhythm of a military band drowned the shrill fifes and there was a roar of "Les Austr-liens!"

Deep in the saddle and long-stirruped they rode, every muscle moving lithely to the restless prancing of their horses.

Tall, lean, and brown-faced, with a hawk-like gaze of careless arrogance, they looked what they were, volunteer warriors bred from pioneers who had carved a living out of a great untamed land.

I was swept away with an overwhelming surge of emotion, and I wanted to shout aloud, "I am an Australian."

I found myself on the road with laughing brown faces close above mine as the men leant with easy grace to snatch the wattle I held up and stick it jauntily in their belts and hatbands.

"Bedad," said an Irishwoman's voice behind me, "I could fall in love with the lot; great daring-looking rascals that they are."

I knew at that moment I would have been happy to have been caught up and carried off in the strong arms of one of those "great daring-looking rascals."

That day when I saw the Australian Light Horse ride through Abbeville was the proudest and most splendid in my life. It was the day that I first realised I was an Australian.

£10 prize to MISS ENID BELL, Coochin Coochin, Boonah, Queensland.

THE most wonderful day in my life was July 20, 1942, my return from the Middle East. Whilst on active service in the Middle East my first child, a daughter, was born unto my wife, April 6, 1940.

Also, my mother, who was then 76, in her letters kept repeating she hoped I was all right. My reply to her was that on my return I would dance a waltz with her.

Well, on my return, as one can imagine, I had something waiting for me. My welcome home at my parents' home in Footscray left nothing to be desired. My first greeting from my daughter was something. I have always likened her unto a star shining from the heavens at me.

My next pleasure was singing to my mother and father a very old song which they both liked, entitled "Old-fashioned Locket and a Curl." Then came the highlight of the evening. My mother and I waltzed whilst everyone in the room sat down, leaving mother and me the floor. I thought that a very fine gesture.

The happiness given to my parents, relatives, and friends by my presence was delightful. Their faces glowed with the happiness I had brought them by my safe return.

That, indeed, was my happiest day, because on my rejoining my unit for the islands, or rather three months after rejoining, I was told my parents had died and were buried the same day. They had only lived for my return.

In the four following years my wife and six others of that gathering had passed on. Looking back, I do not wish for a happier day than that day, July 20, 1942.

£10 prize to MR. M. J. DELAHUNTY, 93 Nolan St., Maryborough, Vic.

How to enter

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work.

Entries bearing nom-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. **Describe the most wonderful day in your life.**
There is one specially wonderful day in everybody's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2. **Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.**
Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.
Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. **Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.**
You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens and let each speak for herself.

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

The contest closes on January 16, 1953.

CORONATION CONTEST

January 14, 1953. Attach one coupon to each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS

..... *State*

RELAX THOSE WEARY MUSCLES



REVITALISE WITH RADOX

Beautiful women in the public eye—stage and screen personalities, social beauties—***revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths.*** When summer heat saps your energy, you, too, can relax weary muscles the same way. Radox gives ordinary tap water the revitalising properties of a mineral spring spa. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go —***revitalise with Radox!***

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When Feet Ache your whole body feels years older. A Radox foot bath frees pores of stale acid—your feet feel cool and refreshed.

*RADOX
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Start Radox today—feel revitalised tomorrow



AND THAT, all over the world, is just what hundreds of thousands of enlightened girls are saying. In a recent survey of 900 American gynæcologists and obstetricians, 4 out of 5 doctors report it is safe to swim on "those days," provided the water is not cold. But whether you want to laze on the beach or actually swim, you should use Meds.

Remember—Meds give you all these advantages. No revealing line; no chafing; no uncomfortable bulk; no odor; no belts, pins or pads; disposal is easy.

SINGLE GIRLS? Certainly!
Medical evidence shows that any normal, fully grown girl can wear Meds. You, too, can learn how to be free, happy—how to be YOU—on those days. "Next time" try Meds and learn for yourself the wonderful secrets of internal sanitary protection. Buy a packet now and be ready.

Should you want further information on Meds tampons, cut out and post the coupon below to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet.

NEW REDUCED PRICE
2/3d
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BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please post me, in plain wrapper, the FREE Meds booklet.

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Movie galaxy of glamor fashions



☆ High fashion is the highlight of Britain's spectacular technicolor drama "It Started In Paradise" (J. Arthur Rank), which tells the story of feminine conflicts against the background of the world of dress designing.

THE top-star cast includes Jane Hylton as a ruthless career woman, plausible swindler Terence Morgan, and Muriel Pavlow as a clever dress designer. Martita Hunt, Ian Hunter, and Ronald Squire play character roles.

The cream of London's fashion and photographic models appear in the picture to display the collection of glamor clothes designed by 25-year-old Sheila Graham.

Her designs introduce an Elizabethan note and depict 14 years of fashion, from 1938 through to 1952. Some of the gowns appear on these pages.

Two Australian girls who are leading London mannequins parade in "It Started in Paradise." They are Nola Rose and Yvonne Nightingale.

Film Fan-Fare
By B. J. McMAHON

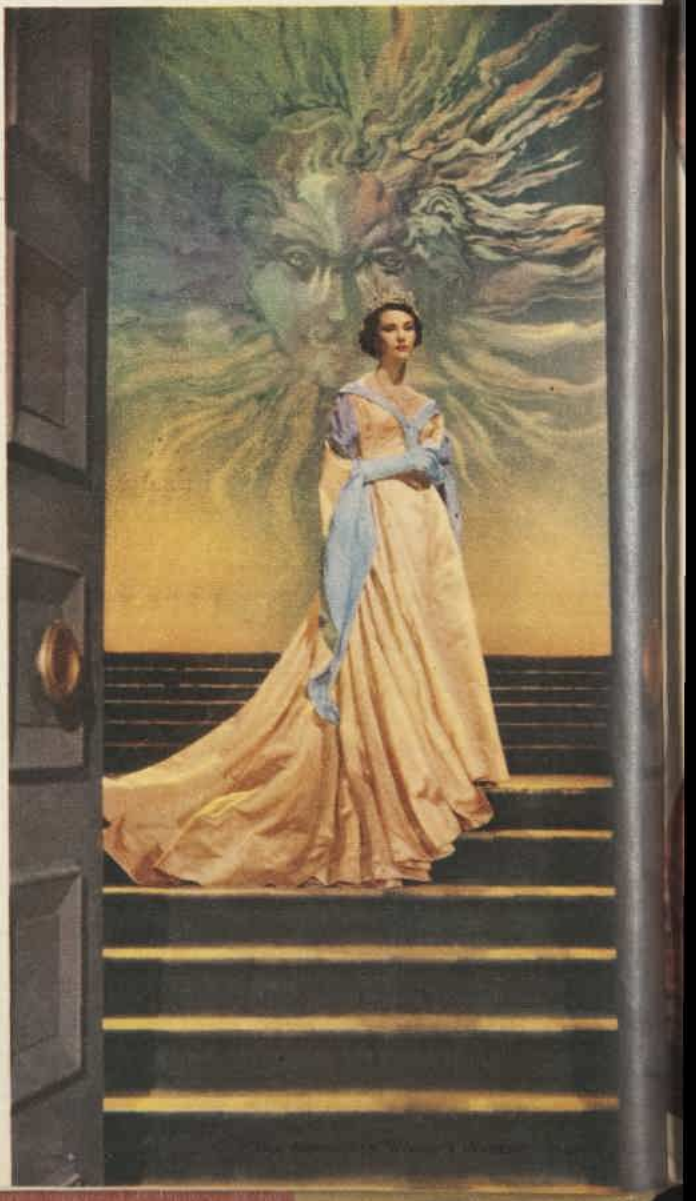
"It is our hope that 'It Started in Paradise' will be an international shop window for British fashions and will revive a taste for bright colors in place of pastel shades among British women," said Sheila Graham.



VOLUMINOUS cloak of peacock-blue ribbed silk (above) decorated with an immense self bow which frames the head is titled "Arabia" and is worn by model Marcella De Cleves. The cloak tops a slim-fitting evening gown in beige crepe.

"GREENSLEEVES" (left), worn by Dagmar Wynter, is a dinner dress in heavy satin with an immense skirt forming paniers on the hips. Elizabethan sleeves of emerald-green taffeta and the wide neckline are pearl decorated.

CROWNED with a tiara, fashion model Elizabeth Hamilton (right) wears a regal evening gown and cloak of heavy gold satin trimmed with grey and studded with large pearls. "Gloriana" is the title given this lavish ensemble.



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COCKTAIL DRESS with bodice and skirt of orange-tan satin (below), worn by Susan Abrahams, has panels of pleated white organza.

COAT of olive-green ottoman silk, modelled by Myrtle Crawford (above, left), is lined with white faille. The little three-cornered hat, trimmed with white braid, is in royal-blue velvet. Gloves and shoes match.



"ORIENT PEARL" (below left) is worn by Australian Yvonne Nightingale. It is a cocktail frock of beige silk with a blue-green pleated underskirt.



BEACH ENSEMBLE (right), modelled by Australian Nola Rose, has a button-through skirt in turquoise-blue cotton and a pie-frill ruff. Underneath are blue and white panties and a blue bra.



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A woman's privilege

Women have many time-honoured privileges, though some, regrettably, are not always observed these days. But few will question the modern woman's privilege of deciding how to plan her own finances. To help her, the Bank of New South Wales offers a cheque account for her personal use. Paying by cheque is a safe, simple way of keeping the balance between income and expenditure. If *you* wish to organize your finances in this modern, easy-to-operate way, call and see the Manager of your nearest branch of the "Wales". He will be glad to give you full particulars.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

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Someone's been here with Brasso!



What a bright friendly look a touch of Brasso gives your home. Brasso is the quicker, easier way to polish brass and copper and best of all, the Brasso shine lasts longer.

The Quality Polish for Brass & Copper **BRASSO**

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IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
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4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID — TO BE SURE!

ARRID

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *The Prisoner Of Zenda*

YOUTHFUL moviegoers and people who like light entertainment served with dazzle will enjoy this new version of Anthony Hope's venerable costume romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Metro has given this story of a royal impersonation the full treatment of rich color, splendid trappings, and top casting.

Hero Stewart Granger is a handsome, manly figure in the dual roles of King Rudolf V of Ruritania and his English double, Rudolf Rassendyll.

A stodgy script gives Mr. Granger some self-conscious lines to speak.

In the role of gentle Princess Flavia, lovely Deborah Kerr also struggles with some dim dialogue. Engaged to marry the king and in love with the commoner, Flavia believes that they are one and the same man.

Swaggering James Mason has a fine time smirking and jeering through the role of Rupert of Hentzau, a Ruritanian heel. It must be admitted that the eyes invariably stay with Mr. Mason whenever he is within camera range.

Prince Michael, played by Robert Douglas, is a hissable villain, Louis Calhern is a loyal defender of the crown, and Jane Greer plays an unhappy conspirator.

A lengthy sabre duel in a medieval castle between antagonists Granger and Mason brings the story of conspiracy and intrigue to a vigorous finish. In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL. — Morning and matinee sessions: "Mother Goose" pantomime, with Maggie Fitzgibbon, Dawn Lake. Evening sessions only: "Panhandle," Western, starring Rod Cameron, Cathy Downs. Plus "The Hunted," mystery, starring Preston Foster, Belita. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★★ "The Holly and the Ivy," drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton. Plus "Mr. Peck-a-boo," comedy, starring Bourvil, Joan Greenwood.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Laughter in Paradise," British comedy, starring Alastair Sim, George Cole, Fay Compton. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Drums in the Deep South," supercinecolor Civil War drama, starring James Craig, Barbara Payton. Plus: "Border Treasure," a Tim Holt Western.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," technicolor British comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin. Plus ★ "Assassin for Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★ "Hong Kong," technicolor adventure, starring Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. Plus "Something To Live For," drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Fontaine. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "On Moonlight Bay," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Jack and the Beanstalk," cinecolor pantomime, starring Abbott and Costello. Plus featurettes. Evening sessions only: ★ "The Girl From Jones Beach," comedy, starring Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD. — ★★★ "The Greatest Show On Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT. — ★★ "Snows of Kilimanjaro," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner, Hildegarde Neff. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Manon," French language drama, starring Cecile Aubry, Michel Auclair, Serge Reggiani. Plus ★★ "Paris 1900," English language feature, narrated by Monty Woolley.

STATE.—★ "Affair in Trinidad," drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. Plus ★ "Montana Territory," Western, starring Lon McAllister, Wanda Henrix.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "The Prisoner of Zenda," technicolor romance, starring Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Going My Way," comedy-drama, starring Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY. — ★ "Untamed Frontier," technicolor Western, starring Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters, Scott Brady. Plus ★ "Lost in Alaska," comedy, starring Abbott and Costello.

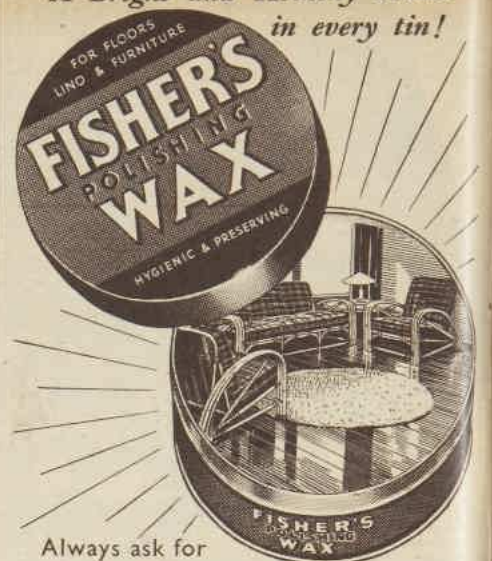
Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"The Slaughter Trail," cinecolor Western, starring Brian Donlevy, Gig Young, Virginia Grey. Plus "The Falcon in San Francisco," thriller, starring Tom Conway. (Re-release.)

PARK.—"Mara Maru," adventure, starring Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman. Plus "The House Across the Street," thriller, starring Wayne Morris, Janis Paige. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—"Deadline—U.S.A.," newspaper drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter. Plus "The Jackie Robinson Story," American baseball biography.

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By ARTHUR MAYSE

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1 **GAMBLER** Mark Fallon (Tyrone Power), travelling by a Mississippi steamboat to New Orleans, wins honestly from Laurent Duroux (John Baer), right, son of a financier. In lieu of cash, disgruntled Laurent gives Fallon a diamond necklace.



2 **ATTRACTED** to Duroux' sister Angelique (Piper Laurie), Fallon offers to return her the necklace without compensation, but is scornfully repulsed by the high-spirited girl.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER



3 **ATTACKED** by river gamblers, Mark jumps ship that night. He heads for New Orleans where he plans to open an on-the-level gambling house when funds permit.

★ **Set in New Orleans in the early 1850's, Universal's technicolor adventure "Mississippi Gambler" has a dashing hero in Mark Fallon (Tyrone Power). He is an enterprising young man who is adept at cards and fencing.**

Fallon believes that there is money to be made in honest gambling, and by pursuing the conviction manages to win the respect and liking of snobbish New Orleans society.



4 **VISITING** the Duroux mansion, Mark learns the necklace is an heirloom. He offers it to Duroux, sen. (Paul Cavanagh), who settles his son's debt.



5 **ESCORTED** by local bank owner George Elwood (Ron Randell), left centre, snobbish Angelique is amazed to see Mark accepted by all, even monopolised by the Governor, at a New Orleans social function.



6 **SQUIRING** Ann Conant (Julia Adams), whom he has befriended, Mark is challenged to duel by jealous Laurent Duroux. Later Laurent is accidentally killed and Angelique believes Mark is responsible.



7 **MARRIAGE** of pique is unhappy affair for Angelique and Elwood. When run is made on Elwood's bank, Mark covers loss with money earmarked for his club, but Elwood embezzles cash and runs away.



8 **RENDEZVOUS** in the park is happy time for Angelique and Mark. Later George Elwood is declared officially dead by the New Orleans courts and the pair fulfil her father's wish by marrying.



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Scouts treasure jamboree souvenirs



MAD HEADGEAR worn by (top) Harold Willis and Edgar Baker, of 1st Guildford, N.S.W., Troop, and (bottom) Peter Haynes, 1st Moore Park, Sydney, and Bob Gregory, of 2nd Pascoe Vale, Melbourne, ranged from foxtails to felt.

Swaps beginning of many friendships

The eleven thousand Scouts who attended the Pan-Pacific Jamboree at Greystanes, N.S.W., are leaving this week for homes between Hobart and Hongkong, Newcastle and Nauru, Perth and Papua, Lithuania and London.

THEY are taking with them souvenir-crammed kit bags, rolls of film, and autograph books scrawled with hundreds of signatures of fellow Scouts from Pacific and other overseas countries, among which the vertically inscribed names of the Chinese boys are prominent.

Most of the lads are proudest of all of the badges stitched to their shirts proclaiming that they attended the Jamboree. The badges consist of the Scouts' fleur-de-lis emblem, the stars of the Southern Cross and two hands linked in the Scouts' own left-hand grip.

Underneath are the words "Pan-Pacific Jamboree, Sydney, 1952-53."

Other prized possessions on display are the colorful hats swapped in camp. Not the conventional Scout's "lemon-squeezer," but models made from foxskin, rabbitskin, straw, wool, leather, and felt, some covered with dozens of charity-day buttons.

Swapping, which went on for the whole twelve days of the camp, delighted Scout officials, particularly Major E. A. Lloyd, Chief Commissioner for N.S.W., who was also Chief of the Jamboree Camp.

The swapping led to chatter over soft drinks in the market square of the camp and sing-songs round the campfires at night, and leaders saw in all this new friendships being made.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

I spent two days in the camp with the Scouts and the 250 lady Cubmasters who helped in administration and in the canteens, and I experienced the friendly community atmosphere of the Jamboree.

Two thousand tents and 140 marquees were pitched on the 250-acre site. Roads bearing the names of Baden Powell, Bert Hinkler, and Burke and Wills criss-crossed the area, while at the entrance to each group's tent village were elaborate gateways.

Guarding the entrance of the Malayan site was a fearsome tiger's head painted on a huge square of canvas. After sketching the pattern in pencil, the lads had slapped on the paint until the tiger, with sharp teeth and lolling tongue, was ready to be hoisted, like a flag, at the gateway.

Boys from Papua and New Guinea did the thing properly, too, shipping two carved and painted "totem-poles" down from Hanuabada, near Port Moresby, and bringing pandanus palm-leaves with them for thatching a fence.

More palm fronds, acquired near Sydney, were used to build an arch modelled on the crab-shaped sail of a native "lakatoi" or sailing boat.



NETHERLANDS SCOUT 22-year-old Bill Bos wrote up his log-book by torchlight. Flags strung outside his tent included one from the 1947 Jamboree in France, which he also attended. Pictures by staff photographer John Jones.

In the centre of the camp site, at the market square, the Scout Shop and trading bank did a roaring trade. One bank, which issued cheque books containing ten cheques valued at two shillings each, had to open at seven in the morning to cope with its clients.

Jamboree Quartermaster Harold Kaye fed 73,000lb. of sausages, 37,000lb. of potatoes, 7500lb. of butter, 180,000 eggs, and 60,000 pints of milk to the boys by the time the camp was over.



On ova of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Morrant became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John — the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.

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GRASS SKIRTS, dancing and music of boys from Papua and New Guinea fascinated an audience of Australian and Overseas Scouts who sat around on the grass to watch.



USING CHOPSTICKS, Rover Chen Kwee Fong, Scout Albert Lee, and Rover Johnny Chua soon disposed of a meal of rice and meat. The three boys, all from Malaya, cooked their food over a small open fire.



HONEYMOON COUPLE Mr. and Mrs. Herb Brown, of Bankstown, N.S.W., Scoutmaster and Lady Cubmaster, were married only nine days before the Jamboree began.



CLEAN UP for Scouts Leo Solinas, of Gordonvale, North Queensland, Doug Pascoe, of Leeton, N.S.W., and Bruce Hinchley and Cliffy Simpson, both of Narrandera, N.S.W.



ESPANIA TUNA, from Rabaul, and Joseph Bure, of Yule Islands, Papua, in their village ramis (loincloths), doing their washing by rubbing clothes on stones.

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DAVIS CUP CARNIVAL



HOME TOWN REVISITED by Australian tennis star Ken McGregor (right), who talks with old friends at the Davis Cup Ball at the Palais Royal, Adelaide. With him, from left, are Mrs. Frank Sedgman, Frank Sedgman, and Miss Win Caro, of Adelaide, formerly of Melbourne. Ken McGregor was born in Adelaide but now lives in Sydney.



● On this and the following three pages are pictures of the big tennis week.

LEFT: Mrs. Ray Thiele with Lewis Hoad, member of the Australian Davis Cup team, and Tony Trabert, U.S. player (right), at the cocktail party held at the Memorial Drive.

RIGHT: U.S. players Straight Clark and Victor Seixas (right) attended the Davis Cup Ball with Mrs. Victor Seixas, who wore a shirred nylon frock.





HAPPY GROUP at the Davis Cup Ball includes, from left, Mr. Fred Small, Mrs. Paddy Hutchinson, Mrs. Norman Strange, Mr. Alrick Man, U.S. Davis Cup manager, and Mrs. K. Litchfield, who is a member of the S.A. Lawn Tennis Association committee.



ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Edward Morel and Mr. Colin Finlayson were guests at the cocktail party at the Memorial Drive. Mrs. Morel, better known as London mannequin Bobbie Lee, is on a holiday visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Lee, of Adelaide.

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AT BALL. Mr. T. E. Barr Smith (left), Mrs. Lennox Bode, of Point Piper, Mrs. Barr Smith, and Mr. Bode at the ball given by the Barr Smiths at their home in Glen Osmond, Adelaide.



HAPPY FOURSOME. Mr. Walter Kidman (left), Mrs. Bill Moses, of Gunnible, Gunnedah, with Mrs. Kidman and Mr. Moses at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reid. While in Adelaide, Bill and Clare Moses were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kidman at their beach home, The Grange.

Tennis Festivities IN ADELAIDE

HOSPITALITY was showered on visitors to Adelaide for Davis Cup week. After each day's play a succession of cocktail parties, dinners, and dances set the pace for the city's gayest social season.



VIVACIOUS Jennifer Street, of Darling Point, and Peter Malcolm Reid, of Point Piper, at the Arnold Reids' party. Jennifer and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Street, stayed with Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Reid, at their beach house during the Cup.



HOST AND HOSTESS. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reid, Toorak Gardens (left), chat with their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coote, of Bellevue Hill.



SYDNEY VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Purves, of Darling Point, with their hostess Lizbeth Cornell (centre), of Springfield, Adelaide.



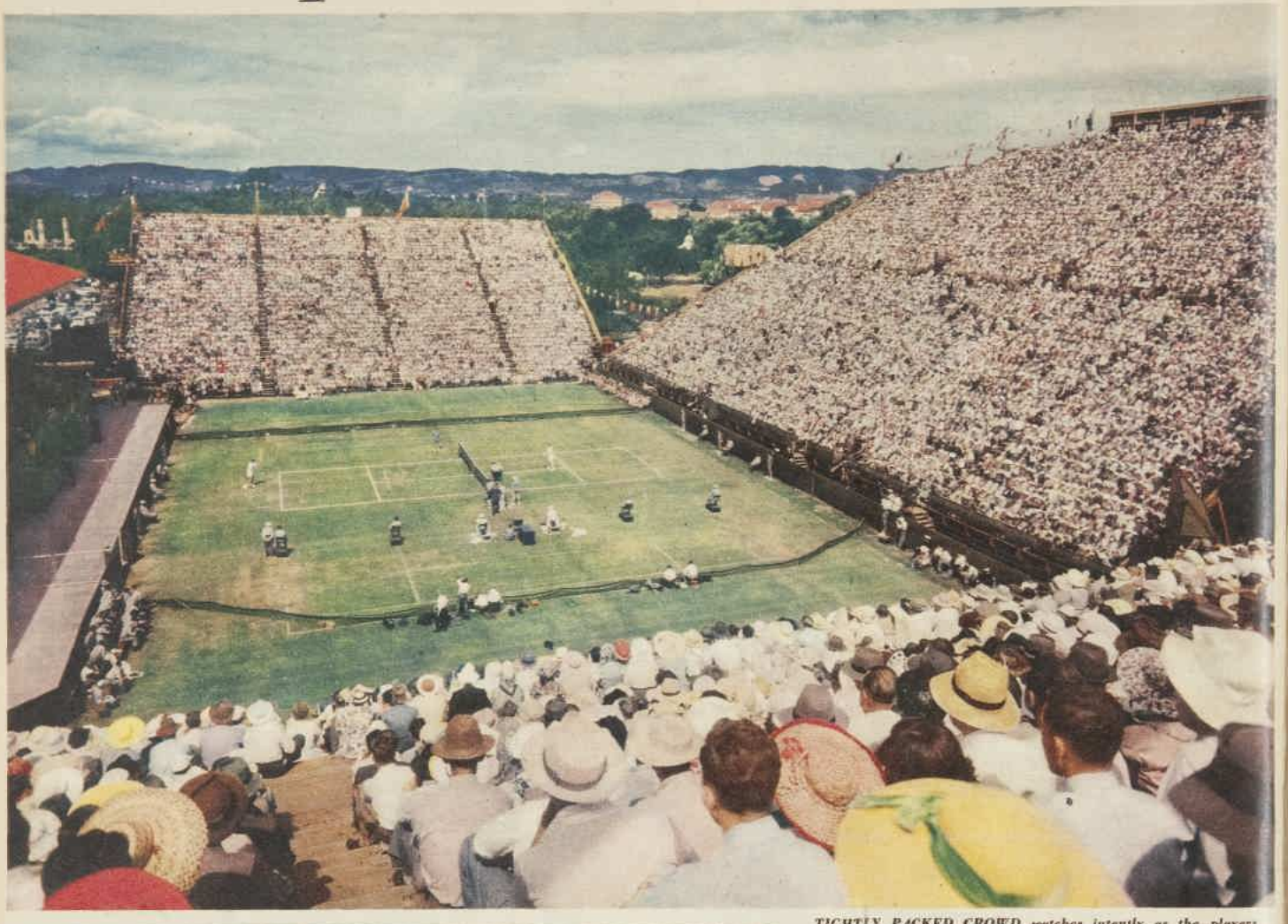
YOUNG TENNIS STARS. Ken Rosewall (left), "Little Mo" Connolly, Julie Sampson, and Lewis Hoad at the S.A.L.T.A.'s party at Mount Osmond Country Club during the Cup festivities.



AT THE TENNIS. Ann Livingston, of Point Piper, and Charles Lloyd Jones, of Woollahra, were among the keen young spectators. Ann's frock was of finely pleated pale blue silk (right).

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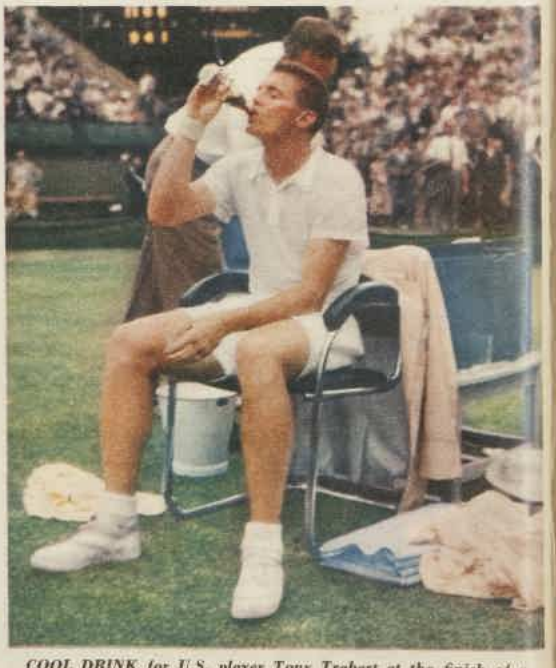
Stands packed for vital matches



TIGHTLY PACKED CROWD watches intently as the players contest the Davis Cup at the Memorial Drive courts, Adelaide. Three big temporary stands were built to accommodate the spectators who included many interstate visitors.



BETWEEN MATCHES players and officials meet on the sidelines. In foreground, Frank Sedgman, Australian player (left), has an orange drink and talks with Harry Hopman, Australian team's non-playing captain. In background, from right, are Straight Clark, U.S. player, Victor Seixas, U.S. team captain, and Alrick Man, U.S. team manager. Two linesmen are in the centre background.



COOL DRINK for U.S. player Tony Trabert at the finish of a match. He played a splendid game but showed signs of strain when it was over. He was a great favorite with the crowd because of his outstanding sportsmanship.

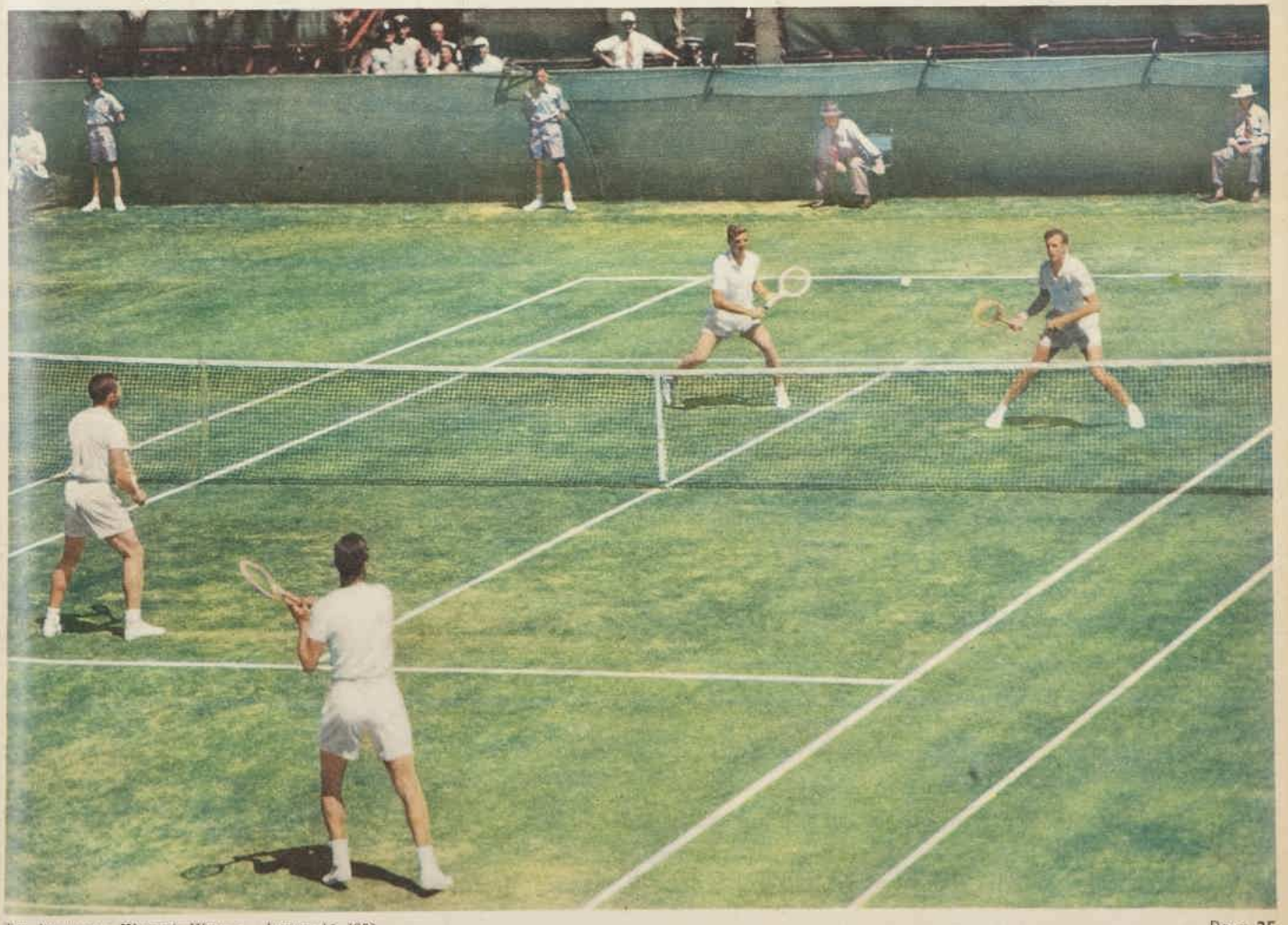
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AND THEY DID THE HAT TRICK



SMILES OF VICTORY. Australia's team with the Davis Cup, which was won for the third time in succession. Left to right: Frank Sedgman, Mervyn Rose, Harry Hopman, Lewis Hoad, and Ken McGregor. Davis Cup Carnival color pictures on this and other pages are by staff photographer, Robert Cleland.

MOMENTOUS DOUBLES MATCH which decided the fate of the Cup is played by U.S. pair, Tony Trabert and Victor Seixas (with backs to camera) against Australians, Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor. Sedgman and McGregor, after winning their singles the day before, won the doubles which gave the Cup to Australia. (Below).



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Their songs may be London hits

Three young Australian song-writers who have achieved success in London may find their tunes popular hits of Coronation year.



YOUNG SONG-WRITER Robyn Teakle, of Rose Bay, Sydney, who has had five songs published in England. One of them, "When You're Knocking Upon My Heart," was bought by more than 50 pantomime companies last Christmas.

By *JOAN POWE, in London*

ONE of the song-writers, 24-year-old Robyn Teakle, of Rose Bay, Sydney, has already had five songs published in England.

The other two song-writers are Frank Wilson, aged 28, and Les Patching, 25, both of Northcote, Melbourne.

They have composed the lyrics and music for the new musical "Barossa," which was written by 27-year-old playwright Norman Woollard, of St. Kilda, Melbourne.

The play will be in production by the time visitors arrive for the Coronation.

Around the piano at their flat at Swiss Cottage, London, the three men are putting their final touches to "Barossa," which will be the first Australian musical play to be staged in the West End. If at Coronation time all London's office boys and messengers are whistling tunes from the new musical, neither its composers nor their backers will be surprised.

For "Barossa," built around life in the South Australian wine-growing areas, follows the tradition set by musical plays like "South Pacific" and "Oklahoma!"

It tells the story of a section of Australian life, its songs reflect the spirit of the outdoors, and it has a finale based on the colorful Barossa Valley festival, which is a three-day gala.

Now that the production of the musical is assured, the three men are congratulating themselves on their luck.

When they began working on the musical almost from the moment they arrived in London last May, they met with the usual discouragement.

"You need to be Oscar Hammerstein to have a musical put on here," they were told. "There's no demand now for the old-style musical comedies like 'No, No, Nanette'."

They explained that "Barossa" followed the trend set by Hammerstein; that it was the modern type of musical play and had nothing in common with "No, No, Nanette"; and that, above all, its setting was the colorful migrant community from which the Australian wine industry has grown.

"The fact that it is an Australian musical has helped us most in launching it without great difficulty," Frank Wilson told me. "There's been a lot of hard work, but we've been very lucky on the whole."

Norman Woollard said he first got the idea for the musical during a four weeks' visit he made to the Barossa Valley, near the town of Nuriootpa, before coming to England.

Soon after he arrived in London he discussed his idea with song-writers Frank and Les, and the first script was drafted out.

Then the three men set to work. Norman spent six hours a day on the script, while Les and Frank began working out the lyrics and music.

The cast of "Barossa" has between 40 and 50 characters, among them Polish, German, and Yugoslav migrants similar to those who came to South Australia years ago. There is also a woman vineyard owner.

One of the difficulties facing the composers was to capture in the lyrics and music the spirit of this wine-growing community. They feel they have done this very successfully in "Country Folk," one of the main numbers, and "Wine and Woman," which is sung by Hahn Gunther, father of the leading lady, Jan Gunther.

They played part of "Wine and Woman" to me on the piano. This was the verse:

"When a girl you pick, that you should marry, pick
Her like a grape. Like a grape.
She should be sound and firmly packed around
The well-known shape. Like a grape.
If her lips are warm and glowing red,
Remember what I've always said,
Grapes are the sweetest thing that's known to man,
And the same can be said for a woman."

Robyn Teakle has achieved the difficult task of breaking into London's "Tin Pan Alley" with the sale of five songs.

She arrived in England last June with the idea of selling her songs on the British market. Like the three Melbourne men, she met discouragement. "It was a depressing experience," Robyn said.

"I couldn't make any headway with the publishers at all.

"One day a well known English song-writer called Michael Carr befriended me and did me one of those acts of kindness one doesn't forget.

"He took me for a drink to cheer me up. Then he got me to hum a melody I was talking about. After the melody in my head ran out, I just kept on humming, improvising all the way.

"'Hold it,' he said. 'Let's get that down.'

"We did.

"Then he said, 'Meet me tomorrow afternoon at the Cafe Anglais and I'll have the words for you.'

"It's all here"

"I DIDN'T believe him, but I kept the appointment. He was surrounded by little scraps of paper, smoking furiously, and sipping at a drink. 'Here it is,' he said. 'It's all here.'

"We started ringing the publishers. His first contact was out. He tried the second and they asked us right down. Then he played the song on a piano. We worked on it, rejigging it, for a couple of hours.

"Then the publisher turned suddenly to me and said, 'Okay, Robyn. Run upstairs and sign a contract' — just like that.

"Within 48 hours of humming four bars of a melody in a little cafe I saw it published as a song called 'If I Were You.'

"And Michael Carr—bless him—turned to me and said, 'That's it, kid. You don't have to worry now. You've had your first song published here. You're over the big jump.'

"He was right."

Robyn said she would sail for home in February, but she hoped to send songs from Australia for publication in Britain.



CHECKING THE SCORE. Les Patching (left), Frank Wilson, and Norman Woollard, all of Melbourne, work on the score of their musical "Barossa" around the piano in their flat in London. The play will be produced in London's West End at Coronation time.

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Monsoons won't worry her this season

By ROSS ANNABELL

When the tropical monsoon spreads its blanket of torrential rains over Queensland's Cape York Peninsula this summer, flooding rivers and turning bush roads into bogs, one of Australia's loneliest women will be unworried by it for the first time in years.

She is petite, attractive Mrs. Joe Fisher, only white woman resident of Wenlock, Queensland.



MRS. JOE FISHER, of Wenlock, N.Q., feeds one of her tamed wild pigs and some of her fowls. Mrs. Fisher has 16 pigs, which have become remarkably tame. They follow members of the Fisher family about like dogs.

WENLOCK is a gold-mining field surrounded by bush and jungle, 76 miles over bush tracks from Coen and 485 road miles north of Cairns. It has nine inhabitants.

Usually Mrs. Fisher remains there during the wet season with her husband and two younger sons. Last year, due to abnormal rains, she didn't see another white woman for six months.

For this year's wet season, the Fishers will move to Coen, where Mrs. Fisher will have white women as neighbors, and a butcher, a baker, and a store close by.

She will also have the comforting thought that even if the roads from Coen to the south are impassable most of the time, there are regular air services to the cities and an all-weather drome within reach.

Mrs. Fisher has spent most of her married life in the far north, ever since she left a nursing career at Cairns 12 years ago to marry Joe Fisher, one of the sons of a pioneer Peninsula goldminer.

At Wenlock Mrs. Fisher has reared three sons, put them through correspondence school, and found time to act as local postmistress, weather bureau officer, payer of pensions, and barber to the handful of miners on the field.

Her work keeps her busy from dawn until dark, and there is little time to fret about the drawbacks of life away from the city. Correspondence schooling for John (9) and Robin (6) is a job in itself, besides keeping house for a hard-working husband, who combines gold-mining with transport operating on one of the longest hauls over the worst roads in Queensland.

When the family moves to Coen, the problem of schooling will be solved. The two younger boys will join their big brother, Joseph (11), at the tiny Coen State school.

With the nearest doctor in Mareeba, over 400 miles away from Wenlock, Mrs. Fisher has found her nursing training a boon. There is still the worry of serious accident or illness, however. Husband Joe makes a point of keeping the Wenlock emergency landing - ground cleared of undergrowth—just in case.

The strip has been used in emergencies before. Joe himself has made two emergency flights to the south—once with a battered head from a fall of rock in the goldmine and once minus a finger he jammed in a mine generator.

It was the loss of his finger that gained him his able, pioneering wife.

One of his nurses at Cairns Base Hospital was Miss Eleanor Robertson. Cupid must have been hanging about his bedside back there in 1938, for he brought her home to Wenlock as his wife in 1940.

To this day, he says, he doesn't regret losing that finger.

Lively past

WHEN Mrs. Fisher first came to Wenlock, it was a flourishing town with 30 women residents and about 100 males. She found the life interesting, with plenty of boisterous bush picnics and dances, and frequent visitors.

A lonely grave on the bank of the picturesque Wenlock River is mute testimony to Wenlock's wilder days. A murdered miner lies buried there, shot in a brawl.

The population of Wenlock now comprises three pensioners, one active miner, and the Fishers. The only visitor is the mailman, Jim (Bronco) Hales, who comes in a jeep once a fortnight, when the roads are passable.

One of the highlights of Wenlock's existence is "Beef Day," once every three weeks, when Mr. Fred Keppell, of Merluna Station, comes into "town" to slaughter a bullock.

It is shared out among the Fishers and the four other residents, and has to last until the next killing.

The only way it will keep, even in a kerosene refrigerator in Wenlock's tropical climate, is by being dried in the sun and painted with a solution of boiled vinegar, salt, and sugar. So "Beef Day," heralding days of fresh juicy steaks, oxtail stews, and choice fried liver, is an important one after three weeks of salted beef.

In spite of Wenlock's present atmosphere, the town may yet have a future.

An increase in the price of gold could bring a new lease of life—there is plenty of gold there yet.

In the meantime, Wenlock's only white woman will spend the wet seasons in more congenial surroundings. Wenlock is a man's town now.



WENLOCK'S BUTCHER, Mr. Fred Keppell, with Blackboy Willy, who helps him slaughter cattle every three weeks for the town's nine inhabitants. Mr. Keppell owns 2000 square miles of surrounding cattle country.



AS POSTMISTRESS of Wenlock, Mrs. Joe Fisher gives Billy Fox, a colored goldminer, his mail. Mrs. Fisher handles all mail, all pensions, and the telephone switch. She also compiles weather statistics for the Weather Bureau.



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Macleans brings you a new taste sensation! A refreshing "tingle" . . . a sea-breeze freshness.

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Here's the difference Macleans made to Mrs. A. E. Connolly of 29 Westgate Street, Oakleigh, Victoria.

Mrs. Connolly wrote: "Macleans made an immediate difference to my teeth. It really removes cigarette stains."

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Don't half-clean your teeth — Maclean them with Britain's biggest-selling tooth paste . . . for a double-bright smile! Start now!

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MOTHER



"'Peacehaven' Rest Home? I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

BUTCH



"I doubt it. I doubt if we ever have to make a getaway on horseback."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

CAR manufacturers should watch carefully a tendency which is increasing in recent years—the tendency to revere old model cars.

So far the movement is comparatively small, and does not represent any great threat to the shiny new models which roll off the assembly lines. However, in Australia there are societies dedicated to the "vintage" car. In America recently, a Massachusetts couple who drive a 1910 T-model Ford were awarded a prize for the "best-restored antique car."

It is the word "antique" which strikes a warning note. As yet the general public doesn't feel the same respectful awe for an old car as for, say, a Chippendale chair or a Ming vase. But the time may come.

I had a lift the other day in an elderly car whose owner remarked that it was the only car in Sydney with room for a top hat. He spoke frivolously, but I couldn't help being impressed with the vehicle's air of erect, leisured dignity.

Some day there will be a fashion for antiques of the machine age. People will demand period cars, and manufacturers will have to make modern imitations. The knowledgeable will say "Of course, they claim it's a genuine 1923 model, but it could be a fake. Can't go by the bonnet, you know. The gears don't have the authentic, grinding sound."

* * *

A RECENT accident in a plane, when a bump sent a couple of passengers with unfastened seat belts flying to the roof, suggests that not all air passengers know the reason for the belts.

When I first travelled by plane I thought the seat belts—they called them safety belts then—were only useful in case of a crash. Although obediently fastening mine, I always felt I'd rather be free to move.

Any sensible small boy would know better than that, but not everyone knows as much about the behaviour of planes in rough weather as do small boys. Admittedly, the fact that the notice to fasten belts is flashed on, and that the air hostesses check through the plane, should be enough.

In earlier days it was the policy of airline companies not to frighten passengers with too many ifs and whys; nowadays, most people are aware of the low casualty rate of the air compared with the road, and it may do no harm to stress the seat belt's role in keeping passengers secure from the effect of bumps.

* * *

AFTER a conference in India, Miss Jane Hoey, U.S. Director of Public Assistance in the Federal Security Agency, Washington, is visiting Australia.

If women want big jobs, they must qualify themselves, she said, adding: "Feminine charms are not enough for women to get by."

Maybe not, but they come in handy, don't they, girls?

NEWS that the Beefeaters of the Tower of London have formed a trade union will rock the conservatives of England.

This industrial move has completely overshadowed the formation of a union of French mannequins. It is hard to imagine beauteous French females embracing the principle of one for all and all for one, but not nearly as difficult as picturing a shop steward in the Bloody Tower.

The Beefeaters are honorary members of the Yeomen of the Guard, a body which dates from 1485, and which was originally the Sovereign's bodyguard. As wardens of the Tower, their union is now Branch 338 of the Civil Service Union.

If the Yeomen had organised themselves a few hundred years earlier they would have had ample opportunity for making demands—say, time and a half for making the King's bed in Tudor times and danger money for searching the vaults of the Houses of Parliament, a custom instituted after Guy Fawkes.

Some of the more militant Beefeaters may consider enlisting the ghosts into their ranks. Anne Boleyn and Sir Walter Raleigh, whose work, perforce, must be done at night, could well ask for double time.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT on that amateur-professional argument.

A point in favor of the decision made by Sedgman and McGregor. As professionals they will be paid for the job which they do best.

Had they stayed amateurs, they would have been paid indirectly by holding down jobs to which they could not devote full attention.

Perhaps a man may well feel happier in his own mind at the more straightforward proposition of professionalism.

* * *

A FISH with "arms," believed to be extinct for 50 million years, was caught near Madagascar recently. It is believed to be a "missing link" in man's evolution from the sea. Professor B. L. Smith, a South African ichthyologist, said: "When I knelt down to look at it I am not ashamed to say that I wept."

It takes all kinds, as all of us know,
And a man may weep for joy,
At a goal that's won or a vanquished foe,
Or the sight of his new-born boy.

A Davis Cup or a lottery win
May human hopes fulfil,
And laughter and tears are always kin
For the once-in-a-lifetime thrill.

The scientist's world is strange and rare;
It, too, has its storms and calms,
And happier he than a millionaire
Who can weep for a fish with arms.

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HOW TO
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HEARTBURN



Painful heartburn is a common symptom of indigestion which is caused, in turn, by excess stomach acidity. Take QUICK-EZE for quick relief. QUICK-EZE neutralise excess acidity in seconds, restore the digestive balance and soothe delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy.



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for
INDIGESTION
AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

FBW.81

Worth Reporting

"A GARDEN spreading within the stadium" is the aim of Gregory Hirsch and Peter Parry-Fielder, designers appointed by Melbourne architect Frank Heath for details of Melbourne's £1,000,000 1956 Olympic Games stadium.

Masses of rare and lovely flowers will grow inside the Olympic stadium, many of them in movable, boxed "gardens."

"There will be no concrete-cavern effect," Mr. Parry-Fielder said. "Everything will be light, bright, and clear."

Rumanian-born Gregory Hirsch and Londoner Peter Parry-Fielder joined Frank Heath's staff three years ago after distinguished work in architecture here and abroad. They now have a temporary office at Carlton Cricket Ground so that they can work on the actual stadium site.

"We argue with each other every day," said Mr. Parry-Fielder. "Usually we just fight it out until one of us has to give in."

* * *

BRITAIN'S newest export is washable, moth-proof nylon fur which won't rub or burn, is lighter and more hard-wearing than natural fur and just as warm. Developed by scientists of the Defence Research Board of Canada as army shirt material for men serving in the Arctic, this nylon fur is now making its appearance in London shops. The price? A nylon mink stole will cost about 10 guineas; a full-length mink coat will run to 50 guineas.



Ball game at the ballet

WHAT must be an orchestra leader's nightmare befell violinist-conductor Sol Nemkov at the opening of a ballet season in Chicago.

In a letter to his sister-in-law, Zillah Mendelsohn, of Sydney, he says that on the first night he gave the down-beat, the musicians began to play, and the curtain went up.

The solo dancer did not get started. She stood gazing at Sol Nemkov, while the producer waved frantic arms in the wings.

But most startled of all was the pianist.

While the orchestra was playing the Spanish Tango by Albeniz, the piano was giving out with "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

The piano company had delivered to the theatre a piano-player in which someone had left a roll. When the pianist pressed a pedal the apparatus went into action.

Please insult the driver

THE back-seat driver can make driving safer, Dr. Earl Combs, a staff member of a hospital in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., is reported to have said.

According to Dr. Combs, the main way this can be done is by keeping your eyes peeled for signs of drowsiness or fatigue in the driver and then suggesting a stop for coffee.

He gives the following tips for detecting fatigue signs:

- Keep talking to the driver. If his answers grow vague, his senses are vague, too, and ability to drive safely is gone.
- Misread a road sign aloud. If the driver doesn't correct you, he isn't alert.
- Insult the driver. If he doesn't react quickly, he should not keep on driving.

LONDON TALK
By Michael Plant

MARY MARTIN returns to London with a new rank.

A few weeks ago she was a mere ensign in the U.S. Navy while playing Nellie Forbush in "South Pacific."

When Mary left the Drury Lane cast to return to America, the Governor of Texas thought she deserved promotion and made her admiral in the mythical Texas Navy.

Mary is unable to stay in London for the Coronation. She is dashing back to Broadway to star with Charles Boyer in the romantic comedy, "Kind Sir," in which she doesn't sing a note.

* * *

PRINCESS MARGARET made a surprise visit to the Victoria Palace Theatre for the Crazy Gang's zany revue "Ring Out the Bells."

When Jimmy Nervo threw a miniature bottle of champagne into the stalls, the Princess, who was sitting in the sixth row, jumped up and caught it.

Amid cheers from the house she presented it to the man sitting next to her.

* * *

FROM Broadway comes news of backstage rivalry between two Australians in the cast of "The Millionairess," Cyril Ritchard and Robert Helpmann.

When the show closed in London, Cyril went to Rome for a holiday and Bobbie went straight to New York.

Cyril's American agent cabled him that Bobbie had got the billing at the theatre changed so that his name was above Cyril's.

Cyril cabled back that he wouldn't budge from Rome until the billing had been changed.

The theatre management cabled Cyril not to be temperamental. Cyril stayed in Rome.

When rehearsals were due to start, Cyril got a cable saying, "You win billing changed stop come at once."

As I read the stars
By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): If you're out to increase your earning capacity, January 14 may have news for you, but if it's social glamor you want January 16 delivers the goods.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You are persistent, being a Taurian, and what you've been longing for may be sighted on January 14 and come safely into port on January 19 with flags flying.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A surprise bomb may burst on January 13, so be ready to jump in and take full advantage of any situation, because January 14 holds the promise of a new project.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If a little plot or a well-laid scheme refuses to hatch on January 14, set to work and start over again. You'll receive support from an unexpected quarter on January 19.

LEO (July 23-August 22): January 15 may kick off to a fine start in a cloud of enthusiasm and rosy optimism. Should you fetch up slap against a stone wall on January 17, find a detour and a better road.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): This week, clinch any proposition now hanging fire. Watch for an opening on January 13 or 14 and sail right in. January 17 is tops for good times and celebrations.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Use your creative, natural artistic ability; improvise and adapt and you'll work wonders on January 14. The week carries a silken thread of success until January 19.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You're a case of still water running very deep on January 13, but, below the surface, you are swimming powerfully. On January 17 you can come up for air.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You might spend a bit of money on January 14, and feel pleased with the result. January 16 could prove reckless and extravagant. January 18 is fine for outings.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): You'll be obliged to work with or through people this week. January 13 may bring a decision, January 15 hurt feelings, but January 17 is Capricorn Day.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If one door closes on January 14, don't be sad about it, for a new one swings open on January 19. You are beginning a new chapter: watch for the first hint.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Both January 13 and 17 have much to offer in personal relationships. Don't allow any small incident to upset you on January 15.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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Safe Effective



J36
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- Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO!

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When teething troubles start, swiftly soothe baby's discomfort, reduce high temperatures and induce normal restful sleep by giving Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders. They are absolutely safe, for they will never conceal any serious symptoms which may develop.

Insist on being supplied with
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They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

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Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the *utmost* benefits of chlorophyll... *complete dental protection.*

Add up these benefits!

When you change to Kolynos Toothpaste with *active* Chlorophyll your breath stays fresh, your whole mouth feels clean *for hours*. Mouth odours are instantly destroyed not just "covered up."

Gum troubles — combated! After the age of 30, most tooth losses are due to gum troubles. Tests on 1,755 patients using Chlorophyll toothpaste showed amazingly beneficial results.

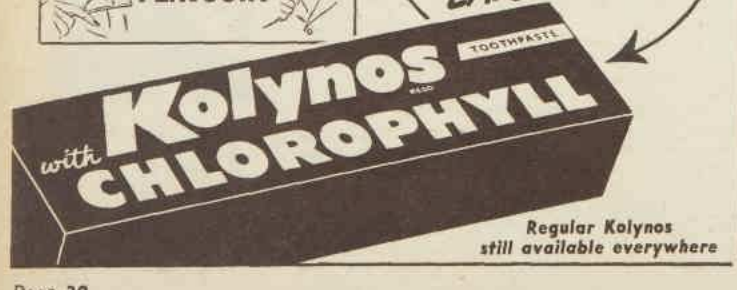
More sparkle to your smile! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll contains a special polishing agent.

Dental decay reduced amazingly! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll fights dental decay in a new, safe way. Cavities, pain, loss of teeth can be reduced amazingly!

So, today, buy your tube of this miracle Kolynos with Chlorophyll. Enjoy this completely *new kind* of dental care. Get *more* Chlorophyll protection — the KOLYNOS way.



NOW IN MEDIUM AS WELL AS LARGE SIZE



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YOUTH SUMS UP



Conducted by BETTY BEST

Are you for or against picking up at parties?

ONLY a generation ago the idea of making friends with anyone to whom you had not been formally introduced was regarded with horror. This attitude has now largely gone by the board, but this difficult question remains: Should one go so far as to allow picking up?

Lots of boys discuss whether there is any way for them to introduce themselves to a girl who has attracted them but whom they have never had an opportunity of meeting.

Many girls wonder whether to respond to such advances or whether they would get an unfavorable reputation if they did so.

Judy is a stenographer of 19 who has been working for two years now. She says that she has learnt a lot about "pick-ups" in that time:

"I've come to the conclusion that allowing pick-ups is a very dangerous and risky thing for teenagers. When I first started work I found that *most* of the young men who worked in other parts of the office would find some excuse to come and introduce themselves.

"The first time one of them followed up his introduction with an invite to go to the pictures that night I was horrified.

"Later on, one of the girls in the office told me I was being silly and that it was quite the usual thing. Eventually, I got over my prejudices and accepted one invitation.

"My escort turned out to be quite a nice boy. Although our outing did not lead to any sort of romance, we have since become quite good friends and often enjoy each other's company at office dances.

"All this makes my first remark about being dangerous sound silly. But what I mean is this: for every pick-up that works out like that one there are half-a-dozen which end in unpleasantness and embarrassment."

Marian is also 19. She writes advertising copy for a big firm and comes into contact with a lot of people. She says that she thinks it's a very silly idea for girls to let themselves be picked up in a cafe or on a beach but that it is a very different thing at parties:

"We have learnt to be much friendlier and more tolerant than our grandmothers were. I often get asked to fairly big parties by myself.

"You are not always introduced to everyone, and it's rather pleasant if a young man comes up and introduces himself or asks you for a dance. That way I've met people that I'd have missed otherwise.

"But I do think it's the end if you go to a party with someone, allow yourself to be picked up by a strange boy, and then let him take you home."

The girls' impressions seem to be pretty well backed up by the boys' opinions. Mark, who is 17, is a midshipman. He thinks it is an important subject for a sailor, who does not have as much time as his landlubber friends to make social contacts:

"If you are in a strange port and you don't know anyone on shore, it's a great temptation to pick someone up," he says.

"I have done it, and once or twice I've met nice lasses who have taken me home to meet the family. Then I've been pleased that I made the approach because I shall always have somewhere to go when I visit the port again."

Brian, 19, a student, says that he feels a lack of respect for an easy pick-up. He has done a lot of travelling.

"Of course, the rules that apply when you're travelling are very different from those you should follow in your home town," says Brian. "By that I don't mean that it's easy to misbehave because you'll be leaving soon.

"What I do mean is that you are away from all your regular friends. Let's say you are on a boat or staying in a hotel and you see a girl who is also away from home.

"If you didn't bowl up and introduce yourselves you'd probably have a pretty lonely holiday.

"Holidays are meant to meet new people. If I pick a girl up in those circumstances, I think she is being friendly and sensible.

"In your home town there's no excuse for the casual pick-up. There's something wrong with you if you can't make friends some other way."

Can you judge character at a first glance?

AT a first meeting there are some fairly important guides to character which are worth watching for if you want to help yourself in forming a snap judgment.

However, when you use them always remember that nothing reveals a person's real self as surely as time, so, before you make up your mind, wait and see. Meanwhile:

- Does the mouth turn up at the corners when it smiles—and does it stay there in repose?
- Does the young man make sure that the girls in the party are comfortable before he sits down?
- Does the young woman so looked after say "thank you" in return?
- Do they both give one another a chance to speak and listen to what is said before starting off again?

If so, it's a good sign that there is a sense of humor and a good deal of unselfishness in your new acquaintance.

DISC DIGEST

NEXT week you can begin spinning the first of the 1953 pop releases. Now might be a good time to suggest some single discs of proven merit which, if you are new to record-collecting or have just acquired a radiogram, should not remain unheard. I've chosen single standard discs because with the promise of adequate LP stocks very soon, you will perhaps prefer to have longer works in this more convenient form.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL: Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, DB6625); Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of "La Traviata" (N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Toscanini, ED137); on D1689 Toscanini also conducts the Philharmonic Symphony of New York in Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Handel's "Overture in C" (London Baroque Ensemble, R20581); Borodin's graceful "Nocturne for String Orchestra" conducted by Sargent (DX1618).

* * *

PIANO: Three Chopin waltzes (Dinu Lipatti, LX1343); duettists Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith playing Benjamin's "Caribbean Dance" and Walton's "Popular Song" (Col. DB2558); Debussy's "La Plus Que Lente" and "Danse" (Walter Gieseking, LX1146).

* * *

VIOLIN: Sarasate's "Romanza Andaluza" (either LX993 or K2299); Ginette Neveu playing Ravel's "Piece en Forme d'Habanera" (DA1871).

* * *

ORGAN: "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (Bach) played by Fernando Germani (C3791).

* * *

VOCAL: Soprano Erna Berger singing "Marten aller Arten," from "Il Seraglio" (DB6616); Erich Kunz in arias from "Figaro" and "The Magic Flute" (LX1123); Tauber's famous performance of two "Don Giovanni" arias (R20444); and Joan Hammond in extracts from Puccini's "Turandot" (B9407).

None of these discs can be classed as "heavy," and each is a model of performance and recording which should afford many hours of sheer enjoyment.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

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There's a very good reason why NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family laxative. Figsen is mild and natural—easy to take, pleasant-tasting and thoroughly effective. It acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. Your chemist recommends NYAL Figsen. Regular 2/3. Double Strength 3/6.

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IF YOUR HAIR'S DRY!

Make it soft and lustrous again with

MODE-OLENE HAIR VITALIZER

It protects the hair cells, prevents dull brittleness. Available at chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Rene Suggests

This feature will appear weekly during Betty Keep's temporary absence.

A CRISP, cool-looking collar is the perfect solution to the problem of reviving an old dress or modifying a low neckline.

A flattering and feminine collar for this purpose is a circular one made in lace, pique, or organdie which ties or buttons high at the throat.

It is easy to make and just as easy to wash, iron, and keep looking fresh.

If you have a tired dark dress that seems too hot for summer weather, cut out a wide-open, low neckline and make to wear over it one of the two neckpieces illustrated.

Single collar

THE single collar, as illustrated, takes ¾yd. of 36in. lace, pique, or similar material.

To draft the pattern, take a piece of white paper 20in. by 12in. and mark it off in 4in. squares. Draw on it the pattern for the collar as shown in the illustrated graph.

Allowance has been made for the seam at the neck edge.

To cut out, fold the material on the bias and lay the pattern on it with the centre-back edge along the bias fold.

From the straight of the material cut a strip 24in. long and 2in. wide for the frilled neckband.

Cut a length of bias 1in. wide to bind the outer edges of the collar and neckband.

To make, gather the neckband strip to the size of the collar neck and join. For a neat finish, oversew the seam or bind it with narrow tape. Bind the outer edges of neckband and collar with bias.

Double collar

THE double collar of organdie takes 1½yds. of 36in. material.

Cut one collar the size of the single collar and then a second collar slightly smaller, as shown on the pattern graph.

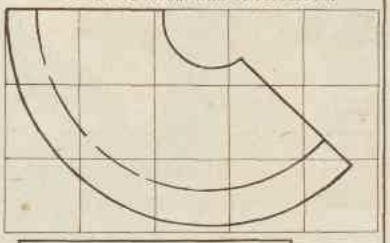
From the straight of the material cut out a strip 14½in. long by 2in. wide for the stand-up neckband.

To make, join the neckband and two collar pieces at the neck edge. Oversew or bind neck seam and bind outer edges of collar and neckband as for single collar.

Sew black velvet ribbon round the neck joining, leaving ends to tie.



TWO SUGGESTIONS for reviving a basic low-necked dress. The single collar in lace has a frilled neckband caught with two rows of pearls. The tailored double collar in organdie ties at the throat with velvet ribbon.



PATTERN GRAPH of circular collar. Centre back of collar, at top edge of graph, is placed on bias fold of material. For double collar, mark off smaller second collar as shown. Neck strip is cut from straight of material.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear



"PATTIE"—Useful frock for a small girl is obtainable ready to wear only in a multi-colored check cotton in predominating shades of blue or red. Sizes, dress length, 22in., 24in., and 26in., 31/6; 28in., 29in., and 30in., 34/3; 32in., 35/6.

"GAE."—Dainty frock for small girl, with panties to match. Obtainable ready to wear only in floral haircord in tonings of green, pink, blue, mauve, and lemon, on white grounds. Sizes, dress length, 16in., 18in., and 20in., 22/11; panties, 6/11 extra.

"SUE." — Girl's pretty frock is obtainable ready to wear only in floral haircord in tonings of green, pink, blue, mauve, and lemon, on white grounds. Sizes, dress length, 22in., 24in., and 26in., 26/-; 28in., 29in., and 30in., 28/6; 32in., 29/9.

"POLLY".—Attractive frock for growing girl is obtainable ready to wear only in criss-cross striped haircord. Color choice includes green and white; blue and white; and red and white. Sizes, dress length, 22in., 24in., and 26in., 32/-; 28in., 29in., and 30in., 34/9; 32in., 35/11.

* *NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 34. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.*



"Seeing's believing"

—says Mary Rawlins

"Tell me now—have you ever seen a really white wash that was *not* put through Reckitt's Blue? Of course you haven't!"

No matter how you wash your white clothes, it's always wise to remember that it's the last rinse in Reckitt's Blue that makes them sparkling white. There's no substitute for Reckitt's Blue to keep your white things a good colour.

Reckitt's Blue

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest wash



When it comes to starching, you should use Robin Starch, the easier-to-mix powder starch. With Robin your iron flies along, there's no sticking and the gloss is just perfect.

Robin STARCH

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

"GROWING UP IN INGOLA"



'Possums are terribly strong—just like

Ingola FABRIC

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Summer Holiday by

YOU can be chic on a summer holiday if you have a wardrobe that is compact, practical, and, as far as possible, uncrushable. Choose colors that are gay and interchangeable and are dark enough not to show every spot of dirt. Eliminate straight skirts that carry telltale creases during hot weather.



● Gay citron-yellow cotton smock, left, direct from the peasants of Normandy, blouses from a neat yoke.

● Jacques Griffe's beach wrap of vivid printed cotton, above, is lined with contrasting terry-towelling and serves both as towel and rug.

● Dark-blue corduroy slacks, above right, feature a becoming trouser length. The longer-than-usual matching jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves and high, buttoned neckline reflects Chinese influence.

● Workmanlike denim overall-dress by Dior, right, is in brilliant cerise. Note shoulder-straps finished with buttons and bows, and large pockets.

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Gay Hostess

● Deep ruby jersey makes this elegant, long-sleeved bolero-cum-cardigan by Dior. The bolero has an upstanding collar and fastens with a knot below the bustline.

● Trim diamond-shaped bolero by Carven, right, is banded with white for contrast.

● Hubert de Givenchy's self-ruffled bertha of turquoise poplin, below, ties at the back, achieving a flattering figure-moulding line above the midriff.

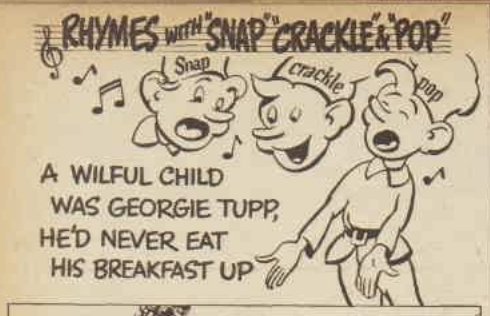


● Simple, full-skirted coat-dress, above left, made in flower-printed cotton. The bodice has softly swathed shoulders and a collarless neckline.

● Basic violet cotton skirt, above, is full for dancing and has a belted, high-curved waistband. The brief bodice in draped primrose chiffon by Lanvin has a halter neck

Dorothea Johnston

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383820





"DON'T GIVE ME THAT OR THIS!" CRIED HE



"NO MUSHY STUFF LIKE THIS FOR ME!"



BUT NOW HE'S MUMMY'S PRIDE AND JOY
FOR CRISP RICE BUBBLES CHANGED THAT BOY





★ Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its brand of oven-popped rice.

So crisp—every luscious plateful snaps, crackles and pops with glee! Kiddies love 'em! And Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are chockful of nourishment and energy value. Good for all your family. No greasy washing-up. No pots and pans. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles, now!

Kellogg's
RICE BUBBLES★
RB 52-4

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
● What to Grow to Fill the Salad Bowl. ● A Health Charter for Your Garden. ● Growing Vegetables for the Home. ● How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only)

.....

Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2380.—Beginners' pattern for a one-piece dress, with novel waistcoat effect. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2376

F2376.—Smart one-piece frock with contrasting collar and cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material, or 5½ yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 3/6.

★

F2377.—Low-necked frock with balloon sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

★

F2378.—Girl's flared frock with puff sleeves and lace yoke. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3yds. 36in. material; 1-8yd. 36in. lace; and 1yd. 1in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

F2378

F2379

F2377

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 374.—NIGHTGOWN

Charming nightgown cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, sky blue, and pastel pink. Lace trimming to finish is supplied. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/6. 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 375.—SMALL GIRL'S PYJAMA SUIT

Becoming pyjamas for the small girl are obtainable cut out ready to make in floral British cotton. Color choice includes green, lemon, blue, and pink. The lace trimming to finish is supplied. Sizes: 29in. length, for 2 years, 16/3; 33in. length, for 3-4 years, 17/6; 37in. length, for 5-6 years, 18/3; 41in. length, for 7-8 years, 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

374

F2381

F2380

375

376

377

No. 376.—TABLE CENTRE

The table centre is traced ready to embroider on heavy Irish linen, cream only, or in sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, green, and pink. Lace to finish is not supplied. Size 13in. x 19in. Price, 7/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 377.—SMALL GIRL'S APRON

Useful apron for small girl, clearly traced ready to embroider on British headcloth. Color choice includes white, blue, pink, natural, lemon, and green. The bias binding is not supplied. Size 20in. length. Price, 9/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

F2379.—Attractive frock with wrap-over bodice and button-up front. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2381.—Slim-fitting frock with unusual double collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

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HAMBURGER RING with barbecue sauce and French beans, and upside-down steak cobbler are two satisfying meat dishes to include in family menus. The hamburger ring is also good served cold with salad.

FAMILY Affair

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

• Planning three meals a day 365 times a year calls for imagination on the part of the housewife in order to avoid monotony.

THE introduction of a seldom-used seasoning, a new flavor combination, an interesting method of serving, or an attractive and colorful garnish can often transform and give fresh interest to an old family favorite.

The following recipes for main-course meat dishes feature steak—topside, veal, or minced steak—prepared in a manner that stretches a small quantity of meat and at the same time adds to the flavor.

The sweets are based on readily available, inexpensive ingredients.

All spoon measurements are level.

HAMBURGER RING WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Half pound topside steak, ½lb. veal steak (or use 1 to 1½lbs. minced steak), 2 rashers lean bacon, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ¼ cup chopped skinned tomatoes, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup cornflakes, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg.

Mince steaks and bacon. Mix with cheese, salt, pepper, tomato pulp, mustard, sauce, cornflakes, milk, and beaten egg. Turn into greased ring-tin, bake ¾ to 1 hour in moderate oven. Turn out on to hot serving-dish, serve with barbecue sauce.

Barbecue Sauce: One clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, pepper, ½ cup tomato puree (made from fresh tomatoes if desired), 1 teaspoon honey.

Chop garlic very finely and brown lightly in the butter. Add salt, pepper, tomato puree, and honey. Simmer 20 minutes. If liked, may be thickened slightly with blended arrowroot or flour. Pour over hamburger ring when serving.

UPSIDE-DOWN STEAK COBBLER

One and a half pounds topside steak, 1½ tablespoons fat, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, ½ cup condensed tomato soup (8oz. tin), 12oz. self-raising flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 good cup milk.

Chop meat very finely or put through coarse mincer. Brown lightly in hot fat. Add onion, celery, green pepper, tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 20 minutes. Turn into greased slab-tin (or square lamington-tin). Prepare topping. Sift flour, salt and pepper. Rub in butter or substitute, add parsley, mix well. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, press to size and shape of tin. Place on top of meat. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to hot serving-dish, cut into squares. Top each square with rings of pickled onion, or boiled white onion, or sauteed onion rings. Serve hot.

MEAT BALLS WITH BAKED BEANS

One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 small tin baked beans, ¼ cup milk, 1 rasher chopped bacon.

Mix steak, salt, flour, slightly beaten egg, and chopped parsley. Shape into balls slightly smaller than a golf ball, roll lightly in flour. Brown lightly in small quantity of hot fat, cover pan tightly, place over very low heat and cook gently 25 to 30 minutes or until tender. Remove from fat, add chopped bacon to fat, and brown lightly. Mix beans and milk, add meat balls and bacon. Reheat over low heat 5 to 6 minutes. Serve hot.

COLLOPS OF VEAL

One and a half pounds thin veal steak, 3 rashers bacon, 3 dessertspoons good shortening, 1 sliced onion, 1 carrot, 2 shallots, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, ¼ cup claret, ¼ cup stock or water.

Cut steak into 2in. squares. Brown well in hot shortening with chopped bacon, onion, chopped carrot, and chopped shallots. Add flour, salt and pepper, brown lightly. Stir in claret and stock or water, cover closely, and simmer until meat is tender.

INDIVIDUAL BOMB ALASKAS

One layer of cooked and cooled sponge or butter cake, ice-cream (bought or home-made), 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, pinch grated lemon rind.

Cut cake into service-sized squares or rounds. Make a hollow in centre of each one (reserve crumbs for future use). Place cake pieces on thick chopping board or bread board. Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt, gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add cream of tartar, vanilla, and lemon rind. Place a scoop of ice-cream in each hollowed cake square, cover completely with meringue, working quickly and drawing meringue well down on to board to make completely airtight. Place in hot oven for 3 or 4 minutes to lightly brown meringue. Serve at once.

LEMON SOUFFLE PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, scant ¾ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter until quite soft, gradually add sugar, and beat until white. Add sifted flour and salt, lemon rind and juice, and egg-yolks. Stir in milk, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into pie-dish, stand in dish of hot water. Bake in quick oven 10 minutes, reduce heat and bake until set and lightly browned on top, about 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case, 1½ cups dry stewed apple pulp (sweetened and flavored with grated lemon rind), 1 tablespoon butter (butter substitutes are not satisfactory for butterscotch mixtures), 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 egg-yolk, chopped nuts or toasted coconut.

Fill apple pulp into pastry-case. Melt butter, add brown sugar, cook steadily 3 or 4 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Add flour, cook 1 minute, then stir in cornflour blended with milk. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Stir while mixture cools slightly, then fold in egg-yolk and stir until well mixed. Pour into pastry-case over apples. Sprinkle with chopped nuts or toasted coconut.

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A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients



"Let's simplify matters, madam. Suppose you give me your diagnosis first."

Soap injections cure varicose veins
Concert was too much for asthmatic child

WHILE her husband recovers from an illness, Mrs. Arthur is trying to earn much-needed money by working as a waitress in a city restaurant.

"I wait on table from four in the afternoon until 10 p.m.," she told me.

"The pay is a great help and the hours suit me, but after I've been standing a while my right ankle nearly drives me mad."

"Does it pain?" I asked.

"No, but it itches so much I could scream, and there's a dark patch on it."

I had a look at the ankle. There was a darkly pigmented area on it and the skin was slightly scaly.

"How long have you had this?" I asked Mrs. Arthur.

"About six months, but it's been troublesome only during the three months I've been working."

"Here's your trouble, Mrs. Arthur," I told her, pointing to the varicose veins evident on the calf of her leg.

"These veins are causing the eczema on your ankle. The rash will go when you have the veins fixed up."

"Does that mean I'll be away from work?"

"Not because of the treatment," I told her. "A short rest each week after you have your injections is all you'll need.

"The injections are actually a chemical soap that clots the blood in the swollen vein. Later the vein will shrink and the extra blood will be driven into other normal veins, thus improving your circulation."

I told Mrs. Arthur to buy herself an elastic stocking, which, worn all the time, would give her a lot of support.

"It would be well if you could find a job with less standing," I advised her.

It is not known why some people develop varicose veins.

When the blood is being returned to the heart through the veins it is pushed upwards as the heart beats by little valves scattered through the veins for this purpose.

When the elastic tissue of the veins breaks down the valve is also affected. When a valve fails to function the blood stays in one place and the circulation becomes sluggish, causing the swollen or varicose vein.

THE uninhibited Westhurst children organised a little concert, which they staged in their mother's big living-room the other night to raise funds for a worthy charity. They included their little friends in the cast, so we went along with other parents to see the children shine.

They sang their songs and spoke their lines well until seven-year-old Anne Treatt stepped forward to utter her line, which, it turned out, was "Let us sing a happy song."

She said nothing. Her mouth quivered and her frightened eyes sought some refuge until one of the other children hissed the words. Little Anne uttered them in a terrified voice and fled to the back of the room.

I was not surprised when the child's mother rang me later that night. "Doctor," she said, "Anne is in great distress with asthma."

I called to see the little girl, who was pale and sweating and gasped each time she breathed.

In an attack of asthma, the muscles that surround the air passages constrict and, although air may be breathed in as usual, abnormal effort is required to return the breath. That is the cause of the patient's wheeze or gasp during the attack.

I injected adrenalin into her arm.

"The adrenalin will relax the muscles surrounding her airways and she'll soon be breathing normally," I told her mother.

Asthma is a most complex condition. It has to do with allergy and also with emotion. Probably the emotional factor is nearly always the bigger, yet it is probable for an asthmatic attack to be brought about by an irritating agent only, such as pollens, dust, kapok, etc.

Sometimes the allergic and emotional factors are equal, sometimes one plays a bigger part than the other. So far as the allergy goes, skin tests are a guide to finding out what is causing the asthma, and by treatment or avoidance it is possible to prevent attacks in many cases. In the case of Anne Treatt, her mother was aware that, although house dust sometimes made the child wheeze, it was only in times of emotional stress that she had a really bad attack.

Anne may always be subject to asthma. But it is likely that as she grows up the experience of adapting herself to people and places which now cause her so much stress and strain as to bring on an attack may become for her an ordinary affair devoid of worry.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

USUALLY nine-year-old Donald was a friendly, calm, co-operative youngster. Neighbors pointed out how well-behaved he was. When one afternoon he blew up, his mother said, "Oh, Donny was just upset. He didn't mean what he said."

What he said in the heat of the moment was, "You never let me do anything! It's always too hot or too cold, too dangerous or too far. You treat me like a baby!"

And what he said was important to hear, even though he apologised later and insisted he hadn't meant what he had said, for, of course, he had. Generally accepting his mother's judgment, he was, nevertheless, building up a lot of resentment at being treated so differently from other youngsters of his age.

In other ways, too, children tell us how they feel; and we should listen. Sometimes it's through their play. Mary Anne may be playing house. She takes her cue for the mother role from what she has seen and heard in her own family. Many a mother has been shocked to hear her very tones come from the lips of a four-year-old or five-year-old.



"Telling signs."

All names are fictitious.

It's a big hit

WHEN A CHAP goes out to bat — he's out to make a good impression. Poor Peter! He was pretty pleased with his score — until Richard came along. Then — well, everyone could see the difference without batting an eye.

Only Persil's suds have Oxygen

There's no secret about Persil whiteness. It's simply honest-to-goodness cleanness, through and through. Millions of hard-working oxygen bubbles shift the dirt as *nothing* else can. Yes, it takes Persil's special suds to get the cleanest whitest wash.

Wonderful for Coloureds!





Because Persil washes cleanest, your coloureds come up brighter, gayer, fresher. And for washing-up Persil is a real speed-merchant!



PERSIL washes whitest *(because it washes cleanest)*

P75A.WW76s

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Delicious nougat tartlets win £5 prize

Delicious tartlets and chocolate cakes, both of which would be suitable for afternoon tea or supper parties, and suggestions for main dinner dishes win prizes in this week's recipe contest.

ALMOND - flavored nougat topped with lemon butter and cream makes the filling for the tartlets which win the main prize of £5.

The lemon butter may be omitted and the tarts topped with a dab of mock cream if preferred.

Stale sponge or cake crumbs, at least two days old, are best for the chocolate fancies which win a consolation prize. These attractive little cakes are simple to make and good to eat.

The other consolation prize-winning recipes suggest appetising ways of preparing meats for main dinner dishes.

All spoon measurements are level.

ALMOND NOUGAT TARTLETS

Six ounces biscuit or short-crust pastry, apricot or raspberry jam, 2ozs. butter or substitute, 2ozs. sugar, 1 egg-white (use egg-yolk in pastry), 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon almond meal, 3 or 4 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1½ cups plain cake crumbs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon rum or orange juice, 1 tablespoon milk, lemon butter, and whipped cream or mock cream.

Cream butter and sugar, add stiffly beaten egg-white. Mix dry ingredients together, fold into creamed mixture. Add milk and rum or orange juice, mix well. Line 2 dozen pattytins with thinly rolled pastry. Prick with fork, partly cook for 5 minutes in hot oven. Place ½ teaspoon jam in bottom of each, top with a spoonful of filling. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, until filling is set and lightly browned. When cooled, decorate with cream and lemon butter.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Cobb, 37 William St., Croydon Park, S.A.

PORK CHOP ROAST

Four shoulder or loin pork chops cut ½in. thick, prepared mustard, flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1½ cups tinned sweet corn, 2-3rd cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Lightly spread chops with prepared mustard, coat lightly with flour. Brown on both sides in fat in heavy pan, then place in thickly greased baking-dish. Mix sweet corn with balance of ingredients, spread over chops. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours, covering with greased paper when topping has browned. Serve with brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

CHOCOLATE FANCIES

Four ounces stale sponge or plain cake crumbs, 3ozs. ground almonds, 3ozs. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon brandy, 1½ tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 tablespoon water, and 3 teaspoons lemon juice until well mixed together), walnuts, chocolate icing, 1 bar dark chocolate.

Mix all dry ingredients together, add brandy and apricot jelly, mix well. Shape into small balls with the fingers. Press a piece of walnut into the centre of each. Chill 3 hours. Coat with thin chocolate icing and roll in grated chocolate or coconut. Keep in cold place.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. E. Caredale, Post Office, Boyup Brook, W.A.

SPICY BAKED CORNED BEEF

Cook 4 to 4½lbs. of silverside in usual way until just tender. Cool in liquid, remove and place in greased baking dish, stud with 6 cloves. Combine 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ to ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon each grated orange and lemon rind, and coat top of meat thickly. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until browned. Twenty minutes before serving, pour over juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon mixed with ¼ cup dry sherry. Baste frequently to allow flavor to penetrate meat.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Morris, 24 Thornleigh St., Thornleigh, N.S.W.



● *Almond nougat tartlets and chocolate fancies make attractive and delicious additions to the afternoon-tea or supper-party table. See prize-winning recipes on this page.*

HANDYMAN HINTS



● *Rubber-headed furniture tacks nailed at regular intervals into the hanging-rod of a cupboard or wardrobe will stop hangers from bunching up and crushing clothes.*

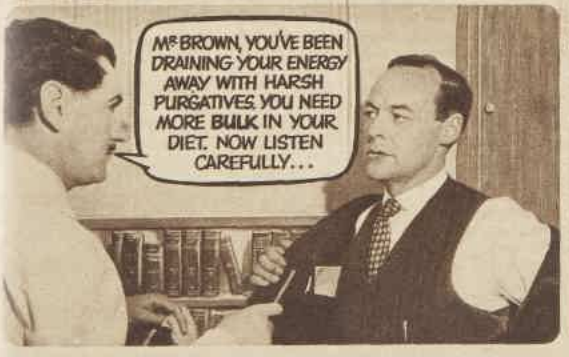


● *To simplify plugging in, particularly when a power-point is at floor level, mark one prong of plug and the corresponding socket point with a dab of colored paint.*

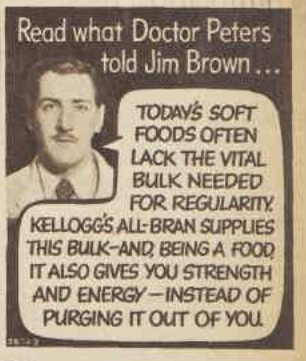












Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and

BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS!

Your health and regularity depend on what you eat. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you strength and energy as it restores regularity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out. Sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Keep on enjoying this nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose the wonderful health it brings.



Accept this offer!

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

This is all you need do . . . enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran* for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get *double* your money back.

*Registered Trade Mark

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GIANT: BY EDNA FERBER

Continued from page 3

himself. When he drinks he goes kind of crazy. I've fired him a dozen times but he always seems to turn up back at the ranch, one way or another. He's a kind of genius, Jett is."

"He is! Why, he just seemed to me a sullen, loutish kind of boy. What do you mean, genius?"

"Oh, lots of ways. Machinery. Mechanics. There's nothing he can't fix, nothing he can't run that has an engine in it. He's a wizard — when he's sober. But drunk or sober he doesn't belong on a ranch because you can't trust him with animals."

"How do you mean—trust him?"

"He's naturally mean with them. He abuses them. Kicks horses. Hits them over the head. I've seen him slam a calf right—"

"Don't! Don't tell me. I don't want to hear it. But why?"

"He's got a grudge against the world."

"He sounds an exquisite escort for your bride."

"Don't you worry. He knows his place when it comes to the family."

In silence they rode for a moment. Only the creak of leather, the faint jingle of metal. Horse's hoofs on sun-baked earth. Texas sounds.

"Leslie, since we came home I've been up to my ears in work. Maybe you've felt left out of things. Look, it's like this. I'm pulling one way—I think it's the right way—and Luz and Maudie and Bowie and Roady and the rest of them they're all pulling another. They want the money—all the money they can get out of the ranch. And I want to put money back into the ranch. It takes a lot. I want to raise and breed the best beef cattle in the world, I want to experiment with new breeds and new grasses.

"The only one of the family who's with me is Uncle Bawley up at the Holgado Division. He's a character. Over seventy but full of beans. We'll have to take a trip out there, you'll love it. It's high country, the mountains—"

"Mountains! In Texas!"

"Sure, mountains. There's everything in Texas. Mountains and forest and rivers and desert and plains and valleys and heat and cold."

"I know. You're in love with it."

He reined his horse, he looked at her his eyes full of pain. "Maybe you're not going to like it down here. Maybe I shouldn't have brought you to Texas."

"It's a little late now. We're in it, darling. You didn't marry a Texas belle."

"You're on that again, h'm? I will say Luz tried to shoo off most of them but she was bent on my marrying Vashti and the reason was that one end of the Hake ranch touches ours. You know years ago Luz was supposed to marry old Cliff Hake. He wasn't old then, he was young and quite handsome, they tell me, but she didn't want to go to the Double B to live, she wanted to combine the two ranches and bring the whole thing under Reata. Of course Cliff wouldn't hear of it and they split up. Would you believe it!"

"Yes, I'd believe it. And so you were to marry Vashti in her place, all these years and years later. And now Vashti is married to that little pink man all because of you. Or really because of Luz."

"I meant to marry. Not Vashti, but I meant to marry, and there were plenty of girls around. I'm saying that without meaning to be a stinker. But I wasn't in love with any of them. Maybe you're right. Maybe I was in love with cattle."

"And power."

"How do you mean — power?"

"Papa says —"

"You set great store by your father, don't you? Come on, let's get riding. We're headed for a roundup. Remember? That's the way I earn my living."

"Living! How about life! You just look upon life as an annoying interruption to ranching."

"I told you what it was like down here. The first time I met you. Now you've seen the set-up. You know what it is. Like it or not, this is it."

"Jordan, let's not—Jordan, I'm going to love it. It's just that—"

"Reata takes all my time. It always will. You'll be a neglected wife. Everything's against you—climate—people—family—customs. I know. I warned you." He looked at her, his eyes agonised, pleading. "I love you. I love you. I love you."

The two horses stood close, side by side, leather creaking on leather. They stood like good Texas cow horses while the man and woman strained toward each other there in the saddles, his lips on hers there in the brilliant, wild, endless Texas plain, in the early morning scent of the desert spring and the false coolness and the faint false green of the unavailing mesquite.

She looked at him as they drew apart slowly. At no time in her life, before or after this moment, was Leslie Lynnton so nearly beautiful. They sat a moment, withdrawn, like two figures on a too highly colored Remington calendar print.

"It's going to be wonderful," she said finally, "and terrible. I suppose we're in for about the most stormy future any newly married two ever had. I'm going to try to change you and you're going to be impatient when I don't melt into all this." She swept the vastness with her arm.

"I'll try not to be."

"Whoever said love conquers all was a fool. Because almost everything conquers love—or tries to."

The sun was up full blast. Already it was growing hot. Bick gathered up his reigns. "Yippee!" he yelled like a character in a Western movie.

Without another word they streaked across the prairie mile on mile, they galloped into Number Two Camp to find it a welter of dust, thudding hoofs, color, bellowing, clamor.

"Stay here. Just here. This is Tomaso. He'll take care of you. If you get tired you can sit on the top of the high fence there. You may be better there, anyway. Too bad you didn't wear Texas boots, the heels hook in better. I'll be back. Here, take this. You'll need it. Across your face."

He tossed her his handkerchief and was off into the melee, a figure of steel and iron and muscle.

Cattle. So close packed that it seemed you could walk on their backs for a mile—for miles as far as the eye could see. From the little sand hills, from the mesquite mottes and the cactus came the living streams, a river here a river there, a river of moving flesh wherever the eye rested and these sluggish lines were added to the great central pool until it became a Mississippi of cattle fed by its smaller tributaries.

Little figures on horseback guided the course of these streams.

To the east, the west, and south, these tiny dots on horseback moved the rivers of red-and-white Herefords, the torrents of cattle with the white clown faces and the pink-rimmed eyes. The bawling of the calves, the bellowing of the cows was ear-splitting.

Now it was almost impossible to see through the dense clouds of dust. The men wore handkerchiefs tied in a triangle before their faces so that only their eyes were free. Leslie took the big handkerchief that Jordan had tossed to her, she tied it so that her nose and mouth were covered, a Moslem woman in riding clothes.

THE animals moved close-packed. Curtain on curtain of dust, the men on horseback, the men running about on foot were ghostly figures in a fog of dust. Their faces were stern and intent, the riders seemed not riders at all but centaurs part horse part man, swaying with the animals as though they were one body.

They rode headlong into the herd, they seemed not even to touch the reins, they swung slightly in the saddle as the horse wove in and out like a fluid thing. You saw how this weaving movement of man and horse separated the bawling calf from its mother, the high plaintive blatting becoming more anguished as the animal sought frantically to return to the seething mass.

Wide-eyed, breathless, Leslie watched this ancient process, unchanged for centuries. These men leaped off their horses, threw the struggling calf and roped him, were on the horse again in a swift single leap and off into the surging herd. As they rode you heard them calling softly, tenderly quieting the milling frantic sea of cattle. Woo woo woo vaca! Woo woo woo novillo. Woo vaca. Woo woo woo! Like a mother humming to her restless child.

She saw Bick Benedict—her own husband Jordan Benedict, she told herself with mixed feelings of pride and resentment as she watched him—working in this inferno of heaving flesh and choking dust and noise and movement and daring and danger and brutal beauty. Working like any one of the vaqueros amidst hoofs and flanks and horns.

In a far corner out of the dust of battle old Rosendo had set up a tarpaulin, the chuck waggon was backed handily at its edge. The wind wafted the scent of his cooking to the scene of feverish activity but it was lost in the stench of the branding.

Calves bawled, cows bellowed, men yelled, hoofs pounded, gates slammed, flesh burned, irons clanged, dust swirled, sun glared. Leslie Benedict clung to the fence-rail and knew why Texans paid fifty dollars for great cool sheltering ten-gallon hats.

Up clattered Bick, his teeth gleaming startlingly white in his dust-grimed, scarlet face. "All right, honey?"

"Fine, I want to ask questions."

"I was afraid of that." He pulled his horse up beside her at the fence.

"Everybody talks Spanish. Tell me, that's Polo, isn't it, who was so splendid and dressy to welcome us."

"Yes. Polo's caporal. Foreman."

"What's he doing? He and the others. It looks cruel but I suppose it isn't."

"Not if America wants to eat. They're roping. And branding. Only the foreman and the bosses and the best of the ropers do that. The others — the men who are throwing the calves—they're called tumbadores. And those fellows who run the brands, they're really specialists. Marcadores, they're called."

"Marcadores. A lovely word. For such a nasty job. What's it mean?"

"Figure it for yourself. Marcar means to mark—to stamp — to brand. Marcadores — markers, branders. It's tricky work. Those irons are red hot. It's the Reata brand, of course. If they press too hard the calves get a burn sore. If they don't press hard enough the brand won't be clear. They're dehorning, too, those other fellows."

"It seems horrible but perhaps it isn't. What are those boys doing? The ones with the sticks and the buckets."

"They're atoleros. Atoli—well, mush. They've got a kind of lime paste in those buckets, they have rags wrapped around those sticks, and they smear the lime on the fresh burns to heal them . . . Well, you wanted to come."

"Don't you worry about me. I'm tougher than I was yesterday. I'm a tough Texan . . . Look, there's a darling little boy. Why, he can't be more than ten years old."

"Matter-of-factly," Bick said, "that's little Bobby Dietz, his father is ranch boss on Number One . . . Come on, honey, it's time for lunch. Here's Tomaso with your horse."

"Why don't the men stop working? I should think they'd be famished."

"They'll eat after we've finished."

On their way to the dinner camp they passed the fire of hot embers and she averted her eyes and then forced herself to look, and to smile. And at Bick's call the little lad came running to their horses, he came shyly, a handsome boy with very blue eyes, bluer in contrast with the sun-browned face.

"Hello, Bobby!"

"Howdy, Mr. Bick."

"Where's your father?"

"He went back there in the draw, he says there's a bunch there the boys missed."

"Does, eh?" Bick looked at Leslie. "This kid comes of good stuff. He'll make a wonderful hand when he grows up. Bobby, this is Mrs. Benedict. This is the new senora."

The deep blue eyes were turned on her like searchlights. "What she's wearing them funny clothes for?"

Bick grinned. "She hasn't had time to get some Texas clothes."

Though ten minutes before she had been repelled by the thought of any sort of food, Leslie found herself eating Rosendo's food with relish, not to say gusto. Having polished off chicken, string beans, apple-pie and a half a disk of skillet bread she inspected the chuck waggon with its orderly compartments for spices, flour, beans, rice, cutlery, tinware.

She complimented the gifted Rosendo and was enchanted with the benign and wrinkled face beneath the vast straw sombrero. She felt well and buoyant of spirits.

"Let me stay this afternoon and come home with you. I'm not tired."

"Two more hours of sun and you'd wish you hadn't."

Sitting there with her husband under the scrap of unavailing canvas, the gently bred girl was trying to arrange in her mind a pattern that would bring order into the kaleidoscope of these past three days.

Gropingly, as though thinking aloud, she said, "It's incredible, that's all. I can't believe that men earn their living this way. It's too difficult. Why, just look at Polo!"

"Where! What's the matter with him!"

"Nothing, darling. I just mean—look at him on his horse, he looks like a Spanish grandee. I've never seen a Spanish grandee but did Polo do all these circus stunts when he was a young man?"

"He sure enough did. Top hand. That's how he got to be caporal. He can still do them, and better than men half his age."

"How old is he?"

"Nobody knows. I doubt that he does himself. But he's getting too old for this job. And too old-fashioned. Would you believe he keeps his accounts in his head! Hours, wages, stock counts. I'll have to retire him and put in a modern system like that in the other divisions. I've humored him long enough. You ought to hear Maudie Lou and Bowie and the others on the subject!"

"Why don't they run the ranch, then?"

His head came up, his jaw set, his whole aspect changed as though he had been challenged. "I run this ranch. Don't make any mistake about that."

She looked at old Polo, seated so lightly on his beautiful horse. The vaqueros had finished their noonday meal, they were stretching and yawning, one of them took a mouthful of water from a tin cup and spat it out on the ground in some sort of primitive ablution.

"Dearest, do you work like this every day?"

"Well—no. No, I don't."

"I mean it's wonderful that you can do it, but it's ghastly rough and tough."

He actually blushed a little then beneath the russet burn, and he laughed rather sheepishly, like a boy. "Tell you the truth, honey, I was just showing off to-day in front of my girl. Like a kid chinning himself on the apple tree."

The men were mounting their horses, fresh horses she saw, from a great cluster of them she had not noticed until now, grazing against the horizon.

"New horses? Are they going to start all over again?"

"Sure, new horses. Or fresh, we'd say. Every Benedict vaquero has got at least ten horses. They've been changing right along, you just haven't noticed. They'll be riding about five different horses each, to-day. See that bunch of horses over there? That's called a remuda. They're what we call cutting horses. They're used to cut out certain animals from the herd. Trained for it. You don't even have to touch the reins half the time. Just sway your body and your horse will turn with your weight this way or that."

"Jordan! I forgot all about My Mistake. I forgot about My Mistake. Is she here? Where is she? I'd never have met you without her. I love her."

"She's out in pasture. I meant to tell you. Obregon—over there, that tall fellow in the straw hat—had her out yesterday, he says she's the finest little—"

"Oh, let me talk to him, will you? To-night when you get back let's visit her. I'll have to write Lacey all about her."

Summoned, the man came toward them. He was noticeably taller than the average and very slim, with broad shoulders like the American cowboys Leslie had seen in Western motion pictures.

"Angel," Bick said as the man came toward them. "Angel Obregon."

"That's the husband of the woman with the baby! Tell him I know his wife. Is he the one? If he has a new baby he is. Yesterday—but then you don't know about it."

The man stood before them. Bick acknowledged his presence with his charming smile. "The little filly you exercised yesterday," he said in Spanish, "is a great favorite of the senora. The horse is her own. She has great feeling for the horse."

The man's face flashed into sudden radiance, he began to speak, the words rolling out with a great drumming of Spanish r's.

"He says she is a miracle of a horse, that she is swifter than any horse in Texas but she is not happy, he says perhaps she longs for her home."

A little involuntary cry came from Leslie. "Oh, Jordan, I must see her. She's homesick for Virginia. I want to put my arms around her neck and comfort her."

"Yes," said Bick stiffly. Obregon was speaking again, speaking directly to Leslie in a flood of Spanish, the dark eyes glowing down upon her.

Helplessly she smiled up at the ardent face, then she re-

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called the words with which Tomaso had expressed his own inability to understand her. "No comprendo," she said, triumphantly.

Bick stood up. "He is thanking you for being so kind to his wife yesterday. He says you have worked a miracle, his wife is much improved, his infant son——Say what is all this, anyway! I can't have you messing around with——"

But she sprang up, impulsively she laid her hand on the man's arm. "Oh, I'm so glad. Tell her I'll be in to see her again, I'll bring her some delicious things and something for the baby."

She turned and saw with surprise that her husband was scowling at the Mexican.

"Will you just! . . . That is all, Obregon. Back to work." The man turned away, he mounted his horse for the afternoon's work.

The man and woman stared at each other. "Not again," Leslie said.

"You just don't understand. There isn't a ranch in the whole South-west looks after its people better than we do. But you don't know these people. They're full of superstitions and legends. If the child or the girl had turned sicker instead of better it would have been because you looked at them. You just don't know, honey."

A dot had been scurrying like a bug across the prairie. Now it came closer, it spun around in a spiral of dust, it stopped with a yip and a grinding of brakes. The calves ran bleating and scattering. The cattle leaped in terror, the horses reared.

"That lout!" Bick said. "If he ever runs down one of those calves I'll beat him up myself."

Jett Rink leaped out and yelled to the world in general.

"You're late," Bick said.

"It ain't me. I had to catch that horse for Madama."

"What horse?"

"That new one. My Mistake. She wanted to ride her."

"She can't," Leslie cried, and there was outrage in her voice. "She can't! My Mistake's a race horse."

"She's riding her," Jett said coolly. "She sure hated to put on that Western saddle, that little filly did. Took two of us to get it on her."

A trifle worriedly Bick said, "It's all right, Leslie. Luz can ride any four-legged thing."

Jett laughed. "You know what else she done? She rigged herself out in a old hoop skirt and she's got herself rigged out in that outfit, rope and all, and she's riding hell-bent this way, last I saw of her. I'm surprised she ain't here already. Said she'd show you. Acted like she was mad at something, the way she does."

Bick took off his hat and ran his hand over his hot, wet forehead. His eyes searched the endless plain.

"Jordan, I want to wait till she comes," Leslie said. "My Mistake isn't used to this terrible—to the sun and the brush and that heavy Western saddle. I want to see if she's all right."

Almost harshly he said. "You'll go along with Jett. I'll tend to Luz. Alone. I'll have Angel ride My Mistake home."

"But she'll have to rest first. She isn't just a riding horse. A mile—two miles—three—but not this."

"I know a little about horses, honey. It'll be all right, I tell you."

"And when will you be home, Jordan?"

"Oh, how do I know! When my work's done."

Quietly Leslie said, "All right, Jordan."

Almost gratefully she had sunk into the hot dusty front seat of the car. "I want to sit up front," she had said to Bick, "so that I can see everything on the way home."

Bick on his horse at the side of the car had leaned over and touched her hand. "We'll make a real Texan of you yet, honey. At that, I don't know any Texas woman who could take the heat and rukus better than you did. Unless it's Luz."

"I've had a marvellous morning. This was just what I meant. Yesterday, when that nice Doctor Tom asked me."

"You haven't seen anything. It'll take you years."

"I know. And we've got years. Isn't it lucky!"

Bick threw a quick glance around. He leaned far off his horse so that he was standing in one stirrup, his left hand on her shoulder, she leaned towards him, he bent far forward into the car, and kissed her hard on the mouth.

Instinctively she sensed or saw out of the corner of her eyes that Jett Rink's foot moved to press the accelerator, then stopped, poised. She knew that he had suppressed a sudden murderous impulse to start the car with a swift leap while Jordan hung perilously half on the horse, half in the car.

Bick straightened, he turned in his saddle to look back at her as he rode away, his hand held high in farewell. He looked handsome and vital. Suddenly Jett pressed the accelerator hard and caught up with him.

"Look, Bick, can I take her around by the other way, the long back road. If she wants to see things, different things."

Bick looked down at them, hesitating.

"Oh, yes, Jordan," Leslie said. "If it's a different way."

Reluctantly he said. "Well all right. But you, Jett, don't you get any big touring notions in that empty sheep-herder's head of yours." He grinned. "Put him in a car and he grows road crazy. Last December he started out to take Cora Dart—that's the school-teacher—to the fiesta in Viento. Ended up at the Cowboy Christmas Ball at Anson in Jones County, better than two-thirds the way up across Texas."

Jett's grin was sour. "Sure. Vamos por la case. That's me."

They stared hard at each other. It was, Leslie thought, as though they hated each other and yet there was a kind of understanding — almost a bond—between them.

Now they shot off at terrific speed over the vast bare terrain. But once the camp had dwindled in the distance Jett drove at the merest horse-and-buggy jog.

"You want to go round Benedict way, seeing you didn't make it walking yesterday?"

"How did you know I started to walk to town?"

"Like I told you, everybody knows everything anybody does around here."

Enough of that. "Where is the road—the highway?"

"This here is it."

"But this is just a little wider than the one we took this morning with the horses. It isn't really a public road, is it?"

"No road. No road like that. I guess you don't know how big this outfit is. The roads around Reata are Reata. Anybody tries to cut across here that don't belong, why, they turn up missing. Anybody wants to drive from here to yonder, they got to go about a hundred miles out of their way to get there."

"Who says they must?"

"Bick Benedict, that's who says."

She began to regret the drive, she decided to ask no questions of this boor, since every utterance seemed to send him into a rage. They went along in silence, their speed now was frightening. He began to speak again, he spat out the words.

"How'd they come by it! Millions of acres. Who gets hold of millions of acres without they took it off somebody!"

Here at last was Leslie's chance to make use of that knowledge gained from books of Southwest lore over which she had so eagerly pored. "In those days Spanish land grants could be bought by anyone who had the money. The settlers bought it from——"

"Bought it—huh! took it off a ignorant bunch of Mexicans who didn't have the brains to hang on to it."

"That's not true—at least, not always," Leslie retorted, a trifle surprised to find herself on the other side of the argument. "They often bought it and paid for it."

"Yeah. Five cents a acre. Say, you're Bick's wife, you ain't supposed to go against a Benedict."

"I would if I thought they were wrong."

"Look, someday I'm going to have more money than any Benedict ever laid hands on. I'm going to be a millionaire and I ain't kidding. I'm going to have a million dollars. I'm going to have a billion. I'm going to have a zillion."

"That'll be nice," Leslie said soothingly. She really must talk to Jordan about him. He was dangerous. That movement of his foot toward the accelerator. But perhaps she had only imagined it. "You're not exactly loyal to your employer, are you, Jett?

She saw his head turn on that thick pugnacious neck as he stared at her. She went on, lightly, conversationally, a polite half-smile of interest on her lips. "You talk so interestingly about other people's background. Tell me a little about your own, will you? Your childhood and your father and mother. Unless you'd rather not."

"Why wouldn't I!" he yelled belligerently. "They was here in Texas enough years ago to be rich, too, only they wasn't foxy. Ma, she's been dead since I was about two years old, I don't remember her even, they was seven of us kids. I don't know where they're at, most of 'em. Pa, he went in one day around here with his gun to get him some birds for us to eat, I guess. Strictly not allowed. Private, those birds and the air they fly in is private. He never come out. He never turned up again after he went in there with his gun."

"Maybe he went away. Sometimes people do that—they don't mean to but the responsibility is too much for them, their minds just——"

Now he turned squarely to look at her, his laugh was a short sharp yelp. "You sure got a lot to learn about Texas."

"I want to learn. I want to know about you and the others on Reata."

"Yeh, well, we're all doing great. Me and all the others and the Mexicans specially. If they don't like it they can go back to Mexico and starve. I'm real petted. Bick, he give me a few acres out Viento way. Real lovely. You couldn't feed a three-legged calf off it.

"Jett, I find I'm more tired than I thought. I'd like to go straight home."

"You said you wanted to go see Benedict."

"I've changed my mind."

"Say, I didn't go for to make you mad. You asked me and I told you straight out. If you didn't want to know you got no call to ask me."

Stunned, the impact of this truth silenced her. They tore along the landscape, it seemed to Leslie that movement was reversed in some nightmarish way and that it was the car that stood still, the flat glaring plain that whirled past them like a monotonous changeless cyclorama.

RIGHT away in the distance against the flat tin sky was etched the outline of Reata. "No!" she said to her own astonishment, "No, let's not go home just yet."

"The town?"

"Yes."

"The other side of Benedict—that's why I come this way—is Nopal."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Only Mexicans. It's Benedict only they call it Nopal like it's another town. It's like real Mexico, I don't guess there's two white people living there."

"White. You mean—but the Mexicans aren't——"

"They sure ain't white, for my money. Two Americans then. Maybe you like that better."

"Jordan told me—my husband told me that some of the Mexicans had been there—their families, I mean—hundreds of years. They're more American than you are!"

"You—if you was a man I'd kill you for that." His foot jammed down hard on the floorboard, they were tearing crazily along the ribbon of road. We are going to be killed, she thought. We must surely be killed.

They entered a down-at-heel little town, they had flashed past a broken road sign that said NOPAL. The car slid and bumped to a jolting halt in front of the dusty little plaza. Leslie lurched forward, slammed back, brakes screamed, tyres squealed.

She began to laugh a little hysterically. Then she stopped abruptly and sat silent a moment, her hands covering her eyes. When she brought her hands down they were fists.

"Ain't you feeling good, ma'am? You like a drink or something, Miz Benedict?

Furious, she said, "You drove like a maniac. If my husband knew you drove like that! You're out of your senses."

"I didn't go for to scare you. That's the way we drive in Texas. Everybody."

"I want to telephone."

"I bet they ain't a telephone in town only the priest's house and maybe one two places you wouldn't go into." He hesitated a moment. "Say, don't be sore, Miz Benedict. I get mad easy. Uh—don't get sore."

For a moment she thought he was going to blubber. Well, the boy was a lout and something of a brute, but here she was and being here it was silly not to see something of this bit of Mexico in the United States. Here was another civilisation, a strange land within her own familiar land. Streets of shanties on stumps, or flat on the dirt ground. The dwellings pitted and seared and scoured by wind and sand and heat and sudden northers. Dusty oleanders like weeds by the roadside. Broken sidewalks, crazily leaning balconies, sagging porches.

They were moving now, slowly, inching their way around the little bare plaza with the paintless bandstand in the centre. Yet there was something about the town—a kind of decayed beauty. The church stood richly facing the plaza, its limestone and brick and stained-glass windows in startling contrast with the rest of the dilapidated little town.

EMILIO HAWKINS, said a sign tacked crazily outside a grocery.

"There! Is that one of your two Americans?"

"Half-and-half."

A dapper figure had just come into sight. Glistening black hair, sideburns, a roving wet eye, brilliant yellow boots, an incongruous dark cloth suit such as a businessman might wear in the North. His Stetson was as smooth and pale and fine.

"Hi, Fidel!" yelled Jett. "Hi, Coyote!"

The man bared his teeth and spat on the ground. Then he saw Leslie, he stared and wet his lips and his great hat came off as he bent in a low bow on the dusty street. He made as though to come toward them but Jett stepped on the accelerator, they darted forward, Jett laughed a high sardonic laugh of triumph.

"He seen you; he knew who you was all right."

"What of it?"

"Nothing."

"What did you call him? Coyote? Is that his name? How queer."

"Ha, that's good—coyote a name! They call him Coyote, his name is Fidel Gomez, he runs the Mexicans, he's the richest man in town. Everybody in the county knows Gomez. He makes out like he's the poor Mexicans' friend."

She glanced back. The man was still standing there gazing after them. "I want you to turn around," she said. "I want to speak to him."

"Say, you can't do that," he told her. "Bick'd half kill me if he found out. I ain't going to turn."

Suddenly she was trembling with anger. "You'll do as I say. Don't you dare to tell me what I can or can't do!"

He looked at her, a sidewise almost comical look of surprise. "Okay. Esta bien." He spun the wheel; he turned with a shrieking of rubber on shell and brought up before the man at the edge of the dusty footpath. Astonishment was plain on the man's face.

"How do you do, Mr. Gomez," said Leslie with a formality which the man did not seem to find absurd. "I am Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

Again the man's hat was swept off with a gesture that belonged to another century. He bowed elaborately from the waist.

"La senora es muy simpatica."

"I am sorry. I don't speak Spanish."

A gesture of his hand made nothing of this. "You need no language. Ma'am"—the dark eyes rolled—"I say you are very charming."

Well, perhaps Jett Rink had been right, after all. "Uh—I—I'm told you are a very important citizen here in Nopal. I am just having a look at your interesting little town."

His glance at Jett Rink was pure venom. His mouth was smiling. "Muy bandadosa," he murmured.

"I will tell my husband we met." She sounded, she thought, like an exercise in a child's copybook. "Goodbye."

Again the business with the hat. The bow. The baffled look. As before, he stood looking after them as they drove off.

"But why do they call him Coyote?" She had to know.

"That's a name for hombres like him, it's a name that Mexicans call a chiseler, a crook. He lives off of them he sneaks them across the border from Mexico to work as pickers and then when they're here time he's through with them they don't have nothing left when they get through working in the Valley crops. And he rounds up the Mexican voters and does a lot of dirty jobs."

"I can't listen to talk like that."

"There you go again. You ask me, and then when I tell you you get sore."

Primly she said only, "It's getting rather late. Drive me home now, please—but not as fast as you drove here." Suddenly she was tired with an overwhelming weariness.

In silence they drove into the town of Benedict. She wondered now why she had found it so fascinating that day of her arrival. Four days ago. She saw it now as a neat enough little Southwest town squatting there in the sun and dust of a late spring afternoon.

"Say, I bet you'd like to see what Ildefonso's making for you in there."

She stared at Jett. "What did you say?"

"That there's Ildefonso's place, he makes leather stuff for Reata—boots and saddles and straps and every kind of leather on the place, he gets fifty dollars for a pair of boots and more. Looka these boots I got on, I saved up ten months for them."

The smell of leather, rich

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and oily, came to you even before you entered the shop of Ildefonso Mezo. And there in the front of the shop was the ancient Mexican saddle tooled over-all in an intricate pattern of flowers and serpents, the classic scrolls and leaves and patterns of ancient Mexico.

Not an inch of it that was not embossed or embroidered, and stirrups pommel bridle reins shining with silver engraved in a hundred designs.

Jett Rink swaggered in. A whirring and a tapping and a clinking came from the long, dim back room. "Hi, Ildefonso! Here's Miz Benedict come to see her new ridin' riggin'."

And here was Ildenfonso Mezo, as much an artist of the leather of the Southwest as Cellini had been master of the silversmith's craft in Italy. A little brown-faced man with bright black eyes and grizzled hair and hands that might have been made of the leather which he artificed.

Standing before Leslie, the man bowed with the utmost formality. "Buenas tardes, senora. Entre. Ildefonso Mezo at your orders. I am honored."

What would she do, what could she say. "Gracias—oh—muchas gracias." Then she laughed a little helplessly and Ildefonso laughed to keep her company.

"Show us the saddle," yelled Jett Rink. "And the boots and the belt and the whole outfit."

"It is still in the work. I must ask Senora Benedict to come to the workshop."

Ildefonso led the way to the workroom doorway, he stood aside then so that Leslie should enter before him. Jett Rink swaggered after him. And now Ildefonso was the artist in his studio. Along the wall beneath the windows were the work tables and the dark heads were bent over these and the keen little tools made delicate intricate marks on leather yellow and brown and cream and tan and black.

Ildefonso led the way to his own work table. And there were Leslie's saddle and her boots and her belt and her reata and her bridle and her hatband together with straps and thongs and coils of leather whose use she did not even know.

"Weeks!" Ildefonso assured her earnestly. "Weeks ago they were commanded. But work such as this needs many weeks. From Virginia the senora's shoes sent to me. You did not know."

So that was where the old brown boots had got to. Leslie looked at all this artfully tooled trousseau of leather, stamped and patterned so intricately by hand with the coils and twists of the Benedict brand. And between these twisted coils were her initials — her new initials L. L. B. She looked at the heavy ornate saddle and she loathed it. My Mistake, that fleet and lovely lady, must never be forced to carry this ornate waffle on her slim back.

Ildefonso Mezo looked at her, triumph in his eyes. Waiting. Leslie overdid it. "It's—it's wonderful. It's magnificent. I shall go home now and thank my husband for all this. He told me nothing about it."

A look of horror transformed Ildefonso's beaming face. "It was to be a surprise for the senora. How did you know if he did not tell you? I thought when you came in—"

She looked at Jett Rink.

Under her accusing gaze and Ildefonso's Jett's expression was one of utterly unconvincing innocence. "He don't tell me what he's doing, does he! Anybody can come into this here shop, can't they, and look around!"

Abruptly Leslie turned away. "Thank you for letting me see the beautiful saddle Ildefonso, and all the other—I must go now, I am very late."

Ildefonso bowed, his expression his manner were correct. But as she turned he managed to catch Jett's sleeve for just a second and his swarthy face was close to the ruddy hard-featured one. A whisper only. "Cochino. Piojo!"

"Sprig," said Jett Rink briefly. And clattered out to the car on those high-heeled boots for which he had paid fifty dollars. Leslie was already seated in the car.

"Look," he began truculently, "I didn't know he was buying them like a surprise for you, how would I—"

"It doesn't concern you at all," Leslie said in her best Lynnton manner. "Thank you for showing me the little Mexican town. I would like to sit quietly now, and not talk."

Across the little town then, out to where Reata could be seen hazily like a mirage shimmering in the heat against the flat Texan plain and the searing Texan sky.

Jett Rink was saying something. She hadn't quite heard. He seemed to be driving very slowly, for him. "What? What did you say?"

The knuckles of his hands on the wheel showed white. "I says"—he cleared his throat—"I says I never seen a girl—a woman—like you before. You sure are different."

She was rigid with resentment. Then she relaxed. Now don't be silly, this is an ignorant ranch hand. So she laughed a prim little artificial laugh and said, "Yes, the East and the West are different here in the United States, even though we say we are one big family."

He faced straight ahead. "I ain't talking about no United States geography. I'm talking about you. I never seen a girl like you. You ain't afraid of nothing. I've seen a lot of women. I been going with Cora Dart—the teacher—since she gave up hoping she could hook Bick. She's got education and all, but I never seen anybody like you, that's for sure."

They were nearing the gates now. She'd never need to be with him again. "Well, that's a very nice compliment, Jett. I'll tell my husband you said so."

Boldly, deliberately, he turned to face her. "No you won't," he gibed.

She turned her head away in disgust. How could Jordan have dreamed of letting her go with this dirty little boy? If Jordan didn't know someone should tell him. She would.

There was quite a cluster of cars parked in the drive. She had not yet learned to distinguish the Reata cars from others. Horses too. She wished that one of these could be Jordan's and that he might be home to greet her. But that was impossible. She opened the car door, stepped out without a word or a backward glance. Slowly she ascended the steps.

Quite a hubbub of voices from the big room. Jordan's voice. "Yoo-hoo!" she called and felt a great surge of happiness.

Bick came swiftly toward her across the great hall, the light from the doorway was on him. She thought, Why, he looks sort of strange and wild.

"Where have you been!"

"Why, darling, is anything wrong? We went to Nopal, it's unbelievable, isn't it, it's like a foreign village—"

But he was shouting again. "Nopal! That locoed drunk took you to Nopal! Leslie, Leslie!"

"But it's all right, Jordan. What's so terrible about that?"

There in the big living-room doorway she saw Vashti Snyth and Cora Dart, they became part of a confused and bewildering picture. "Why hello! How nice to see you," she began, very socially, and moved toward them.

Then she saw Luz. She was lying on the big couch in a curious stuffed-doll fashion, her mouth was open, her eyes were shut but her breathing was a snore, but more horrible than a snore.

Leslie turned to stare at the two women watching her so intently. "What?"

"The horse," Vashti said inadequately.

Bick came up behind her, his face was a curious grey beneath the russet now, and rigid. "It's our fault. She wanted to go with us. She can ride anything. The Western saddle—the horse stepped in a gopher hole, deep."

"What is it?"

"Concussion," he told her. "Or worse. Fracture, maybe."

"Doctor Tom. Doctor Tom Walker."

"He's here. He's telephoning."

Cora Dart spoke for the first time. "She's dying." As though she found satisfaction in saying it she repeated it. "Dying."

Hurriedly then Vashti became conversational. "He broke his leg, the horse. When he stumbled and threw her. They had to shoot him. Bick had to shoot him. Luz's head came up against a mesquite stump."

Angrily, Leslie thought, My Mistake will never have to wear that silly saddle. That will teach you not to ride her in hoop skirts, Luz Benedict.

"Look out!" yelled Vashti Snyth. "She's going to faint again. Bick!"

With a tremendous effort of will Leslie Benedict pulled the swirling world into steadiness. "Oh, no, I'm not," she said. "I'm never going to faint again."

EVERYBODY came to the funeral. Fortunately, the actual basic Benedict family was small. A closed corporation. But Texas converged from every point of the compass. Friends, enemies, employees, business connections; ranchers, governors. The President of the United States sent a message of condolence. There had been no such Texas funeral since the death of Jordan Benedict Second.

Luz Benedict had become a legendary figure though no one actually knew her in her deepest darkest depths except, oddly enough, outsiders such as Jett Rink and Cora Dart and Leslie Lynnton Benedict. Perhaps Dr. Tom Walker. Bick Benedict, her baby brother, knew her least of all; or if he knew, refused to face the knowledge.

Everybody who was anybody in Texas came to the funeral. They came, not to mourn the violent exit of Miss Luz Benedict, spinster, aged fifty-five, out to pay tribute to a Texas institution known as the Benedicts of Reata Ranch.

Every bedroom in the Big House was filled, guests were sleeping in the bookless library, in the mute music room.

Even the old unused adobe Main House, the house in which Bick Benedict and the Benedicts before him had been born, was opened for the funeral guests who swarmed from every corner of the vast commonwealth and from most of the forty-seven comparatively negligible states of the United States of America.

Leslie moved from group to group, from room to room, from crowd to crowd. Sometimes she did not try to identify herself, sometimes she said, "I am Mrs. Benedict."

"Which Mrs. Benedict?"

"Jordan. Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

Mystified for a moment, they would stare. Then, "Oh, Bick! Bick's wife. Sure pleased to meet you. Say, it's pretty lucky Bick's got you now, keep him from being low-spirited. He's sure going to feel Miss Luz being gone. She was more like a mother to Bick than a sister."

She had telegraphed to Virginia the news of this family tragedy. Her father had offered to come to her, as she knew he would.

Do you want us to come, his telegram had said, Mother and I can start immediately. Don't come, she had replied. It's such a journey the funeral is day after to-morrow I am well Jordan is well enough but terribly shocked how strange and terrible that it should have been My Mistake.

Her husband was a stranger whom she could not reach. She was someone living in his house. It seemed to her that there was no cousin so remote but he or she yet seemed closer to Jordan Benedict than his wife. He was sodden with grief and remorse. In his stunned mind was a confusion in which Luz and Leslie and My Mistake and the morning of the round-up and his years of deep and hidden resentment against this dominating woman were inextricably blended.

Leslie tried to comfort him with her arms about him, with her intelligence, with her sympathy her love her understanding of this emotional shock whose impact he did not grasp.

For the hundredth time, "She just wanted to ride out to the round-up with us," he would say. "Why didn't she come with us?" He wanted her to say it.

"We wanted to be alone. And that was right."

"If I hadn't bought My Mistake she'd be alive to-day."

Leslie decided on stern measures. "Yes, if you hadn't bought My Mistake your sister Luz would be alive to-day. And if papa hadn't cured the ulcers of the horse's original owner he wouldn't have wanted to show his gratitude by giving papa the horse. And if Wind Wines hadn't wandered into the wrong paddock, My Mistake never would have been born.

"If you want me to go on with this, if papa hadn't been a surgeon, and if he hadn't married mama, and if I hadn't been their daughter—well, you can go back as far as you like. Jordan darling, if you really want to torture yourself."

She was shocked, she was in a way frightened, when she learned that by Jordan's orders Luz Benedict's saddle, her boots, her Stetson, her riding clothes, and even the tragic hoop skirts of family tradition were to be left untouched in her bedroom as in a shrine.

How he must have hated her, Leslie thought. Guilt is an awful thing, it can destroy him, I won't let it.

So she went from group to group, from room to room, always with an eye on Bick. To anyone who had known her in the past it would have been amazing to see how she took charge of this vast household. The obsequies had assumed the proportions of a grim public ceremonial.

The Girls were wonderful; and of The Girls Vashti Snyth and Adarene Morey were twin towers of strength and efficiency. They knew their Texas, they knew their Benedicts, they were the daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters of men and women who had wrestled and coped with every possible native manifestation.

"I'll do it, Leslie. Just you sit down."

"I don't want to sit down. I can't."

"I know it. I don't mean really sit down. I mean let me do this and you make out like you're listening to all these people keep bawling at you, it'll take all the strength you got." This from the salty Vashti.

Adarene and Lucius Morey had arrived at midnight the day after Luz' death. They entered the Big House, they took over. Servants. Food. Telegrams. Telephones.

Leslie, with a scant week of Texas experience to guide her, moved among the mourners trying hard to remember Texas names, Texas faces, Texas customs. The Placers, that was easy; and Bowie and his wife and Roady and his wife and even a niece or two and a couple of nephews. But the others, millions of others. Let me remember . . . Uh, Mrs. Jennings . . . Somebody Beezer . . . Ila Something Motten . . . Mrs. Jakes . . . Kling.

Vashti Snyth insisted that food was the panacea for grief. She kept plucking at Bick's sleeve, she grasped Leslie's arm, she motioned in the direction of the dining-room from which came a sustained clatter accompanied by rich and heavy scents.

"You got to eat if you're going to keep your strength up. How you going to expect to go through to-morrow if you don't eat!" She would say. "Leslie, Bick looks terrible . . . Bick, whyn't you eat something, you look real peaked. Leslie, come on have a cup of coffee and a cake."

Adarene Morey came close to Leslie, her voice low in the midst of the clamor. "Relax. Bick's all right. It's good for him to have all these people around. Don't work so hard. Let them do the work. They're curious about you, you know," she told Leslie. "Even more than they are about seeing Luz, and how Bick behaves."

"Why?"

"The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! If she can take it."

"I can take it."

There was a stir at the doorway, there was an acceleration of sound. "What's that? Who's that?"

Uncle Bawley's arrival was something of an event. Uncle Bawley who kinged it alone in splendid squalor at the Holgado Division. As he strode through the welter of relatives, guests, neighbors, and officials, Leslie was shocked. His eyes were streaming with tears, they washed down his cheeks and dropped off his chin.

This was all the more startling because Uncle Bawley towered even above these Texas men who seemed to fill the rooms to bursting with their great shoulders, their pyramidal necks, their leather-colored faces, their leather-colored clothes, their enormous hats, their high-heeled boots, their overpowering maleness.

Yet there was about this gigantic man a grace, an air of elegance. He was wearing a dark suit and black boots, and Leslie's knowing eye was quick to see that these garments had been born of the needle and shears of a New York tailor, or even perhaps of a London magician of men's clothes. They almost hid the slight bulge that, at nearly seventy, was just beginning to mar his waistline.

Leslie felt she could not bear to face this giant with the streaming eyes. Those eyes were a faded blue, and the lids crinkled so that lines, etched by the sun and the wind, radiated from them fanwise at the temples. She knew he had been a Ranger in his youth, with gun notches and all the rest of the fabulous fanfare that went with stories of pioneer Texas times.

Even now, in spite of his city suit, he was startlingly like a figure in the romantic fables of the region.

He came across the room, threading his way towards Bick, making slow progress because of the outstretched hands and the spoken greetings, muted but hearty with affection. She knew that he had refused to stay at the Big House or at the old Main House. He was quartered in one of the nearby line houses.

Later, when she knew him better, she had remonstrated at his uncomfortable quarters. "You should be staying here, in the Big House."

"Me here! Like to choke to death living in this pile. Just as soon sleep in the Egyptian pyramids."

At a gesture from Bick he turned to face Leslie. There was no escaping him, his gaze was upon her and now as he came towards her Leslie was dismayed to see that he mopped his eyes with his handkerchief and she marvelled that his features were so composed under this fountain of tears. He took her hand in his and looked down at her from his towering height.

Inadequately Leslie murmured, "I know what she must have meant to you—your eldest niece. I am so terribly sorry for you and for Jordan and for —"

He dabbed at his eyes with his free hand.

"Don't pay this no mind," he said, and his voice was gentle and low. "I ain't bawling. This is what they call an allergy. Took me better than forty years to find out about it."

"Allergy!" she repeated after him, stunned.

"That's right. I'm allergic to cattle. Makes my eyes water quarts. All my life a cowman and the whole Benedict family first and last for a hundred years or nearly. And then a kid at John Hopkins finds out I'm allergic to cows."

Leslie was utterly fascinated. She forgot about Luz and mourning etiquette and bereaved relatives-by-marriage. Temporarily she even forgot about Jordan. With a hand tucked in Uncle Bawley's arm she manoeuvred him toward a quiet corner of the vast room. A huge couch was angled away from the room proper, by some mistaken whim of a decorator. One corner of this engulfed Leslie though she sat with one leg crossed under her.

"This is wonderful," she said, and looked up, up at his towering height. "I'm—well—I know now what my mother meant when she use to say, 'I-haven't-sat-down-to-day'."

"Nothing can beat you out quicker than a houseful of people for a funeral, especially if they're choused up like this. And you're new to it here. Bad enough if you're a Texan."

His shoulders relaxed against the back of the vast couch, his long legs sprawled across the polished floor, his feet turned toes up, slim and arched in the beautifully hand-tooled high-heeled black boots. Leslie regarded him with anticipatory relish.

"I must tell my father all about you. He'll be enchanted."

"Enchanted with me?"

"He's a doctor."

"He here?"

"No. No, he's home. I mean he's in Virginia where we — where he lives. He'll be so interested. Please tell me a little more about it. The allergy, I mean. Do you mind if I call you Uncle Bawley—though I must say it doesn't suit you."

"I'd just purely love for you to do that. Leslie? I don't know as that suits you, either. Usual thing I go slow with Yankees using their given names. They're touchy."

"That's funny. I think Texans are touchy."

"They're just vain," Uncle Bawley said in his soft, almost musing, voice. "Vain as peacocks and always making out like they're modest. Acting all the time, most of them. Playing Texas."

She stared at him, she broke into a laugh, then checked herself, horrified. "How refreshing you are! I hope you don't mind my saying that, Uncle Bawley.

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Jordan told me about you, but not enough. Why didn't you come to our wedding?"

"I never go to weddings. Waste of time. Person can get married a dozen times. Lots of folks do. But a funeral, that's different. You only die once."

He took from his coat pocket a folded handkerchief, white and fine, and as he wiped his brimming lids Leslie caught the pricking scent of eau de Cologne. She sniffed the tangy scent now and beamed upon her new-found relative. This giant of leathery skin, the gentle voice, the fine linen, the glove-fitting boots was something of a dandy.

Now he glanced at her, a sharp sidewise look. "Maybe you think it's funny, a cowman getting himself all smelled up pretty."

"No, I like it. I like fastidious men."

"It's made me a heap of trouble. First off, my real name's Baldwin — Baldwin Benedict. Then along comes this crying and that cinched it. I was Bawley Benedict."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley, I'm so sorry. What would you like me to call you?"

"That's all right, I'm used to it. But I had to fist-fight my way through school and college. At Harvard I was full-back and heavy-weight boxer just in self-defence. I like to wore out my knuckles proving I wasn't a sissy."

"Harvard?"

"We all go a couple of years, didn't Bick tell you? And a trip to Europe young. The girls go to some school in the East." His tone, his diction took on a complete change. "Just to prove to the world and ourselves that we aren't provincial."

She leaned towards him. "Please don't think I'm rude. But you talk—I mean Harvard and Europe and everything—and just now you—but most of the time you talk—well, the only ones who don't are Jordan, and Maudie Lou. And now you—when you weren't looking," she told him.

"I know. Sometimes we forget to talk Texas."

"But Uncle Bawley, it's regional, isn't it? A kind of dialect just as the Boston people speak one way and the deep South another and the Middle Westerners another."

He had not mopped his eyes for a full five minutes.

"Partly. That's right. Down here it's a mixture of Spanish and Mexican and Nigrahs and French and German and folks from all over the whole country. It settled into a kind of jargon, but we play it up. Like when I was a young squirt visiting New York there was a girl named Anna Held, a French actress.

"She was all the rage, milk baths and pearls and so on by that time she could speak English as good as you and me, but there she was a-zissin' and a-zattin' because it was good publicity and cute. That's us. Mostly, we know better. But we talk Texas because it's good publicity and cute."

"Uncle Bawley," she said earnestly, "I love talking to you."

He blushed like a girl. "That's funny."

"Why?"

"I hardly ever talk to a woman. I got out of the habit. No women up at the Holgado Division, hardly, except two three of the section bosses live in the line houses with their wives and kids. But most of the cowhands are single; we don't use vaqueros up there, too near to the border. Course there's all the Mexican families in Montaraz, that's the town just outside the ranch."

She hesitated a moment, but only a moment. The habit of wanting to know was too strong. "But didn't you ever marry?"

"What girl would have a man who stands there bawling with the tears running down his face while he's asking her to marry him!"

Leslie was staring at him, she was scurrying about in her mind, putting together bits and pieces as her years with her father had taught her to do. "Cows!"

"How's that?"

"Allergic to cows."

"That's right."

She was looking into his face with the most utter concentration. "Uncle Bawley, did you want to be a cowman? Did you want to be head of Holgado and a big Benedict rancher and all that?"

"No, honey."

"What did you want to be?"

"Funny you should ask me that. I haven't thought about it in years. What I wanted to be was, I wanted to be a musician. Pianist." Leslie's head turned towards him as if it had been jerked on wires. But the big pink face was bland, almost dreamy.

"There's always been music in the family, one way or another, but the minute it shows its head it gets stepped on."

"Uncle Bawley, do you mean you wanted the piano to be your career?"

"Well, I don't know's I looked at it square in the face, like that. But when I got to Europe I studied there with Levenov till they made me come home. Big rumpus, there was. The whole family. You'd thought I wanted to run a roulette wheel or marry a Mexican. Pa got after me. Bick's pa, too. They got me out roping and branding and one thing another. Nothing spoils your hands quicker than that. For piano, I mean.

"Time they got through with me I was lucky if I could play Chopsticks. About that time Brahms was just beginning to catch on, I was crazy about his —Well, you know, you can't fool around with anything like that, I sat there at the piano looking at my fingers, it was like they were tied on with wires. That was when I quit."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley dear!" She was terribly afraid she was going to cry. She looked down at his great sunburned hands, splotched with the vague brown spots of the ageing.

Apologetically he hurried on. "How'd we get onto that! Well, there was Holgado to run and I was picked to run it. Let me tell you something, Leslie. If your kids get a real notion they want to do something, you see to it they do it."

"I will, Uncle Bawley. I promise I will."

"You get Bick to bring you out to Holgado for a nice visit. In the spring it's real pretty. When the Spanish dagger is out. And summers, after the seasonal rains."

"Is it a success? Does Jordan—do you and Jordan think it's successful?"

"Holgado! Why, say, it's the moneymaker of the whole outfit. Course I don't stock all the newfangled stuff Bick goes in for here at Reata. Not that I don't think Bick's a smart boy. There's nothing he don't know about a ranch—horn, hide, and hair." He smiled at her, a singularly sweet and childlike smile. "I ain't talked this much to a woman in years."

"You're just fascinating," Leslie said. "You're wonderful. I love you."

From behind her shoulder came Maudie Lou Placer's high, hard voice. "There are people coming in all the time, they are asking for you. It seems to me that you and Uncle Bawley —well—"

Leslie sprang up. "Oh, Maudie Lou, I am so sorry. I wasn't thinking."

"Really!" said Maudie Lou in her best borrowed Eastern accent.

The big room was now so densely packed that just to elbow a way through it was a physical effort. Nowhere in all this vast desert could one find an oasis of peace and quiet. A clamor of talk here, a rumble of sound from the adjoining rooms and the great hall. She made her way to Bick standing there near the doorway with a group of men. She slid her arm through his.

"I've been talking to Uncle Bawley. He's marvellous."

"Yes. Uncle Bawley's a great guy."

"Jordan, have you eaten anything?"

"Yes. I had some coffee."

"Coffee! You can't live on coffee. I haven't had anything either. Won't you come with me?"

Gently he took her hand from his arm, he shook his head. "One of the girls—Maudie Lou will go with you—here's Adarene, right here." He turned back to the men.

And here was Adarene. "You look kind of funny," said Adarene. "Are you all right?"

Leslie clutched her arm. "Adarene, would they think it was queer if I just went up to rest in my room for a few minutes?"

"Of course not."

"Will you come with me?"

Guiltily they wormed their way through the hall to the stairway up and down which people she never before had seen were purposefully tramping. It was like being in a museum on a free exhibition day. When she opened her own bedroom door would she find a score of strangers there?

"Here we are," said Adarene, and turned the doorknob. The door was locked. The two women stared at each other.

"Who?" demanded Leslie fiercely. "Who is in there?"

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. There was Lupe coming swiftly and soundlessly toward them. In her hand was the cumbersome key that fitted the massive door. Her dark eyes were lively and understanding, she jerked her head meaningfully toward the swarming crowd. The key grated in the lock, she flung the door open.

"Entre, senora." She handed the key to Leslie and vanished, closing the door behind her.

"They're the ones who'll really mourn Luz," Adarene said. "Did you hear them last night?"

"No. Hear what?"

"The Mexicans will have their own mourning ceremonies for her. Lucius and I could hear them last night, long after midnight, down in the barrios, playing the guitar and singing her favorite songs. For weeks they'll be saying rosarios—evening prayers. She was hard on them but she understood them —the older generation anyway —they respected her . . .

"Why don't you lie down and shut your eyes, rest awhile? Do you want Lupe to bring you a cup of tea?"

"Not now. Just to sit here away from the crowd."

Briskly Adarene said. "Anyway, it's given you a chance to meet the State of Texas. Ordinarily it would have taken a newcomer weeks and months and years. They're all here—large and small. Old Texas and new Texas."

"I wish I knew half of what you know," Leslie said. "It would be better for Jordan."

"You were pretty vivacious over there talking to Uncle Bawley, weren't you?"

"I didn't realise."

"You're on exhibition. Uncle Bawley's never been known to talk as long as that to any woman. He's woman shy."

"I didn't mean to be disrespectful to—to Luz. He was enormously interesting."

"Luz was a holy terror and kind of crazy, too. Everybody knows that. But she was Luz Benedict. Madama."

Leslie walked to the window and glanced out between the jalousies and came back and sat at the edge of the bed. She smoothed the coverlet a bit with her hand, a little aimless gesture. Then she lay back and pressed her forearm over her eyes.

"I'm kind of scared."

"No wonder. You've had quite a week. But you'll get used to it. It's the ranch that's got you scared."

"Oh, Adarene—" Leslie began. There was a smart knock at the door. The two women exchanged glances. Leslie stood up. "Maybe it's Jordan . . . Who is it?"

"Girls! Girls, can I come in?" Vashti.

Adarene swore gently under her breath, her eyebrows went up in rueful inquiry. Leslie nodded.

And there, when the great key had been turned, was Vashti bouncing in with the over-eager uncertain look of a little girl who tags along unwanted by her playmates. "I saw you go up and then when you didn't come down I thought, maybe there's something the matter. Is anything the matter?"

"Thank you, Vashti," Leslie said. "Nothing's wrong. I just felt I had to rest a minute."

"I guess," Vashti offered, "you'll be glad when this is all over."

Adarene Morey took charge. "Vashti, stop talking like a dope. Do people usually like to keep a funeral going on around the house?"

Vashti moved about the room humming gently to herself, which was a habit she had—Leslie was later to learn—when she had a bit of gossip to impart. "I guess Jett Rink will be too," she observed airily. "Glad."

"What has Jett Rink to do with it?" Leslie asked, though instinct told her not to.

VASHTI now assumed the air of an aggrieved little girl. "Well, I just meant what they're saying downstairs, the men and all. They're saying around it was Jett got Miss Luz to try riding My Mistake in the first place and it was him said he bet she could put on a hoop skirt like her grammaw and rope anything running in a round-up, and why didn't she do it and ride out just to show you —"

"Me!"

"Well, I'm just saying what they said he said, I don't know. So sure enough what does Luz do but go up to the attic trunks and get out that hoop skirt and a big old Western saddle with a horn like a hitching post. And the minute that horse felt that saddle and glimpsed that hoop skirt he was like possessed it took three to hold him and she hardly'd climbed on Mott said when he was off like mad and they're saying around that after Bick shot the horse, why, Gill noticed there was a kind of funny-looking foam around the horse's mouth—"

"Gill?"

"The vet. The head vet. Gill Dace. He made some tests in the lab and sure enough somebody must have given him something hopped him up, Gill said it was enough to hop up a herd of Longhorns."

Idiotically Leslie muttered, "Don't say him. My Mistake's a filly." But no one heard her.

Adarene Morey attempted to stay the flood. "That's just a lot of stable talk, I don't believe a word of it, anyway Jett Rink wouldn't dare." She thought Leslie looked very odd, feeling around like that for the edge of the chair behind her before sinking down on it.

"He would so. He and Luz hated each other like poison and then when Cora told Luz about her and Jett, why, Luz said she'd turn them both off the ranch, you know the way she wanted to run everybody's business her own way and seemed she couldn't bear for anyone to get married, even if they had to, like Cora, look at the way she behaved about you and Bick—"

Leslie stood up very tall and straight. "Thanks so much for coming up with me, it was sweet of you. I'm going down now. Are you coming?"

"Sure," Vashti agreed briskly. "I just came up to see if I could help. The boys are saying Bick gave Jett ten minutes to get off the ranch and they say he's going to take that piece of land away from him he gave him that time old Rink turned up missing, but he can't do that because Jett was smart, he's got it down on paper it's his. They started a terrible fist fight only if Gill and those hadn't pulled them apart."

Leslie was moving toward the door, she proceeded rather grandly, giving the effect of wearing a long train which definitely was not in evidence. The key turned with a great clunk. She opened the door.

"Petra!" she called above the din below. "Lupe!" She put her hand on Adarene Morey's arm. "Listen. Get hold of Lupe, will you? Tell her—here's the key—to bring here to my bedroom some cold chicken and a bowl of fresh fruit and a pot of hot coffee and some bourbon and ice and a quart of champagne—and if they haven't any champagne in this great arsenal I'll scream my head off."

"They have, honey."

"I'll be back. I'm going to get Jordan."

Downstairs she found him exactly as she had left him, a strangely shrunken giant surrounded by other giants who seemed to have gained in height and breadth in the half hour that had elapsed since last she saw them.

She came close to Bick, she spoke very low in his ear. "Come with me dear."

He shook his head. "No. I'm all right."

She faced the men. "Jordan is exhausted. He hasn't slept or eaten. I'm trying to have him rest before the evening." Appealingly she looked up into those big tan faces. "I feel quite faint myself—but that doesn't matter."

They rallied with a boom "That's right Bick, you go 'long . . . You got to think of yourself and the little girl here . . . Now you mind the missus and go 'long."

Toward the hall, toward the stairway, her hand on his arm. In the hall melee they encountered Uncle Bawley battling his way toward the open outer door. "Uncle Bawley! Where are you going?"

"See you all to-morrow." He dabbed at his eyes. "Crowds aggravate it." They were ascending the stairs when, he came up behind them, he grasped Bick's arm, he jerked a thumb toward Leslie.

"This girl is an unexception," he said earnestly. Was off down the stairs and out of the door.

Lupe had been partially efficient for once; the bowl of fruit was there, the bourbon, a bottle of champagne in a nest of ice.

"What's this?" Bick asked testily.

"This, darling, is what's known as food and drink, and the rest of it will be along in a minute. I hope."

The great brass sun was descending now in the vast tin sky, she opened the jalousies a little, she wished she could open the door so that the Gulf wind would meet the draft that funnelled through the house, and at least move the air with a semblance of coolness.

Bick stumbled into the bathroom as Petra flung open the bedroom door without knocking, a habit that from the first moment Leslie had found maddening.

Petra and Lupe carried trays. She saw with dismay that the chicken she had envisaged as a platter of delicate cold slices in a nest of crisp green was a vast boiled fowl, its huge thighs turned upward, steaming. There was a bowl of hot mashed potatoes and a wet greenish mass that looked like boiled beet tops. These bowls she picked up, one in each hand, and gave them to Petra and Lupe. "Take them. Take them away."

But they shook their heads, they placed the bowls again on the tray; Lupe, the older, spoke in Spanish. Leslie caught a familiar word or two—"patata . . . con carne . . . senor." The senor likes potatoes always with his meat. All right. She smiled, she nodded, she urged them from the room.

The bathroom splashings and puffings had ceased. He emerged, his face seemed clearer, the sagging lines were partly erased.

"What's this?" he asked, viewing the table with distaste.

"It's chicken," she said briskly. "I ordered it cold and they brought it hot. This is potato, I can't imagine why, and that's some sort of dreadful greens. And this is your wife. Remember?"

She came to him, she stood before him, she placed her cool slim hands on his cheeks. He bent his head and kissed her perfunctorily and walked away and seated himself in a chair by the window.

"A drink," she said. "You can have bourbon or you can have champagne, one or the other. You can't have both because one is grain and one is grape and they say you mustn't mix them. The French say so."

He looked down at his hands "The French, huh? They sure ought to know. You're bent on civilising me, aren't you?"

"Champagne, I think," she said, and plunked ice into the glasses to cool them and gave the bottle a twirl. "Bourbon lasts longer but champagne's quicker. Open this, will you, dear?"

"Celebrating, aren't you?" he said his eyes ugly.

I'm going to take over now, she told herself. I'm going to go right straight through, I'm going to jolt him out of this.

"No. I just wanted to make you eat a little and rest a little because if you don't you'll be ill. And because I love you. I wasn't thinking of Luz at the moment."

He passed his hand over his forehead and brought the hand down and wiped its palm on his handkerchief. "I didn't mean —I'm all mixed up to-day."

"But now you've brought it up, the truth is that it was Luz or us. And it is better that it was Luz."

He brought his head down to his two clasped hands. She came to him and knelt on the floor and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Jordan, after this is over and everything is quiet, Jordan darling couldn't we close this house or just use it for guests? Couldn't we open the old house —the little Main House—and live in that, you and I?"

"Why? What for?" He had raised his head. He was listening.

"I like it. It's a house. I'd love to live in it."

He looked around the room now. "What's the matter with this house?"

"It's like living in a big public institution. It's got everything but high stone walls and sentries. It's Alcatraz—without charm. Do you feel sentimental about it?"

At last he was jolted out of his numbness. He stood up as though jerked to his feet. "I hate it. I've always hated it. Ma hated it too. The only person who likes it is—was—Luz." His head drooped again.

Now, she thought. "I want

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our son to be born in the little old house."

"Son!" he shouted.

"It's just bound to be a son. No real Benedict would consider anything but a male first child. And I want him to be born in the house where his father was born."

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The Girls said she ought to get away. "It's fierce here July and August, even for us Texians. Your condition and all, Leslie."

"My condition's fine. Fine and normal, Doctor Tom says. I'm a mass of energy. It's odd—isn't it—but the heat seems to stimulate me in some crazy way."

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Benedict were moving out of the Big House and into the old Main House. The county rocked with the news. Together Bick and Leslie were supervising the reconstruction of the ancient dwelling. But it was Leslie who majored in the project.

Leslie had plans to redecorate and refurnish from eaves to root cellar. She whisked about all day with rainbow-hued swatches of cloth in wool silk canvas felt denim linen chintz dangling from her fingers. She knew exactly what she wanted, her decisions were almost instantaneous, her taste unerring.

Her supercharged energies encompassed Spanish lessons as well. She had dicovered in the town of Benedict a sad-eyed professorial man of middle age who worked in some obscure capacity at the Ranchers and Drovers Bank.

"Pure Spanish," Bick assured Leslie. "Onate's got no Mexican in him. He's as Spanish as Alfonso."

"M-hm," she said musingly. She supplemented the Onate hours with alternate lessons in the more colloquial Mexican-Spanish, lessons given her by the new schoolteacher who ruled in Cora Dart's place.

"Senor Onate's Castillian Spanish is all very nice in Madrid court circles, but I notice that when I go lisping around the Mexicans don't know what I'm talking about. Though all you need to do, really, is to speak Texan."

"What d'you mean, Texan?"

"Even if you don't know a word of Spanish you can't talk to anyone in Texas five minutes without using words borrowed from the Spanish. Or Mexican. How about Reata! Retama. Remuda. Corral. Ranchero. Stampede. Mesa. Canyon. Rodeo. Sombrero. Pinto. Bronco. Thousands of words."

"Well, naturally. Everybody knows that." He regarded her fondly. "You really feeling all right, Leslie?"

"Simply superb. And so do you."

He laughed. "Me!" Well, that's different. I'm not exactly —uh—"

"Yes you are, in a way. Because you're in love with me and I'm in love with you. It's a biological fact that two people in love—"

"All right all right! Suits me fine. Say no more." His arms about her, his vital being engulfing her.

Leslie and Vashti now had a common bond. These first weeks of pregnancy were not, however, flattering to Vashti. Panting and uncomfortable, Vashti eyed her neighbor with an expression as near resentment as her placid features could convey.

"Lookit the way you look, and then me. It's made you pretty, almost, your complexion and eyes and all."

"Never mind," Leslie comforted her. "We'll both look worse before we're better."

But Vashti, moist and lumpy, was a disconsolate heap in one of Leslie's bedroom chairs. She sipped her ubiquitous coffee.

"It's all I can do to sit up, let alone run around the way you do. Run run run with all those samples and stuff. What do you want to go and live in the little Main House for anyway, honey? All these lovely rooms here in the Big House, it's a palace."

"Palaces have gone out. Like the people who used to live in them."

Chip-chip clink-clink hammer-hammer went the tools of the workmen as they pierced the rocklike clay walls of the old Main House, transforming small dark rooms into luxurious bathrooms, adding servants' quarters, devising closet space, building the wide verandah that Leslie stubbornly insisted would be like an outdoor dwelling added to the house itself.

"I won't sit indoors all day, like a cave dweller. And it will be cool, with this everlasting breeze, if we shade it and plant a sun shield of trees, and lots of vines, and have everything cool canvas in pale greens and pinks and blues. They do it in the tropics. Why not Texas!"

The old house had originally been built by slow hand labor, its stone-and-adobe walls were two feet thick, even the fierce shafts of the brush-country summer sun could not pierce this century-old fastness. It was cooler than the Big House ever had been.

Luz Benedict gone. Jett Rink gone. Cora Dart gone. Harmony. Peace. Home.

Not gradually, but quite suddenly, she felt that she belonged. She was part of the community. Her unabated curiosity about every aspect of Reata Ranch life and the life of the town and the country and the far-flung state itself was a source of mingled amusement and irritation to Bick.

He would greet her with a groan and, "Here's that Why Girl again," when she appeared at unexpected moments in unlikely places: when he and Gill Dace, the chief vet, were deep in some bovine experiment at the ranch lab; or in the midst of one of the rare sales of choice Benedict breeding bulls, attended by only the most serious and solvent stock breeders within a radius of five hundred miles.

In the evening Bick would say, "Look honey, what did you want to come down to the tent for! That's no place for a woman. In your condition."

"My condition's simply elegant. Anyway Luz used to take part in all that, didn't she?"

A muscle in his cheek twitched. "That was different."

"I'll never huddle in the harem and nibble poppy seed and sew a fine seam. You knew I was a nosy girl when you married me. I didn't deceive you, sir. From the first moment we met I couldn't have been more unpleasant."

"True, true," he murmured. "I only married you because I hoped I could slap you around and bully you into being my ideal little woman."

"Your mistake. You're stuck with it. Anyway, you know you're crazy about me."

Half in earnest, "Only your grosser side. That fine mind you inherited from your father is pretty repulsive. In a woman, that is."

"It'll come in handy when we're old gaffer and gammer."

Up and down the ranch. In and out of Benedict. The tradesmen and the townspeople recognised her and greeted her in open friendly Texas fashion. She drove her own car now, for short distances. The workings of the little town, the pattern of its life, of the country life, of the Texas way of living and thinking, began to open up before her observant eye and her keen absorbent mind.

"Jordan, what are those streams of old broken-down trucks and cars that go through town with loads of Mexicans? Men and women and boys and girls and even little children. Swarms of them."

"Workers."

"Workers at what?"

"Oh, depends on the time of the year. Cotton pickers. And vegetables and fruit. In the Valley."

"Where do they come from?"

"If they're Mexicans they come from Mexico. Even a bright girl like you can figure that out."

"And when everything's picked where do they go?"

"Back to Mexico, most of them. A few sometimes hide out and stay, but they're usually rooted out and tossed back."

"Where do they live while they're here, with all those children and everything? What are they paid?"

"Leslie!"

"I just want to know, darling. This is all an everyday bore to you but I'm brand-new, everything's different and strange to me. I can't help it. I am that way."

"I don't know. Very little. Couple of dollars. Whatever they're paid, it's more than they'd get at home in Mexico."

"Where do they live?"

"Camps. And don't you go near, they're a mass of dysentery and TB and every foul thing. You stay away. Hear me!"

"But if you know that why don't you stop it! Why don't you make them change it!"

"I'm no vegetable farmer, I'm no cotton grower. I'm a cowman. Remember?"

"What's that got to do with it! You're a Texan. You've been a great big rich powerful Texan for a hundred years. You're the one to fix it."

BICK shook his head. "No, thank you very much."

"Then I will."

"Leslie." His face was ominous, his eyes stared at her cold with actual dislike. "If you ever go near one of those dumps—if I ever heard of you mixing into this migratory mess—"

"What'll you do?"

"I swear I'll leave you."

"You can't leave Reata. And to get me out you'd have to tie me up and put me in a trunk or something. And I wouldn't stay put. I'd come back. I'll never leave you. I love you. Even when you glare at me like that."

"And you'd look fine, barging around stuff that's none of your business."

He clumped out of the room, she heard the high-heeled boots clattering down the hall, the slam of the door, horse's hoofs on sun-baked earth.

He's gone, Where? Not far. Gill Dace. The Dietz'. Old Polo. If Luz were alive he'd be rushing to her. And she'd tell him he's right, he's always right. Should I do that? You're a wife your uh individuality should be submerged in the I don't believe it I can't I must be myself or I am nothing and better dead.

I'm not going to sit home and drink coffee and talk talk talk and play bridge in a Southwest harem the rest of my life Jordan was really furious this time I suppose I really am a kind of nuisance to him my darling Jordan. It is still early morning who will drive with me? Vashti. No. The new schoolteacher that Miss Minto, no. Besides, she has to teach school don't be silly.

"I'll go alone," she said aloud. "Why not! After all, the Valley lies just the other side of Nopal, it won't take more than two or three hours."

In her shining little car in her neat silk dress, exhilarated and slightly short of breath from excitement she tooled along the wide bright road in the wide bright morning. Through Benedict, familiar now, past the fences and fences that were still Reata, into the grey-white somnolent little town of Nopal. The office of Fidel Gomez. That was the thing. He was the one to take her to a camp. He brought them in in droves. Let him explain what it was that Jordan didn't want her to see.

A woman in a black rebozo came toward her. Leslie stopped her car, she leaned out and called in her stumbling Spanish, "Oficina Senor Fidel Gomez. Favor de—uh—decirme."

The woman looked at her, she looked away, she muttered, "No no comprendo," she walked on.

A man then. A small dark man with a resigned suffering face and greying hair in the black. "Favor de decirme Oficina Senor Fidel Gomez?" The man stopped dead, his eyes swivelled past her, he shrugged, he hurried swiftly on.

Well. What was the matter with everybody! Or what was the matter with her Spanish, more likely, she decided. Perhaps he didn't have an office. He had been hanging around outside that wineshop or whatever it was that last time. Maybe that was the place. But Jordan wouldn't like that, her going there. She would just park outside and blow the horn. Up one dusty little street and down another. Bodega. There, that was it.

At the second blast of the horn, a figure leaned far out of the doorway and it was magically Fidel Gomez. Leslie decided not to try a lot of favor de this time.

"Come here, Mr. Gomez."

With a nervous backward glance he came forward, removing his great hat. As before, she noted that his eyes were wide with apprehension.

"I am Mrs. Jordan Benedict. Remember?"

"Senora, can you ask—"

"Yes, well, I was talking to my husband this morning and I told him I wanted to see one of the camps—you know—where the Mexicans work—the pickers I mean. Where they live. Will you get in and we'll drive to one? You'll have to show me the way."

He shook his head, smiling as one would gently chide a child. "No, senora, you would not want to go there."

"But I do."

"I will first telephone. I will call your husband."

Briskly, "He isn't home. He's—he's away out on the range or whatever you call it, somewhere. Get in the car, Mr. Gomez."

Fidel Gomez pointed to a large bright scarlet automobile blazing proudly under the rays of the Southwest sun. "My automobile is there."

"Oh. Well?"

"If you will permit I will drive before you and you will please to follow me. We will stop at my house if you will honor me and my wife. We will drink coffee."

"No! Really no. I don't drink much coffee—"

Very gravely, "It is ten o'clock. My wife will be honored. She will, of course, come with us."

He bowed now, he entered his car and preceded her, a small solemn procession, down the street.

The Gomez house was a neat square white box. Mrs. Fidel Gomez was a neat square dark box. Mrs. Gomez spoke absolutely no English, the Coyote informed Leslie when she tried to assure Mrs. Gomez that coffee was not necessary and that Mrs. Gomez' presence on this expedition was not necessary.

"My wife is happy to accompany us," Fidel Gomez assured Leslie. "She is honored. She will come with us. First we will have coffee."

In Mrs. Gomez' round olive Latin-American face and in Mrs. Gomez' round black eyes Leslie detected a faint flash of Anglo-American wifely resentment. She then vanished while Leslie, in a quiet fury, and the Coyote in a pattern of correct Mexican etiquette, sat on the edges of their chairs and conversed.

"I am interested in everything that is Texas," Leslie babbled, feeling foolish. "And Mexican, of course. Whole families in those trucks. Ever babies and old men and women. They can't work, can they? Children of seven or eight, they seemed."

"Excuse me," said the Coyote. "One moment only."

"It's no use your telephoning my husband. He's not there."

"Excuse me. One moment only."

When he returned, "What are they paid?" she asked relentlessly.

Mrs. Gomez appeared, carrying a tray. She had changed from her neat house dress to a tight and formal black. They drank the strong black sweet coffee eyeing one another over the cups' edges, crooking their little fingers, fuming and smiling.

He is being correct, Leslie realised. He is following an absolutely correct plan of conduct for a coyote toward a Benedict. He is just trying to take up time for some reason. Jordan.

Abruptly she rose. "I am going now. If you wish to come with me, come. But you needn't. I can find a camp alone."

At a word from him Mrs. Gomez gathered the cups and in stately silence carried them away. A moment later the three stood facing the two cars by the roadside.

"Would you and Mrs. Gomez like to ride with me? Or—" She sensed there was some sort of protocol here.

The stiff and unconvincing smile still on his face. "It will be more comfortable for you if my wife and I drive in my car to show you the way. You will follow in your car. In that way—"

Each in the burning-hot seat of a car. Off. A mile, two three four. There was the Gomez hand flipping a stop signal at the left of the red car. And there was a desolate trampled piece of land by the roadside. And there were the broken camp shacks and the sheds. A low-slung crawling dog, lean as a snake. No human thing moved in the camp.

Fidel Gomez came around the back of his car and stood at the door of Leslie's car as it stopped. "It's not worth to get out," he said. "There is no person there."

"Why not?"

"What is here is working, picking. The season here is near the end."

Sharply she jerked the brake, locked the car. "I'm going to get out and see the place."

Her challenging eyes met his flat depthless black ones and in that instant she saw two little red points leap at the centre of his pupils. Two little red devils, she told herself. How strange. I've never seen that before. She stepped out, shook her rumpled skirts.

She walked down into the roadside ditch and up the other side and into the smothering dust of the bare field. Now she saw that there were ragged small tents beyond the sagging sheds. She walked swiftly toward the nearest shed. She heard his footsteps just behind her. She peered into the splintered shelter. Empty. A mattress or two on the floor; blankets too spread there as though the sleepers had risen from them and left them as they were; some sagging collapsible beds. Two or three rusty stoves, open and unlighted, stood in the open field.

"You see," came the voice of Fidel Gomez, "there is no one, they are all busily at work in their jobs."

Gingerly, and feeling somehow embarrassed, she peered into one of the ragged gap tents. A woman lay on a mattress on the ground. Squatting on her haunches at the side of the mattress was an old woman.

The two looked wordlessly, without a sign of resentment, at the chic silken figure that held aside the open tent flap.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Please excuse me," Leslie murmured idiotically. And stood there, staring. Then, over her shoulder to Gomez, "There someone here. Please tell them in Spanish I'm sorry to have—I mean intruding like this—"

"I speak English," said the girl on the mattress.

"Oh, how nice!" Leslie said. "Are you ill?"

"I have had a baby," the girl said.

"How lovely!" Leslie said.

"He is dead," the girl said.

Leslie took a step forward and let the tent flap fall, so that she stood within and Gomez outside. The heat under the canvas was stifling. "When?"

"Last night." Then, at the look in Leslie's eyes, "They took him away this morning, early, before my husband went to work, and the others."

"Let me help you. Let me— Where is your home? Are you Mexican?"

"I am American," the girl said.

"I have my car here. If you're able—could I somehow take you home? I'd be glad to help. You and your . . . mother?"

"My home is Rayo. Near the border. There is no one there. We are all here, working. This" —with a little gesture of formality—"is the mother of my husband."

"Working," Leslie repeated dully. She began to feel strange and unreal. "Who?"

"All of us. To-morrow I will work, or the next day. My husband and my brother and my husband's brother and my sister and my husband's mother."

She had to know. "How

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much? What do they pay you?" She heard a little stir outside the tent.

The girl did not seem to find the question offensive or even unusual, she answered with the docility of one who never has known privacy. "Together it is six dollars a week."

"All?"

"Sure all."

Leslie opened her smart white handbag. Sick with shame at what she was doing. A crumpled little roll of bills there — ten — twenty — she didn't know. Miserably she stepped forward, she stooped and placed it on the mattress.

"Please," she said. "For the baby. I—please don't mind."

The girl said nothing. The old woman said nothing. Abruptly Leslie turned and stumbled through the tent flap into the blinding sunshine, she bumped into the man standing close to the flap but she went on unheeding until a stench that was like a physical blow made her recoil. There were the open latrines, fly-covered, an abomination beneath the noonday sun.

The early-morning quarrel, the drive, the shock, the heat, the stench now gathered themselves tightly together like a massive clenched fist to deal Mrs. Jordan Benedict an effective blow to the diaphragm. She was violently sick on the dust-covered scabland.

Delicately Fidel Gomez turned away.

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No, he had not come in at midday, they told her. But then, he rarely did. White and shaking, she put herself to bed. She lay there in the heat of the day, quivering a little now and then with an inexplicable chill. She dozed a little. Words drifted through a mist. "I have had a baby." "How lovely!" "He is dead." Leslie turned over on her elbow and began to cry, ceased to cry and fell asleep.

She awoke refreshed, she bathed, she dressed herself in one of her trousseau tea gowns. She read and listened. She wrote a letter and listened. The crude clangor of the dinner gong. The voices of guests in the hall, the tap-tap of high-heeled boots. He had not come up and when she went downstairs, her head high her spirits low, he was not there.

They sat at dinner, eleven in all, she could see the doorway and the great hall beyond but he did not come and she ate quite a surprising dinner and talked and listened and said I hope you will excuse me I have been a little not really ill but under the Texas weather. With a society laugh.

Back in her room she took up her book but a slow hard hot kernel of anger was forming in her vitals. I really hate him, she said. I hate all of it. I loathe and despise it. She leaned back and looked straight ahead, her eyes wide and staring. She relaxed, slowly. She slept again, worn out by emotion and the heat.

When she awoke Bick was seated across the room. He was looking at her, his arms hanging loosely on either side, his legs sprawled. In silence they stared at each other. She stood up. He stood up. They came together, they were not conscious of having walked or run or even moved. They were together. She could not be near enough.

"Closer," she demanded insistently. "Closer, closer." Flushed and dishevelled then she lay in his arms. "That Gomez telephoned?"

"Yes."

"What's so terrible about it! What's so terrible about going to look at a Mexican work camp?"

"Sh! Never mind. I talked to Adarene."

"Here?"

"No, Dallas. I called her. She thinks you're due for a change. So do I. Let's go up to Holgado for a few days."

"Oh, Jordan! When?"

"Right away. Adarene said they could start to-morrow, if we can. But I said day after to-morrow."

Her disappointment was like a knife thrust. "Can't we go alone, just you and I? It would be so wonderful if we could go alone."

"It would. I know. But there are a lot of things I've got to talk to Lew about. Luz' will and a lot of things. He knows the whole family set-up. And Vashti and Pinky are—"

"No, no, no! Please! Not the Snyths too!"

"It's ranch business, honey. I thought we'd drive as far as San Antonio. The Moreys will come down from Dallas and meet us there. I don't want you to take a long trip by automobile. From there we'll go by train."

Before they slept she told him of her day at Nopal. It was cleansing to her, like a confessional, until he said: "But it's got nothing to do with us."

"But it has! It is us!"

Sadly, almost desperately, he said, "Are you going to keep on being like that? Are you always going to be like that?"

"Always," she said.

.

There at the little station was Uncle Bawley towering yet blending into the landscape like the mountains themselves. Leslie walked toward Uncle Bawley, she did not extend her hand to him she kept on walking and quite naturally walked into his arms and stayed there a moment with a feeling of having come home to someone she had known for a long long time.

"Well, there's something Holgado never saw before," Bick said. "Uncle Bawley with his arms around a girl."

"If I'd known it was so easy," Uncle Bawley said ruefully, "I'd of started earlier."

They piled into the waiting car, a glittering costly thing, elegant and sleek as Uncle Bawley's boots, but even the women recognised it as a model of vintage make. Over the roads at a fearsome Texas speed. The air seemed a visible opalescent shimmer, there was about it a heady coolness, dry and bracing as a Martini.

Leslie gazed about her.

"I don't wish to seem too annoying, but I am going to take a number of very deep breaths." In the middle of one of these she stopped and pointed dramatically as they sped along. "They're real mountains!"

"What did you think they were? Cream puffs?" Bick said.

"I mean they're high. They're really mountains."

Bick produced statistics. "Baldy's over seven thousand feet. Sawtooth's almost eight."

Seen from the road as they approached it, Holgada seemed a village in itself, a collection of adobe houses, whitewashed, squatting on the plain. But presently the main house took on dimensions, sprawling like the old Main House at Benedict in a series of rooms and patios. Here were the offices, the bedrooms, the dining-room, the big living-room whose waxed and shining tiles were strewn with Mexican rugs and the skins of mountain lions.

Though here, as at Benedict, stuffed animal heads complete with horns, manes, fangs, and ferocious eyes glared down from the walls upon the beholder, Leslie could regard them impersonally. They seemed to suit this house and region.

"You have some coffee on the train?" Uncle Bawley asked. "Breakfast is ready any time you are. You folks probably want to go to your rooms first—you girls specially."

The thick-walled house was incredibly cool, no sunlight penetrated the deep window embrasures. Neat white bedrooms opened off a neat white gallery; neat white bathrooms, a neat Mexican chambermaid a neat Mexican waitress, a neat black male cook in a very starched white apron and towering chef's cap.

"Well!" Leslie exclaimed coming into the cool dining-room and feeling strangely fresh and gay considering the journey and the hour. "You pioneer Benedicts certainly rough it. What's that heavenly smell?"

"Ham and eggs and biscuits and steak and fried potatoes is my guess," Bick said, "if I know Uncle Bawley. And probably sausages and pancakes and maybe chicken."

"No, I mean an outside smell. I got it as I came along the verandah. A lovely scent, fresh and sweet."

"We had mountain showers," Uncle Bawley said. "That's the smell of wet greasewood and pinon and grass, it's a nicer smell than any French perfume."

In came the steaming breakfast dishes in fantastic profusion, they were ranged on the long side table against the dining-room wall.

"Oh, how lovely and lavish!" Leslie said. "Do you think it's the altitude makes me feel so gay?"

"Let's say it's that and the company," Bick suggested. "And maybe Uncle Bawley's coffee, it's notorious, they say a pound to a cup is his rule."

"No such thing, it only tastes like that because up here folks are already pepped up with the air," Uncle Bawley said. "Down in the brush country you got to hop yourself up with coffee to keep going."

"By now, Leslie," Adarene Morey explained, "you've probably noticed that West Texans look down on East Texans, and South Texans think nothing of the Panhandle crowd up north. Central Texas snoots the whole four corners, and the only time they all get together is when an outsider belittles the entire State."

Blandly Lucius Morey inquired, "Bawley you're going to show Leslie and the girls your house, aren't you?"

"You well know I ain't."

"But isn't this your house?" Leslie asked.

"It's my house. But I don't live in it." He pointed past the verandah to an adobe house perched on a little rise a hundred feet back from the main house. A rather shabby old structure, its verandah slightly off plumb, its windows curtainless. "That's the house I live in."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley, do let me see it. You must have wonderful things in it."

A shout went up.

Bewildered, Leslie looked from one to the other. "Jordan, have I said something?"

"No, honey. I thought I'd told you that no woman has ever set foot in Uncle Bawley's house, even to clean it."

"Especially not to clean it," Uncle Bawley corrected.

It was more than five years later that Leslie finally saw this male retreat in which old Bawley Benedict nursed his loneliness and unfulfilment; this welter of newspapers, saddles, boots, saddle soap, pipes, gourds, trophies, pans, massive silver punch bowls, empty peach tins, time-stained copies of the Breeder's Gazette.

Five years later, when Jordy was four and Luz three a female entered this sanctum. Leslie had taken the two children up to Holgado for the cool air and the altitude. The three-year-old Luz was missing one frantic afternoon. There was a galloping here and there by cowboys, a calling and a searching before they came upon her. She had made her way up the little hill to Uncle Bawley's house, and there they found her rummaging ecstatically amongst the heaped-up scraps and piles of waste like a sparrow in the dust of the road.

Now Leslie was never to forget these first ten days at Holgado. The clear lightness of the air exhilarated her after the humid heat of the Gulf Coast country. The mountain showers seemed to bring up from the earth a sweet freshness, reticent but haunting.

"It smells like white freesias," Leslie said.

"None of those around here," Uncle Bawley said, "and I don't know's I'm familiar with that brand of flower. But we've got a blossom up here comes out in the spring. It's called the Spanish dagger on account of the sharp spikes of the plant. To my notion it's about the prettiest flower there is anywhere."

He paused, then went on: "If you can liken a person to a flower, why, I'd say you put me in mind of the Spanish-dagger flower, Leslie."

This compliment delighted her, she repeated it to Bick that first evening when, red-eyed and yawning, he came to their room where she was sitting up in bed, reading.

"Jordan, what do you think? Uncle Bawley is turning into a ladies' man. He told me about the Spanish-dagger flower and he said he thought is was the loveliest flower in the world. And then—pardon my pointing he said I was like the flower. How's that for a misogynist!"

"Uh-huh. He meant spikes and all, I suppose?"

SPIRITEDLY, Leslie said, "I hope so. Who wants to be merely white and sweet, like a blancmange."

The first evening after the very good dinner, and on each succeeding evening, the four men gathered into the tightest of knots in one corner of the great living-room. Their talk was low-voiced but their tone had the timbre of intensity. Occasionally a word wafted itself over to the three semi-deserted women. Election . . . commissioner . . . tax . . . district . . . oil . . . Congress . . . Gomez . . . precinct.

After three evenings of this Leslie drifted casually across the room and sat down on the couch beside Bick. Conversation ceased.

"Aren't you men being a bit too cosy?"

Bick's left ear, she noticed, was a brighter pink than usual. "This is ranch stuff, Leslie. Business."

"How fascinating! I'll listen. And learn a lot."

Lucius Morey leaned toward her, he patted her knee in a strangely paternal gesture for a man of his years. "Now now you don't want to fret your head about such talk."

Bicks' voice was flat and hard. "This isn't only business. It's politics. Men's stuff."

"But darling, I was brought up on politics," she told him. "You lads talk as if you hadn't heard that women have the vote. Jordan, you know our house was crammed with political talk and career men. Go on. Talk. I love it."

They were absolutely dumb. Uncle Bawley broke the silence. "My, that's a pretty dress your wearing Leslie."

In disappointment she looked at him. "You too, Uncle Bawley!"

The gaze of the handsome old wreck of a giant met hers and to her amazement his faded blue eyes suddenly were deeply blue-black with the burning intensity of a young male in love.

Leslie stood up. She was furious she was confused.

"You men ought to be wearing leopard skins and carrying clubs and living in caves. You date back a hundred thousand years. Politics! What's so dirty about your politics that I can't hear it. Gomez! Jett Rink! Gill Dace! And all of you. Smiling and conniving—"

Bick Benedict rose, he seemed to tower above her. "Leslie, you're not well—"

"I am well!" she told him. "I'm well in body and I'm well in mind. But mildew is going to set in. I can feel it. That slimy white sticky stuff that creeps into all the corners and closets down there unless you open the doors and windows and let the sun in."

Feeling rather triumphant though strangely shaky she walked across the room to where the two women sat.

Uncle Bawley called, "What do you girls say we have a sunrise breakfast to-morrow, ride up into the hills? And I'll cook."

Vashti's childlike squeal: "Ooh! I'd love it! Let's."

"Well, then, you girls better get your beauty sleep," Pinky said. "Or we won't be able to rout you out come daybreak."

Shrewdly Leslie called to him over her shoulder," Yes, send the idiot children to bed so that you massive brains can talk in peace."

The men managed a tolerant laugh but Leslie hoped she detected in it a touch of malaise.

Adarene again began to ply her needle, in and out, in and out. She did not look up. "If you think anything you can say will make a dent in the tough hide of Texas."

"I'd like to crack their skulls together like coconut shells."

"Look, Leslie, just pay them no mind. It's the elections coming up this autumn. With Luz dead and Jett Rink off the place and that Fidel Gomez getting uppity they say, there are lots of important things to straighten out. I heard that Jett Rink was trying to make trouble with the ranch hands."

"What's that got to do with elections?"

Adarene took three or four careful stitches. "You've never seen one of our elections, have you? Sometimes it gets sort of —uh—dramatic. The Mexican vote is pretty important."

Vashti looked up. "It's real exciting at election. They lock the gates and guard the fences, nobody can get out."

"Who can't?"

"Everybody. The Mexicans. The ranch hands."

"Vashti. Us—look, Adarene. You two girls forget sometimes that I'm new to Texas. I love to know about things. They lock the gates so people can't get out at election time. Why?"

In a tone of elaborate patience, as one would speak to a backward child, Vashti said, "So they'll vote right, of course, honey. So they won't go out and get mixed up with somebody'll tell 'em wrong. This way they vote like they're told to vote."

"Told by—who tells them?"

"Depends. Our place it's pa and two or three behind him. And now Pinky too, of course."

"Of course. And at Reata, who?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't pay much attention to men's stuff like elections and so on."

Adarene Morey stood up. "Girls, I think I'll go to bed, get my beauty sleep if we're going to get up before dawn. How about you, Vashti?"

"I ain't really sleepy. It's this mountain air and all, I guess."

"Listen a minute, Vashti," Leslie asked quickly. "What offices do they vote for? Local? State? National?"

"H'm? Oh. I don't know rightly. Do you Adarene? *Commissioners*, I guess. Anyway, for around here. Of course everybody is tied up with the ranchers, miles and miles around. Why, they wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for us, it's their living, hauling cattle, working cattle, supplies and stuff and all that goes with it. Then of course Roady being in Washington and all.

"I don't know, don't ask me, Pinky says I'm a fool about stuff like that. Why'n't you ask Bick? I'd like a sandwich, wouldn't you girls? Let's raid the icebox."

Leslie glanced toward the four men. Their heads were close together, their voices low. "No, I think I'll take Adarene's advice and go to bed. And read."

Adarene laid a hand lightly on Leslie's arm. "Stop looking like Lady Macbeth, honey. Take Texas the way Texas takes bourbon. Straight. It goes down easier."

"All I know is," Vashti now was prattling on, "Mott says less'n ten years from now about six men'll be running the whole of Texas. Gabe Target he says, and Ollie Whiteside if he gets judge, and Lew and a course Bick and Pinky—Mott, I mean."

At ten o'clock Leslie, reading in bed, smelled the scent of coffee, the State nightcap. She must have dozed a bit for suddenly Bick was in the room, he was pulling off his boots with a little grunt.

"Jordan! I must have dropped off like a dozy old lady. It's this heavenly air."

Bick Benedict did not reply. He regarded his bride with a hard and hostile eye. She had closed her book, one finger inserted to keep her place. He's angry, she told herself, because I wanted to hear the talk. And I suppose I wasn't very polite.

"Sorry about my cave-man speech, darling. I'll apologise to-morrow to the others, first thing."

"That's big of you." He came to the foot of the bed and stood glaring at her. "You certainly distinguished yourself this evening."

"Sh! Jordan! They can hear every word in every room along this verandah."

"That's fine. And we heard every word you said in there too, to-night. Dirty politics! And we date back a hundred thousand years! Who do you think you are! Joan of Arc or something!"

She held her breath as the words rang through the little stark white bedroom. "I said I'm sorry about the name-calling. It was impolite. But in principle I was right."

"You come down here and try to tell us how to run the ranch! And the town! And the state! I swear I think you're crazy! Insulting my friends. You're my wife, you're Mrs. Jordan Benedict. When are you going to settle down and behave like everybody else!"

She got out of bed then and stood facing him, the book still in her hand, pressed against the lace at her breast. "Never."

They stood glaring at each other. Automatically his hand came up. He stared down at it. Dropped it to his side.

"I almost hit you."

"I know. My darling."

"You're running around in your bare feet. Cold."

"It doesn't matter."

"Get back into bed."

Shivering she crept between the covers. He turned out the light.

Silence in the little room, silence in all the little rooms, silence in the dark fragrant Texas night so full of turmoil and unrest and conflict.

"Oh, Jordan, I wish we could live up here in the mountains. I wish we could stay up here and Uncle Bawley could run Reata. Couldn't he? Couldn't he?"

"Get this. If you can understand anything that isn't Virginia and pink coats and hunt dinners and Washington tea parties. Just get this. I run Reata. I run Holgado. I run the Humedo Division and Los Gatos too and a lot you've never heard of. I run every-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383830

thing and everyone that has the Reata brand on it."

"Does that include me?"

"Dramatising yourself, like a cheap movie." Silence again. He spoke, his resentment hung almost a palpable thing in the darkness. "Tired. The hardest kind of day's work doesn't wear me down like ten minutes of this wrangling. I'm not used to it."

"You're not used to marriage . . . Jordan, who was it said that thing about power? Papa used to quote it. He said—"

"Papa, papa! Forget papa, will you!"

She lay very still, concentrating. The cool still fragrant mountain night. Suddenly she sat bolt upright. Her low, vibrant voice hung in the darkness.

"Power corrupts. That's it. I can't remember who said it. An English statesman, I think. He said power corrupts. And absolute power corrupts absolutely."

But he did not hear her. He was asleep.

.

The boy was named Jordan. Jordan Benedict IV. It became Jordy for short in order not to confuse him with his father, Jordan III.

Bick Benedict's happiness was touching to see. "But he's no Benedict," Bick said, regarding the black-haired dark-eyed morsel. "He's his mother's son. I've been cancelled out of the whole transaction."

"You're just disappointed because he didn't turn out to be that perfect Hereford-Kashmir bull calf you've been trying to produce."

A month later Vashti Hake Snyth presented Pinky with twin daughters. She named the plump girl babies Yula Belle and Lulu Belle. As they grew in length and width and attained young girlhood they were fated to be known to the undazzled swains for 500 miles in every direction as the Cow Belles.

Vashti's plan for at least one of these stolid morsels was confided with her usual subtlety to Bick and Leslie. "Your Jordy'll have to marry one of 'em, stands to reason. No crawling out of it this time, with two of them waiting."

"Both or nothing," Bick said.

To Bick Leslie said, not altogether humorously, "Vashti as my Jordy's mother-in-law! I'd send him to Tibet, rather, and have him brought up a lama in a lamasery."

"Don't you worry. Jordan Benedict Fourth is going to be a tough Texas cowman. Nobody'll have to tell him where to head in. He'll take care of himself."

Jordy Benedict was scarcely a month old when his father gave him his first reata, his boots, his Stetson, his saddle, all initialled all stamped with the Reata brand. As he outgrew the tiny boots expressly made for him fresh ones were ordered, exquisitely soft bits of leather fashioned by the hands of the craftsman Ildefonso Mezo.

At three, arrayed in full cowboy regalia, the boy had been lifted to the horse's back. Bick himself had set him there, had placed the reins in the baby fingers, had remained alongside, mounted on his own horse while Leslie stood by tense with fear. The child had sat a moment in frozen silence, his eyes wide, his mouth an open oval of terror. Suddenly he broke, he began to slip off the saddle, he screamed to be taken down. Down! Down!

Bick was disgusted. "I rode before I could walk."

"He's only a baby," Leslie said, her arms about the screaming child.

"He's a Benedict and I'm going to make a horseman out of him if I have to tie him to do it."

"Suppose he doesn't like sitting in the saddle from morning to night. If there's something else he wants to do I won't care if he can't tell a horse from a cow. There are important things in the world outside Reata. Even outside Texas!"

"Not to me."

"I think you actually mean that."

"You're right, I do."

Three months, four, six, seven. She began to plan a Virginia visit. "It's been almost a year and a half. I can hardly believe it. Jordy'll be all grown up before they see him."

"Why don't they all come here for a visit?" Bick suggested.

"I wrote them. But papa can't get away just now. Lacey's got a beau who isn't safe to leave, she says. Mama alone?"

"You're right." Hastily.

"I feel so—I don't know—kind of listless and no appetite and this morning—" She stopped, struck by a sudden shattering suspicion.

Doctor Tom had made the suspicion a reality.

"No!" Leslie, appalled, had rejected the diagnosis. "I can't! Jordy's only seven months old!"

"Everything grows fast in Texas. You're a healthy young woman. It'll be all right, Leslie. If this one's a girl you'll have a nice start toward a real family, all in about two years." Doctor Tom regarded her with keen kind eyes. "It's better this way. Something—two somethings—real and important to tie you to Texas."

Bick had been startled, then hilarious. "I'll consent to a girl this time, just to show you I'm no pasha."

Half laughing half crying, "I'm like one of the Mexican brides. I haven't even had a chance to wear my trousseau dresses. They'll be museum pieces."

"Give them to the Mexican girls around the house," Bick told her.

"Mama would sue." A terrible thought struck her. "Now I can't go home."

"Next year then honey. In triumph. With two babies."

She felt irritable, restless. "I wish I could dress up and sit at a restaurant table and hear some music. And even dance, perhaps. I look awful. I hear that dresses are longer and waistlines shorter and the boyish bob is out. I feel like a squaw."

"I can't get away for a long trip now. Tell you what, let's run down to Viento and stay at the Hake for a couple of days."

"Hake. If it's anything like —"

"It's quite a hotel. Music and the Seville Room and hostesses and a gold-and-marble lobby, all new. Besides, this is Fiesta week down there."

The Vientecito trip was quite a success. Leslie was amazed at the natural beauty of the thriving little city, perched on the high bluff overlooking Vientecito Bay and the Gulf of Mexico beyond.

"It's dazzling!" she exclaimed as she and Bick drove along the miles of water front. "In any other country in the world it would be a Riviera, with casinos and beaches and restaurants and all that dreadful stuff. Miles and miles and miles of water front! Jordan, let's get out and walk."

"Walk! What for?"

"What does anybody walk for!"

"I never could figure out."

The long promenade was strangely deserted, even the Fiesta crowds only drove briskly by, staring at the brilliant expanse of rolling waters. Boats bobbed at the piers, sails glinted against the horizon. The man and woman walked alone, two figures against the background of sky and water. The wind blew, it whipped you along if you went with it or buffeted you if you went against it, there was none of the exhilarating salty tang of ocean air.

Leslie drew in a few experimental deep breaths. Nothing happened.

"Had enough?" Bick asked.

"Why doesn't it make me feel terrific?"

"Uh—how would you like to go out in one of the boats? I always keep a boat here and so does Roady."

"Boat. Oh, I think boats aren't the thing for me just now."

The bright thriving city was in gala dress. Plump matrons in fringed silk shawls and high combs and mantillas, mahogany giants in costumes that were an impartial mixture of late Texas and early buccaneer thronged the streets, the Hake lobby.

Mexican food was dispensed at street corners, signs worded in Spanish proclaimed this attraction or that, there was a gigantic parade which Bick and Leslie and an assortment of unexpected guests (true to the state custom) watched from the windows of the big Benedict suite.

Float after float rumbled past. Men and women in satins and sombreros astride creamy palominos. The horses, glinting in the sun, looked like mythical creatures in a child's fairy tale. Skittish quarter horses prancing and sidling. False ferocious moustaches and beards, grandees in goatees.

"You all right, Leslie?"

"I'm wonderful."

"You don't want to get all tired out. We'd better have dinner served up here."

"Oh, no I want to have it in the restaurant. It's—it's kind of stimulating to be in a crowd again."

"Pretty rough down there . . . All right. I'll reserve a table. I hope. But it's late."

"Never too late for a Benedict," the dining-room telephone assured him.

THE parade, the music, the clamor, the crowds streamed and blared and shouted on and on in the street below. At last, baffled, Leslie asked her question.

"But where are the Mexicans? It's all about Spain and Mexico and old Texas. Where are they? All the people in the parade and even on the streets are what you call — well — white."

"Uh—oh, they have a celebration of their own another day—a real Mexican fiesta over in the Mexican part of town."

"Mexican Americans who live here in Vientecito?"

"Well, sure."

"I suppose Coronado and all those conquistadors you're always naming everything after were one-hundred-per cent white Protestant-Americans."

"You going to start all that again? Come on now, this is Fiesta, Yankee."

The hotel lobby fascinated her. Vast, marble-columned, it was, architecturally, a blend of Roman bath and Byzantine bordello. Gigantic men in boots and ten-gallon hats lolled in the stupendous leather chairs amongst the mottled marble and the potted palms. The Mexican bellboys, slim and elegant in their tight uniforms, agile as eels, were in startling contrast to the monolithic men whose bags they carried, whose errands they ran.

Clearing a path ahead of her, battling his way through the lobby mob . . . Hi, Bick! . . . Bick, you old maverick where you been all these — Howdy Bick! Say, I'd like you to meet my wife she's right over there . . . What you doing in this stampede?

A corner in a far end of the room near a pillar and beneath a gigantic palm. The assistant manager magically produced a chair. Here you are, Mrs. Benedict, right in the middle of the round-up. You want to look out, Bick, she don't get tromped the way they're milling around to-day.

Bick was puzzled. "It doesn't seem like you, Leslie, wanting to get into the middle of a mob like this."

"I know. I suppose I'm hungry for people. Crowds of people. Once in a while it's sort of exhilarating."

"Will you be all right here for a minute? I'll just butter up those people in the dining-room so we'll have a decent table. The Beezers are here, they're going to eat with us, and the Caldwells and Jim and Mamie Hatton—you met the Hattons, remember? At Len's?"

"Yes, of course." Brightly. Hattons?

The clamor was tremendous. She enjoyed it. Quietly she sat in her corner in her pretty trousseau dress, a bit snug for her now, and watched the surge and flow of those pseudo-Spanish and mock-Mexican Texans in their fiesta finery.

"Howdy, Miz Benedict." Jett Rink in his good Stetson and his good handmade boots and his clean canvas clothes.

"Jett!"

"Yes ma'am. I heard you was here. And I was across the street watching the parade, I seen you—saw you—at the window."

Seen you saw you. The schoolteacher wife. "How are you, Jett?"

"Good."

"And your wife? I heard you married Miss Dart, the schoolteacher."

"Not now we ain't. That's all busted up."

She glanced past him toward the dining-room doorway. Jordan would be furious if he found her talking to this boy. She turned her head away. But he stood there before her, staring at her.

"I'm running a rig now. Ain't you heard? I'm the works, driller, and tool dresser and grease monkey all rolled in one."

"Grease monkey?"

"On the oil rig. We're drilling on my own piece, me and my uncle and little brother. Starting to, that is."

She rose. "That's splendid. Good-bye."

"Huh?" He glanced over his shoulder. "Say, I know Bick's got his kettle on for me, I ain't aiming to meet up with him—yet."

He turned his hard relentless gaze upon her, those hot narrow eyes set so close together bored into her eyes. They travelled slowly down her face to her mouth and rested there a moment, then down to her throat, her breast. "I been wanting to see you," he said almost humbly.

She brushed past him, she began to push her way through the throng.

"I'll be seeing you again," Jett Rink said. It was not a casual farewell. It was a threat.

The crowd closed in on her. She was elbowed this way and that. A hand gripped her arm. "Leslie! I told you to stay till I came back for you." Jordan's dear face full of concern for her.

"I didn't like it there. Hot."

"The folks are waiting for us. Let's have dinner early, before the big mob."

The Seville Room maitre d'hotel turned out to be a head-waitress, brightly blond and dressed as Carmen. Her kind careworn face beamed a genuine welcome.

"Hiyah! Right this way, honey." Her flounced skirts bobbed energetically as she skippered ahead of Jordan and Leslie. And there were the Beezers and the Hattons and the Caldwells, brimming with friendship and warm hospitality.

The band broke into the measured beat of a tango. Gourds chattered, drums pounded. The little dance floor in the centre of the dining-room suddenly was asquirm with posturing figures in mantillas and silks and boleros.

Handsome Texas males. Blooming Texas matrons. Dazzling pretty Texas girls with their strangely boyish six-foot beaus. The aroma of coffee, the smell of hot spicy food. No dark faces other than those of the Mexican bus boys moving silently from table to table.

Ed Beezer challenged Leslie's wide-eyed interest in the colorful clamorous room. "I bet you never saw anything like this up North, Miz Benedict. You'd never believe you were in the United States, would you?"

"Never," Leslie said. "Never."

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Even Bick conceded that the girl, from the moment of her birth, was completely a Benedict. She was fair as her brother Jordy was dark, sunny as he was sombre.

"Well, that's more like it!" Bick exulted. "Too bad we can't switch them around, but anyway now we're really coming through with the strain." With a cautious caressing forefinger he traced a path down the fragile pink face from brow to chin.

"Luz? H'm! We'll call her Luz."

"No!" Leslie cried. "We've never even mentioned that among the names we've—"

"Yes, but she looks it, though. All that yellow hair and blue eyes and look at that skin! Luz Benedict. Luz. It means light."

"Not Luz. If it's light you want we'll name her Claire. Not Luz. Never Luz."

"Nothing to get so upset about, honey. You just don't like Benedict names, that's all. You were dead against Jordan too, remember?"

"This is different. I can't bear it."

"All right. I'll be big about it." His arms about the woman and the child, his cheek against Leslie's. "My darling girl. My two darling girls . . . All right then. If Claire is what you want then it'll be Claire."

But he fell into the habit of calling her Luz. Just a kind of nickname, he said. And in time the child and everyone who knew her forgot that she ever had had another name. She signed herself Luz Benedict. At school in the East she explained, "I was named for my aunt, Luz Benedict. You ought to hear the stories about her! A real Grade-B Western movie type."

The country began to approve of Leslie. In a limited way. Mrs. Jordan Benedict—you know Bick Benedict's wife Yes, she took to Texas like a heifer to cake. You wouldn't hardly know she wasn't a Texian born, only little ways. Two children, boy and girl.

Now she longed for a glimpse of her family; for Virginia, for a taste of the easy graceful life of her girlhood.

"This is your home. But you talk as if you were homesick," Bick said.

"I suppose I am. I suppose I will be until I see it again."

"It's going to feel mighty funny to me, end of the day, no kids no wife."

"It will be fine for both of us. We've been together every day every night since the day we were married."

"Isn't that good?"

"It'll be better after a few weeks apart."

"All right, all right. Tell you what. I'll come up and call for you. I'll have to go to Washington anyway about that time."

In the spring she made the trip to Virginia, travelling true to Benedict tradition in a private car with two Mexican nursemaids; Petra her own maid; a welter of trunks, boxes, bags, small luggage; and gifts ranging from a complete Western riding outfit for Lacey including saddle boots, hat, to crates of Valley grapefruit and bushels of paper-shell pecans.

Leslie was in a state of chills and fever as the Southwest receded, then the Midwest was left behind and the train approached the Eastern Seaboard. Her father. The lovely rambling old shabby house. Lacey. Apple trees in bloom. Rich green grass in the meadows. Her mother. In exactly that order of her longing.

The safari wound its way out of the train to the station platform in such a brouhaha of squeals, shrieks, chatter, laughter, tears, Spanish, English, and Southern sweet talk that Leslie only tardily became aware of the actual presence of her sister Leigh, Lady Karfrey.

"Leigh!" Her surprise was less than completely joyous! "Is Alfred with you?" She hoped not, she wanted only her own dear family for this home-coming.

"He's joining me in a few weeks. Leslie, he's mad to see Texas."

"To see Texas!" Leslie repeated with sinking heart. Then, hastily, "He wouldn't like it."

But there was no time now to go into this. Jordy and Luz were being kissed, exclaimed over. Howling, they were carried off by their Mexican nurses.

Mrs. Lynnton said, "Leslie! Your skin!" She said, "Leslie! Your hair!" She said, "Leslie Lynnton, that's one of your old trousseau dresses. Well, I should think the wife of a husband with three million acres would be able—"

"Only two and a half, mama."

Lady Karfrey said, "You travel like an East Indian maharanee. Do all Texans travel with a retinue?"

"Only a few."

Lacey looked at her gift of the massive Western saddle, the hand-tooled boots, belt, reata, as one would gaze upon an exhibit of prehistoric tribal utensils. The saddle especially fascinated her.

"It looks like a rocking chair. And all that carving! It weighs tons, doesn't it? What a pommel! Goodness, look at it miles high, what do they use it for—flying the Texas flag?"

Dr. Horace Lynnton said, "Well, Leslie."

It was she who threw her arms about him and held him close as if he were a child. "Oh, papa!" He looked so much older than she had remembered him, so much frailer, so much paler and more stooped. "Oh, papa, you aren't — have you been well?"

"You've been looking at seven-feet beef eaters for two years, all Eastern men will look like albino dwarfs to you." He held her off and regarded her with the eyes of a loving father and a great physician. Then he nodded his head as at the conclusion of a satisfactory diagnosis.

"You've come through it all right. Some scar tissue. But in the main a triumph."

"Through what?" snapped Lady Karfrey. "One would think she'd been to the wars and back." Leigh Lynnton Karfrey of the tart tongue had always been tinged with the jealousy of the firstborn for the next in years.

"Through the first years of marriage. Two children in two years. And Texas. It makes any mere warrior look like a sissy." Doctor Horace rolled an invisible pill between thumb and forefinger, an elderly habit that Leslie had never heretofore noticed in him.

In a haze of sentimental remembrance Leslie walked through the lovely and beloved old house. The drawing-room. How faded the curtains were. Her old bedroom so tidy now with the bed-head pushed against the wall. It all looked shabbier than she had so lovingly pictured it in these past nostalgic years. And smaller.

There was the apple orchard in bloom. With the new vision of one who has seen a vast

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domain equipped with every modern mechanical device she noted that the trees badly needed spraying and pruning and mulching.

There in Virginia and Washington and Maryland were the boys and girls — men and women now—with whom she had spent her carefree girlhood and the more serious years of young womanhood during the war. Now they welcomed her with all manner of festivities. Cocktail parties. Hunt balls. Dinner parties. Teas. Receptions. Luncheons. Presidential, ambassadorial, senatorial affairs, quite splendid and formal. Local society affairs, quite the opposite.

"But Leslie, you can't go to all these things in those clothes!" Even Lacey, of the erstwhile overalls, was scornful of Leslie's dated gowns. "The new things are way below the knees, and some evening dresses are almost to the floor."

Mrs. Lynnton took her daughter in hand.

"It's bad enough to have Leigh home for the first time in ten years looking like a frump. But she does it purposely. She tries to out-English the English. They've always been dowdy, but since the war they've made a religion of it. Well, Washington's no place for shopping, heaven knows, but it will have to do. You can't go to Washington dinners looking as if you were dressed for a hoe-down."

Leslie was having a dazzling time of it. Old friends, new clothes, delicious food; gaiety, amusing talk; girlhood beaus who had not found consolation in her absence. Surprisingly, they all seemed to have learned quite a lot about Texas. Modern Texas.

"How did you know that!" Leslie would exclaim when someone referred airily to the vast Hake or Beezer or Waggoner or King or Benedict ranches.

"Everybody knows about Texas," they said. "It's getting to be the fashion. Pretty soon Texas won't even have to brag any more."

Lady Karfrey was proving something of a problem. As the time for Sir Alfred's arrival was now a matter of days she attacked the business at hand with her usual ferocity, possessed as she was with drive equal to Leslie's but with none of Leslie's charm.

"I've been studying up on your Texas, Leslie. I must say you don't seem to talk much about it."

"I didn't think you'd be particularly interested," Leslie countered faintly.

"Of course I am—as we're going down I hope. Now tell me, what do you do down there? For society, I mean. I know it's a ranch, and millions of miles. But what do you do? I mean—concerts, plays, clubs, gardening, politics, committees? House guests?"

"Uh, no gardening, dearie. Don't confuse the Texas climate with Kent, England. But house guests, yes. Hordes of house guests."

"That will be stimulating. But what do you do? All that land and all those cows. You don't just sit and look at it."

"Well—uh—people visit, sort of. And everybody drinks a lot of coffee."

"Coffee!"

"Oh, my poor darling girl!" moaned Mrs. Lynnton, who was sitting over the breakfast crumbs with her two daughters.

"Poor me eye!" Leslie said briskly, to her own surprise.

Lady Karfrey now moved in for the kill. "Alfred always has been fascinated by Texas. His grandfather, you know, had an interest in that vast thing that went bust in the 1870's, wasn't it? Called the T. & P. Whatever that means."

"Texas Pacific Railroad."

Horace Lynnton now spoke from the corner of the verandah where he had been smoking his pipe, viewing the Virginia sky through the falling apple blossoms, and listening to the acquired English accent of his least favorite and eldest daughter. "It went bust in the panic of 1873. A lot of English had money in it."

Speculatively Leslie surveyed her formidable sister. "Just imagine if it hadn't failed, Leigh. You'd have been the Texan in the Lynnton family. Though I don't know how you'd have met Alfred."

"Let's talk about our visit. When would it be convenient for you?"

"Leigh, we'd love to have you, of course. But I don't know that you'd like it, really. Alfred isn't used to—he'd find it too terribly hot after the cool English—"

"Nothing's too hot for the English," Leigh Karfrey stated with great definiteness. "Or too cold. Remember India. And Hudson's Bay. And all that."

"But you can be frying under the sun at noon and freezing an hour later in a sudden norther. Texas is like that."

"It sounds absolutely Alfred's cup of tea."

Leslie tried to imagine Sir Arthur at Reata. A chubby little Englishman with a somewhat falsetto speaking voice and a mottled magenta coloring. He doted on good food, had a name as a collector of antiques and bibelots.

"Besides," Leslie said deliberately, "I don't know when I'm going back."

There was a silence that follows indrawn breaths. When she had recovered, "Just what does that mean?" demanded Mrs. Lynnton.

"Benedict's in Washington, isn't he, next week, that is?" Lady Karfrey marshalled her facts. "He's calling for you, isn't he? To take you and the children back?"

"That was the plan."

"Was!" shrilled Mrs. Lynnton.

Dr. Horace Lynnton stood framed in the verandah doorway. "Want to take a little walk with your old pa, Leslie? I've hardly seen you or talked to you since you came. And now this talk of going back home."

Wordlessly she joined him, she tucked her hand in his arm, close, as they descended the broad shallow steps to the garden. The somewhat stooped elderly man and the blooming young woman walked close together through the garden, the orchard, across the meadow.

When Doctor Lynnton broke the silence it was as though he were continuing a spoken conversation. "Of course it's something no one can decide for you. But if you feel like talking about it a little."

"Oh, papa. I'm so confused."

"You don't love him?"

"That's the terrible part of it. I do. Not only that, I'm in love with him. More than when I married him."

"But he seems to me to have a first-rate mind too. Not only smart but aware and civilised. And amusing, too, I thought. Amusing is very important after the first years."

She pressed his arm. "Yes, he's all those things. But he's got that blind spot. Papa, he and I don't see alike about a single thing—except unimportant things. Handsome intelligent, ambitious, successful, vital, amusing, tender, tough. Everything."

"But—"

"Power mad. Dictator. His thoughts and energies and emotions are bounded by the farthest fence on the remotest inch of Reata Ranch. He's not unkind to people. Around, I mean. But to him they're only important in relation to the ranch, his life. He'll never change."

"No, we don't change," her father said.

"We?"

"Dedicated men. Men primarily in love with their work. Like Bick. And me."

As she stared at him, peered into his face open-mouthed, like a child, he went on, "Leslie, your mother talked the same way. Poor girl, she's had a thin enough time of it too all these years while I've been pouring myself into the laboratories and hospitals. She's had what was left, and it wasn't much. It was unreasonable of me to expect her to understand. So I took it out on you girls. I tried to make you conscious of the world. Your mother never changed. But neither did I."

"Jordan will never change. I know that now."

"No. But you're forgetting something."

"What?"

"The world will. It's changing at a rate that takes my breath away. Your Bick won't change—nor you—but your children will take another big step. Enormous step, probably. Some call it revolution but it's evolution really. Sometimes slow sometimes fast, horrible to be caught in it helpless. But no matter how appalled you are by what you see down there in that strange chunk of the United States, still, you're interested. Aren't you?"

"Fascinated. But rebelling most of the time."

"What could be more exciting. As long as you're fascinated and as long as you keep on fighting the things you think are wrong, you're living. It isn't the evil people in the world who do most of the harm. It's the sweet-do-nothings that can destroy us. Dolce far niente. That's the thing to avoid in this terrible and wonderful world. Gangrene. The sweet-sickening smell of rotting flesh."

Bick, when he arrived, seemed by his very buoyance to make all this mere academic babble. He was a mass of charm and high spirits. Virile handsome actually boyish, Leslie thought she never had seen him so pleased with himself and the world.

Surveying him with a wifely gaze, "What makes you so full of beans? This glitter in your eye can't be just wife and children."

"Purely spiritual, honey. It's just the result of all that high-minded talk down there in Washington. They've voted to continue the twenty-seven-per-cent tax allowance on oil. Clear."

"But you haven't any oil. Have you? You've always said you hated the oil wells."

"That's right."

"I don't understand."

"But I'm right petted on oil—off my land. I don't mind others having it because from now on the whole world is going to be yelling for oil. Texas is booming. The rest of the country is flat."

"Is that good?"

"Only good enough to make us the richest state in the whole country. We're a country within a country."

"Again!"

"Oil and beef and cotton. You can't stop it, you can't top it." He breathed deeply. He gazed around and about the Virginia landscape and he laughed. "It looks little! The fields. And the sky. Are you ready to come back with your old man, honey?"

"Jordan, I'm no different from what I was when I left."

"I don't want you different. We Texians like a little vinegar on our greens. Gives it flavor. Come on, let's go home."

On the journey homeward Leslie said, "If you had told me that the next time we made this trip I'd be travelling it again with you and masses of our children and hundreds of nurses and millions of bags and bottles and toys and stuff!"

"You'd have made it, anyway."

"You're so pleased with yourself I think this is the time to tell you that Leigh meant it when she said she and Karfrey want to visit Reata."

"Why not?" Bick demanded largely. "It'll be worth it just to see Karfrey in a ten-gallon hat."

"I wish papa and mama would come down at the same time. And Lacey, too. Just to take the curse off the Karfreys."

His well-being encompassed this without a sigh of strain. "That's a fine idea. Folks down here are beginning to think you're an orphan. Look, I'm going to send them all a telegram at the next stop."

They came to Reata, the lot of them.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Lynnton, "that I am not going to be allowed to sleep under the same roof with my daughter and my grandchildren?"

"Mama, dear, you're staying in the Big House because there isn't room here in our house. You'd go simply crazy here, and I don't like to shush the children. Over there it's bigger and quieter and more restful for you."

"Restful! The place is full of utter strangers stamping and jingling through the halls all hours of the day and night. Nobody even knows who they are. What are you running? A hotel!"

"Mama, this isn't just a ranch. It's a scientific laboratory, too. And a kind of show place for the whole ranching world. People come to see and learn. Jordan loves it."

WITH astonishing ease, the family visitors adapted themselves to the climate, the environment, and the customs. Lacey was off on a horse from morning until night; she was more at home in the stables than the house. The vaqueros adopted her as one of themselves; they explained in Spanish and she understood in English. Even old Polo demonstrated to her the value of the new breed of fleet-footed creatures whose swift quarter-mile spurting powers were invaluable in the round-up and on the range. Quarter horses, they were called.

Mrs. Lynnton took alarm. She sought out Bick. "Lacey spends all her time with those Mexican men; no one knows where she is the day through and half the night. I've spoken to Horace about it, but he's as bad as she is."

Bick grinned; he pretended to misunderstand. "No! You mean the doctor's galloping around on quarter horses!"

"You know perfectly well he's down at that laboratory of yours with that vet., or poking into the wretched shacks around here, looking for local diseases."

Reata was a country in itself to which each visitor could adapt according to his or her own taste. Luxury or hardship, leisure or work.

The visitors met and were entertained by the neighbors for hundreds of miles around.

"Con Layditch telephoned," Bick would announce casually. "Wants us all to come over; they've finished their new house; they're having a barbecue and square dance to celebrate." At an anguished look from Leslie: "No, honey. Steaks." The visitors would find themselves whirled two hundred miles for dinner.

Leslie had dreaded the inevitable meeting between Vashti Snyth and Lady Karfrey. They come together with a clashing of broadswords. After the first encounter Leslie found herself defending the people and customs she herself had so recently criticised.

"Vashti is a college graduate. She's travelled quite a lot in Europe. They go East every year. She speaks French very well."

"It hasn't touched her," Lady Karfrey asserted. "She's a Texas national monument like the Alamo or that cow you showed us in the glass case in the village. Neither college nor Europe or time or tide will ever change her, I hope."

Conversations between Vashti Snyth and Leigh Karfrey were brisk and bristling.

"My, I should think it would feel wonderful for you to get where you can really draw your breath," Vashti said with that tactlessness which was, perversely enough, a rather endearing quality in her. "That little bitty old England, you can't take a good long walk without you fall over the cliffs into the ocean. I liked to choke to death there in all that cramped up fog. And then the mutton. Mutton! My!"

"You imported all our beautiful English Herefords. And immediately they arrived they fell heir to your cattle diseases—pink eye, and ticks, and worms!"

"We're trying to breed out all the Hereford strain in our stock. We don't really need to haul anything in here. We got everything. We got cattle in plenty. And cotton. And wool and mules and grapefruit and horses and wheat and turkeys. And acourse all this oil now. We got just everything in Texas."

Lady Karfrey cleared her throat. "I have been gathering a few facts, dear Mrs. Snyth, since I arrived in your State. Everything you say is true."

"Sure it's true," repeated the unsuspecting Vashti.

"As you say, of all the States Texas is first in cotton—but last in pellagra control. First in beef—and forty-fifth in infant mortality. First in wool—and thirty-eighth in its school system. First in mules—and forty-seventh in library service. First in turkeys—and its rural church facilities are deplorable. First in oil—and your hospitals are practically non-exis——"

Magenta surged into Vashti's indignant face. "I been in England. I never saw such poor runty beat-up-looking people in all my born days as you got in what you call the East End. And poor teeth and bad complexions, drinking tea all the time and nobody in the whole country gets milk and oranges and he says the roast beef of old England is a non-existent, Mott says."

Strangely enough, it was Karfrey, the Englishman, who said, "How right you are, Mrs. Snyth. But then you must remember that you could put all of England down in one corner of Texas and never find it, really."

Mrs. Lynnton, in her own insecure way, struggled for a foothold of understanding. The food, the storerooms, the swarms of servants inside and out. "I saw Jordy yesterday with that weird little Mexican girl he's always playing with; they were both eating tortillas as if it were bread and butter."

"So it is, in a way."

The visiting Lynntons and Karfreys usually drove over from the Big House before dinner there to lounge in comparative coolness on the Main House verandah. There were always tall iced drinks, the Gulf breeze filtered through vines and screens; the voices of the children came pleasantly from the far end of the verandah.

It was the most relaxed hour of the day; it was the time Leslie liked best. Bick was always at his most charming. Lacey was full of her day's doings. Her father and mother had learned to accept for her this strange life of hardship and fantastic luxury. The Karfreys were frankly having the time of their lives.

"Besides," Leslie now said, continuing her conversation with her mother, "that weird little Mexican girl isn't a girl at all. She's a boy."

Mrs. Lynnton turned to stare at the distant children. "I don't believe it."

Bick called to them. "Jordy! Angel! Ven aca!"

The two came reluctantly, Jordy to stand at his mother's side, her hand on his shoulder; the other child stopping short of the group.

Weird, Nancy Lynnton had said. Now the group of adults gazed at the dark, small Mexican child, and the child stared back at them, as though ready to dart off at a sound, a hostile glance. The little figure was bony of shank, flat of chest, the hands strong and big-boned sticking out of the stuff of the sleeves. A small boy's hands, a small boy's legs, a small boy's chest and eyes; and the bones of the alert face and the well-shaped head were those of a boy.

But the dress, with its Mexican ruffles and its petticoats and the red hair ribbons—all this was the garb of a girl. And the long black hair was neatly brushed and braided; it shone with brushing and with unguents, unlike the thick, careless locks of other small Mexican ranch children.

"This is Angel Obregon," Leslie said, and smiled at the boy, "the son of Angel Obregon, who is a vaquero here at Reata." And she held out her hand to him as she spoke, as though to draw him to her side with Jordy, her own son. But the boy only looked at her and did not move. In her halting Spanish Leslie said, "Won't you say good evening, Angel? Buenas tardes, senoras. Senores."

"Senores come first in Spanish, honey," Bick reminded her.

Now Angel's black eyes were strangely sparked with determination; the baby jaw was set with fierce effort. The lips opened, the whole face took on animation and purpose. "Good . . . even . . . ing . . . sirrs . . . good . . . even . . . ing . . . madames."

Then, with a shriek of hysterical laughter, he was off. Jordy, too, broke away; the two could be heard down the verandah howling at the splendid joke.

"Well, if that don't take the rag off the bush!" Bick exclaimed. "The little muchacho has learned English off of Jordy!"

"Splendid!" observed Doctor Horace. "It's begining to work."

It was obvious that Leigh Karfrey was busy taking mental notes on the Habits and Dress of the Mexican Child in Texas. Mrs. Lynnton was quivering with disapproval.

"Leslie Lynnton, will you tell me the reason for dressing a child like that?"

"Tell them," Bick urged her. "It's quite a story."

Leslie took a little fortifying sip of the cool drink in her hand. "M-m, let's see. Well, that very first day after I arrived in Texas, a bride——"

"And what a bride!" Bick muttered.

"—— I started out for a morning walk, in my youth and innocence. To see the sights."

"Dear me!" said Doctor Horace.

"Finally I began to feel like a wanderer dying of thirst in the desert, and I stumbled into

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are investigating stories of a "ghost whale." Mandrake and Lothar discover that, in reality, the whale is a submarine with a glowing metal superstructure. Pirates use the submarine as a base from which to attack and loot shipping. Disguising himself in an outfit belonging to a captured pirate, who disclosed the whale's origin, Mandrake decides to see the captain. NOW READ ON:











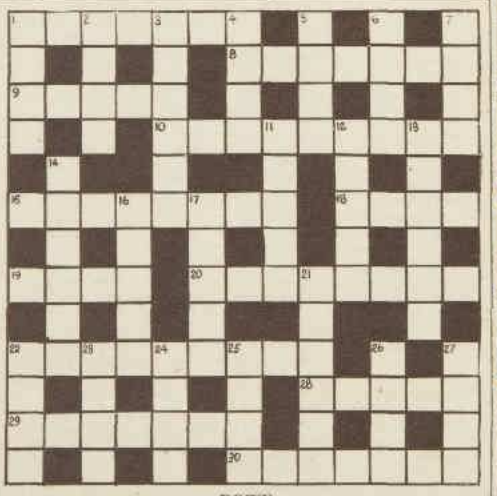








THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Stately mansions where there is a first-rate airman among friends (7).
8. Corrupted but for an uneducated person it sounds that it isn't Edward (7).
9. Modern appliance on ships from both sides (5).
10. Concerning allegory which can be amended (9).
15. In a civet (anagr., 6).
18. Cannons turn cosy (4).
19. Mother saint on a boat (4).
20. Given a claim for a personal appellation in finish (8).
22. Shocking but without tea it's a bird (8).
28. Turn out a kiss in crushed peel (5).
29. Pat attitude from the year when Christ was born (7).
30. Makes an end of 23 down (7).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Divide a turned pitfall (4).
2. You can make deal when you put on board (4).
3. Vegetable detrimental to an automobile (6).
4. Page from a pest (4).
5. He does not tell the truth in a rail (4).
6. Put out a cigarette (4).
7. German song can be lazy (4).
11. Representative who is not quite a gentleman (5).
12. Language peculiar to a class (5).
13. Lime tree (6).
14. Entire in delicacy (6).
16. Trace which can provide (5).
17. One pine wood which is perfect (5).
21. To take in food (6).
22. Bandy words in crisp arguments (4).
23. Can be eliminated by 29 across, and it is the end of it (4).
24. Cat's paw returns to rob (4).
25. Notion starting 17 down (4).
26. Short venture started by a bookie (4).
27. Happy, mainly a young man (4).

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HOLIDAY FICTION

one of the Mexican houses. I'd heard a baby crying there. Not a word of English. But I understood her, sort of, just the same. We've become great friends since. And later I learned about her and her baby. She'd been married almost three years and no baby, which, for a Mexican girl, is practically a disgrace. She was ill a good deal, but finally this child was expected.

"They knew what had caused all the trouble, of course. One night Angel had left his hat on the bed and everyone knows that is bad luck. So Deluvina, the wife, had paid for special Masses and she had taken herb medicines and the midwife had massaged her and on the Tree of Petitions she had hung a little cradle made of bits of mesquite wood and in it she had put a tiny doll dressed as a girl baby because she thought they were being punished for wanting only a boy all these years.

"She prayed morning and night and in between. And she promised God that she would be tended and brushed and anointed and when it was a foot long it would be cut off and given as a thanks offering to God. You can't know what that means. Mexican girls don't cut their hair. It is their glory. The child's name would be Angelina. And Angelina was born, and she was a boy.

"But the promise had been made to God by Deluvina and by Angel Obregon kneeling before the altar. They named him Angel after his father. They let his hair grow and Angel was dressed as a girl and his hair was always tied with a red ribbon as you've seen it and washed and brushed and anointed, for it belonged to God. His grandmother's chief duty is to keep it brushed and shining.

"When it is a foot long there will be a great celebration and Angel's hair will be cut off by the priest and placed as an offering on the shrine. Then they will put Angel in pants and take away his skirts."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the outraged Mrs. Lynnton.

"Barbaric!" said Lady Karfrey.

"By that time," Doctor Horace mused, "he'll be so confused as to be incoherent. Or such a tough guy, in self-defence, that Reata Ranch can't hold him."

"Do you think," Nancy Lynnton demanded, "that this child is a fit playmate for Jordy?"

"Don't let those skirts worry you," Bick assured her. "This kid's a tough hombre. In fact, I wish Jordy had some of his stuff. His father, Angel Obregon, used to be my side-kick when I was a kid. And his father's father taught me roping—he and old Polo. Even to-day old Angel is the best mangana thrower on Reata. In Texas, for that matter."

"This could be wonderful," Doctor Horace mused aloud. "Maybe some day it will be."

But no one consciously heard him or heeded him, except Leslie.

There was the sputter and cough of an engine in the drive. A grease-spattered car with flapping fenders came to a stop with a shrill squeal of old brakes and seared tyres.

Jett Rink sprang out. His face was grotesque with smears of dark grease and his damp, saccharanian licks hung in tendrils over his forehead. He leaped from the car and began to run as he landed, without a pause, and he limped a little as he ran.

He came on; he opened the door of the screened verandah; he stood before the company in his dirt and grease, his eyes shining wildly. They stared at him in shocked suspense. Leslie thought, Now he is really crazy; something terrible is going to happen. Jordan.

The man stood, his legs wide apart as though braced against the world, the black calloused hands with the fingers curiously widespread as they hung, his teeth white in the grotesquely smeared face. He stared at Bick with those pale blue-white eyes and there was in them the glitter of terrible triumph.

Bick did not even rise from his chair. Very quietly, sitting there, he said, "Get out."

Jett Rink spoke four words only. His voice was low and husky with emotion. "My well come in."

"Get out of here."

Now the words shot geyser-swift out of Jett Rink's mouth like the earth-pent oil his labors had just released.

"Everybody said I had a duster. You thought ol' Spindle Top and Burkburnett and Mexia and those, they was all the oil there was. They ain't. I'm here to tell you. It's here. It's right here. I got the laugh on you."

Now it was plain the man was drunk, the eyes were bloodshot; you could smell the raw liquor on the heavy hot air of the shadowy verandah.

Bick leaned forward slightly, his muscles tensed; and still the others sat staring at the man.

"My well come in big and there's more and bigger. They's oil under here. They's oil on Reata, and some day I'm going to pay you a million dollars or five million or ten and you'll take it because you'll need the money. I'm going to have more money than you ever saw—you and the rest of the stinkin' Benedicts!"

Now, rather wearily, Bick stood up. He said, "Leslie, honey, you and the girls go along indoors."

Leslie stood up, neatly folding the bit of sewing in her hands. But she did not go. "Go along home now, Jett," she said. "It's nice you've struck oil. Go along now." As she would have spoken to a stray that had run in on the place, man or animal.

He looked at her, lurching a little with weariness or drink or both. Then, with the swiftness with which he always moved, the man came over to her. He reached out and just jerked ever so lightly with a grimed hand one end of the soft little bow that finished the neckline of her silk dress.

He tweaked the piece of silk with a gesture that would have been insolent even in an intimate and an equal.

"My, you look pretty, Leslie," he said. "You sure look good enough to eat."

Bick's first blow struck him squarely in the jaw, but Jett Rink's monolithic head scarcely went back with it. Bick hit him again. Jett dodged slightly and the blow landed on his mouth and a little blood trickled down his chin, but he only laughed.

"My, you're techy, Bick," he said. "You're as techy as a cook."

Karfrey came forward, and Horace Lynnton. And now Jett Rink turned as though to go, grinning, and Bick rushed to grapple with him. He had reached the screen door. Bick was on him. Jett Rink's knee went sharply back and then drove forward like a piston and struck Bick squarely on the groin. Bick grunted. Doubled.

Even as they caught Bick and dragged him to a chair Doctor Horace's hands were moving expertly over him.

Jett Rink had leapt into the battered car, had spun it like a crazy toy, was off in a cloud of dust.

To be concluded

THE EXPRESS, SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1952

Flies Now Sneer At D.D.T.

SCIENTISTS who believed they were all set to conquer malaria by destroying mosquitoes with D.D.T. are having to recast their plans. Mosquitoes are becoming almost immune to the "wonder" insecticide.

The speed with which insects have developed resistance to D.D.T.—a resistance which they pass on to their off-spring—has dismayed the scientists.

The fact that they have also become resistant to other insecticides to which they have never been exposed has astonished the scientists even more. Some insects have even become resistant to prussic acid.

Housefies were first to develop immunity to D.D.T. which killed them in thousands a few years ago.

D.D.T. still bowls them over, but many of them now recover after their bodies have "detoxified" the poison. Then they are able to fly away unharmed, though tests have shown that they still contain enough D.D.T. to kill a pre-war fly.

After successful trials in Sardinia and British Guiana, D.D.T. looked like being the answer to the malaria-carrying mosquito. But now it has lost its punch for both the mosquitoes and their larvae.

Scientists are now trying to discover how the insects have become immune. They know it is not due to any increase in the strength of their "armour" for D.D.T. does not kill flies even when it is injected into them.

But People

★ FRESH FEARS about the direct effects of DDT on human health have been raised by the discovery that it can accumulate in the body.

Minute samples of tissues taken from human volunteers have been analysed by experts of the U.S. Federal Security Agency.

They were disturbed to find traces of the insecticide even in people who had not been knowingly exposed to it. They belive it gained entry on vegetables which had been treated with DDT to ward off insect attack.

"The possible health hazards involved in the widespread use of DDT need to be reconsidered," they warn.

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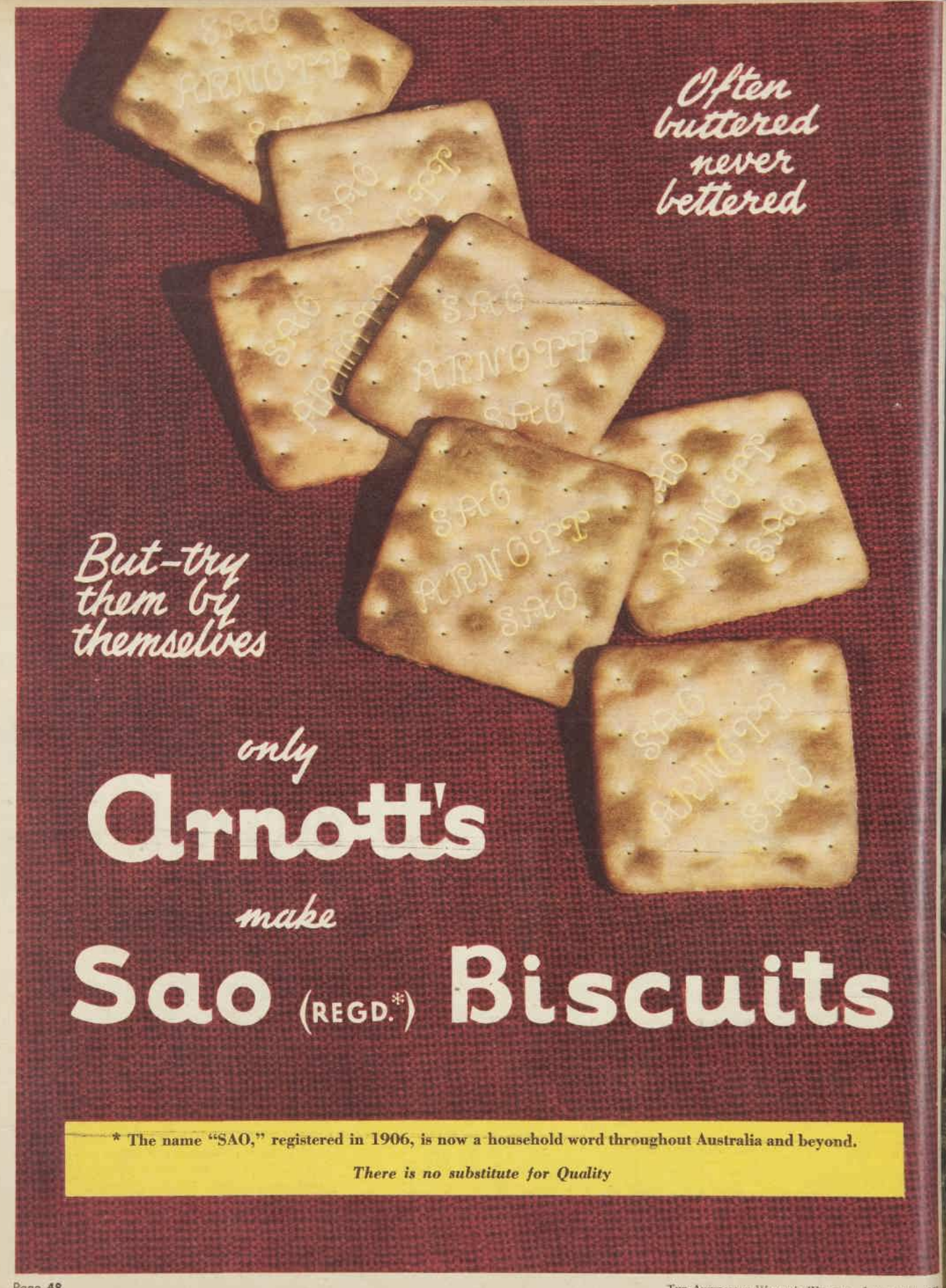
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